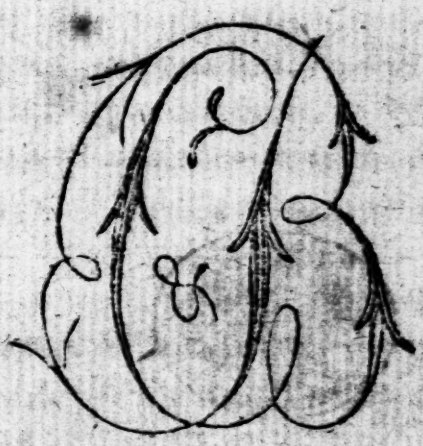
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AMERICAN POEMS,

SELECTED AND ORIGINAL.



VOL. I.

LITCHFIELD:
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PREFACE.

IN the following pages, the Public, according to the promiſe of the Publiſhers, is preſented with a Volume of American Poems; partly Selected, and partly Original. In undertaking this Work, they have been actuated by a variety of motives, and drawn onward by a number of objects. When looking round them, they ſaw many Poems, written by the moſt eminent American Authors, from the looſe manner of their publiſhment, known only to a few of their particular acquaintance, and unheard of by the generality of their Countrymen. The value of the performances, and the regard which authors generally feel for their literary offspring, left them no room to doubt, but that, at ſome future period, each perſon would think it not unworth the while to collect what he had ſcattered. But this period was uncertain; and the publiſhers tho't that it would not be rendering an unacceptable ſervice to the Public, if they undertook the buſineſs of collecting, and arranging each Author's productions in a volume, which from its ſize ſhould claim a more univerſal attention.—Beſide the ſmaller Poems of Gentlemen, diſtinguiſh'd for their poetical talents, many others, of very great merit, have appeared in the different Periodical publications of the United States. Performances of this kind, falling from the pens of perſons not intent on literary fame; or intent on reputation different from poetical reputation; or whoſe names have not yet been dignified by national applauſe; eſpecial-

ly as many of them are adapted to particular and local occaſions; notwithſtanding their deſert, are conſtantly liable to be forgotten and loſt. And the publiſhers have obſerved it to be a matter of much regret, among perſons of reading and taſte, that the frail ſecurity of an obſcure newspaper, was the only one they had for ſome of the hanſomeſt ſpecimens of American Poetry. To afford a ſtronger, and more durable ſecurity, is one of the objects of this Publication.—Among other things, it did not appear to be a matter altogether deſtitute of uſefulneſs, to bring together, in one view, the ſeveral poetical productions of the different States. By this means a more certain eſtimation can be made of the comparative merit of their various writers; a more thorough acquaintance may be obtained of the ſtate of the belles-lettres in the individual parts of the Union; and hereby will be promoted a more intimate combination of literary intereſts.—It eſpecially ſeemed a matter of importance, to draw forth, for the amuſement of the lovers of poetry, thoſe Poems which, for want of a Repoſitory of this kind, alone, were withheld from the Public. It was eaſy to foreſee, that many perſons, acting with a proper regard to the worth of their own writings, would readily give up that advantage, which news-papers beſtow, of having them known to every body; if they could by means of a Work like the preſent one, ſecure them a certain conveyance to the attention of the ſcientific and refined. It was likewiſe the wiſh of the Publiſhers, to excite the attention of thoſe poſſeſſed of talents and leiſure, to ſimilar purſuits; by holding out to them a Work where, united with the like performances of the moſt celebrated among their Countrymen, their Poems may be equally ſe-

eure of preſervation and notice.—Theſe have been the intentions of the Publiſhers. How far their deſign is accomplished, is not for them to determine. That it ſhould be completely ſo, was not to be expected. This is but the beginning of an Undertaking; and they hope, not an unpromiſing one. The Public alone, have the power to countenance and ſupport them in its accompliſhment.—Should the Volume, now publiſhed, meet with that ſucceſs which the value of the Poems it contains ſeems to warrant, it is the intention of the Publiſhers to add another; and to continue the Collection as long as the *preſent ſupply* of Materials, and *that* for which, in future, they may be indebted to the generoſity of the literarty, will enable them.

They have, now, only to return, to their ſubſcribers, their moſt unfeignedly grateful acknowledgments for the generous ſupport which they have afforded them; and to expreſs a hope, that tho' the publication owing to ſome unfortunate circumſtances, has been delayed longer than their firſt purpoſe, no other expectation, which they have held forth, may be diſappointed on a careful examination of the Work.

Litchfield (Connecticut) June 1793.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT is the intention of the Editors, as mentioned in the Preface, to purſue their deſign; and, ſhould ſufficient encouragement appear, to publiſh a Second Volume, in the courſe of the next two years. —Many diſappointments, the ill health of one of the Editors, and other circumſtances, too complicated and painful to mention, have contributed to render their part of this Work leſs perfect than their expectations, and promiſes. They intend to finiſh the ſucceeding Volume, or Volumes, in a more elegant manner; and, if a ſecond edition of the preſent volume ſhould be called for, it is their further intention to make it equal, in beauty, to the others; to all of which ſuitable, and well-executed decorations ſhall be added.

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AMERICAN POEMS.

SELECTED POETRY.

ELEGY ON THE TIMES.

First printed at BOSTON, *Sept. 20th, 1774.*

By JOHN TRUMBULL, *Esq.*

OH BOSTON! late with ev'ry pleasure crown'd,
Where Commerce triumph'd on the favoring gales,
And each pleas'd eye, that rov'd in prospect round,
Hail'd thy bright spires and bless'd thy op'ning sails!

Thy plenteous marts with rich profusion smil'd;
The gay throng crouded in thy spacious streets;
From either IND thy chearful stores were fill'd;
Thy ports were gladden'd with unnumber'd fleets.

For there more fair than in their native vales,
Tall groves of masts arose in beauteous pride;
The waves were whiten'd by the swelling sails,
And plenty wafted on the neighb'ring tide.

Alas, how chang'd! the swelling sails no more
Catch the fair winds and wanton in the sky;
But hostile beaks affright the guarded shore,
And pointed thunders all access deny.

Where the bold Cape its warning forehead rears,
Where tyrant Vengeance waved her magic wand,
Far from the ſight each friendly veſſel veers,
Calls the kind gales and flies the fatal ſtrand.

The ruin'd Merchant turns his mournful eyes
From the drear ſhore and deſolated way;
Thy ſilent marts unuſual glooms ſurprize,
And through thy ſtreets the ſons of rapine ſtray.

Such the dread ſtillneſs of the deſert night,
When brooding horror ſettles on the groves;
While powers of darkneſs claim their hateful right,
And fierce for prey the ſavage tyger roves.

Along thy fields, which late in beauty ſhone
With lowing herds and graſſy veſture fair,
The inſulting tents of barbarous troops are ſtrown,
And bloody ſtandards ſtain the peaceful air.

Are theſe thy deeds, oh Britain? this the praiſe,
That points the growing luſtre of thy name?
Theſe glorious works that in thy latter days,
Gild the bright period of thine early fame?

Shall thy ſtrong fleets, with awful ſails unfurl'd,
On Freedom's ſhrines the unhallow'd vengeance bend?
And leave forlorn the deſolated world,
Cruſh'd—every foe, and ruin'd—every friend!

And damp'd alas! thy ſoul-inſpiring ray,
Where Virtue prompted and where Genius ſoar'd,
Or quench'd in darkneſs, and the gloomy ſway
Of Senates venal and the liveried Lord!

There ſhame ſits blazon'd on the unmeaning brow,
And o'er the ſcene thy factious Nobles wait,
Prompt the mixt tumult of the noiſy ſhow,
Guide the blind vote and rule the mock debate.

To theſe how vain, in weary woes forlorn,
With fearful hands the fond complaint to raiſe,
Lift fruitleſs offerings to the ear of Scorn—
Of ſervile vows and well-diſſembled praiſe!

Will the grim ſavage of the nightly fold
Learn from their cries the blameleſs flock to ſpare?
Will the deaf gods, that frown in molten gold,
Bleſs the dup'd hand, that ſpreads the proſtrate prayer?

With what pleas'd hope before the face of Pride,
We rear'd our ſuppliant eyes with filial awe;
While loud Diſdain with ruffian voice reply'd,
And Injury triumph'd in the garb of Law!

While Peers enraptur'd hail the unmanly wrong,
See Ribaldry, vile proſtitute of ſhame,
Stretch the brib'd hand and prompt the venal tongue,
To blaſt the laurels of a FRANKLIN'S fame!

But will the Sage, whoſe philoſophic ſoul,
Controul'd the lightning in its fierce career,
Hear'd unappal'd the aerial thunders roll,
And taught the bolts of vengeance where to ſteer;—

Will he, while echoing to his juſt renown
The voice of kingdoms ſwells the loud applauſe;
Heed the weak malice of a Courtier's frown,
Or dread the coward inſolence of laws?

See envying Britain rends the ſacred bays;
Illuded Juſtice pens the mock decree;
While Infamy her darling ſcroll diſplays,
And points well pleas'd, oh, WEDDERBURNE, to thee!

For nought avails the virtues of the heart,
The vengeful bolt no Muſe's laurels ward;
From Britain's rage, and death's relentleſs dart,
No worth can ſave us, and no fame can guard.

O'er hallow'd bounds ſee dire Oppreſſion roll;
Fair Freedom buried in the whelming flood;
Nor charter'd rights the tyrant courſe controul,
Though ſeal'd by Kings and witneſs'd in our blood.

No more ſhall Juſtice with unbiaſs'd hand,
From lawleſs Rapine ſnatch her trembling prey,
While in her balance by *ſupreme* command
Hang the dead weights of miniſterial ſway.

(For taught by pain, our injur'd boſoms feel
The potent claims whence all our woes began,
And own *ſupreme* the power, that could repeal,
Thoſe laws of heaven, that guard the rights of man.)

In vain we hope from Britain's haughty pride
An hand to ſave us, or an heart to bleſs;
'Tis ſtrength, our own, muſt ſtem the ruſhing tide,
And our own virtue yield the wiſh'd ſucceſs.

But, oh, my friends, the arm of blood* reſtrain!
(No rage intemperate aids the public weal)
Nor baſely blend (too daring, but in vain)
The aſſaſſin's madneſs with the patriot's zeal.

[*For the Note, ſee next page.*]

Shall the fields bluſh, with vital crimſon ſtain'd,
When blind reſentment marks the victim'd breaſt?
Will reeking life, by vengeful hands prophan'd,
Our wrongs relieve, or charm our woes to reſt?

Ours be the manly firmneſs of the ſage,
From ſhameleſs foes the ungrateful wounds to bear;
Alike remov'd from baſeneſs and from rage,
The flames of faction, and the chills of fear.

Check the vaſt torrent of commercial gain,
That buys our ruin at a price ſo rare;
And while we ſcorn Britannia's ſervile chain,
Diſdain the livery of her marts to wear.

For ſhall the luſt of faſhions and of ſhow,
The curſt idolatry of ſilks and lace,
Bid our proud robes inſult our Country's woe,
And welcome Slav'ry in the glare of dreſs?

Will the blind dupe, in liveried tinſel gay,
Boaſt the ſhamed trappings, that adorn the ſlave?
Will the fond mourner change his ſad array,
To attend in gorgeous pomp a parent's grave?

---

* *This is not meant as a caution againſt defending our rights with our blood, if we ſhould be driven to that extremity; but only againſt the impolitic zeal of thoſe, who ſeem deſirous to let looſe the rage of popular reſentment, and bring matters immediately to a criſis in this Province.*

No! the rich produce of our fertile ſoil,
Shall cloath the neatneſs of our chearful train,
While heaven-born virtues bleſs the pious toil,
And gild the humble veſtures of the plain.

No foreign labour in the Aſian field
Shall weave her ſilks to deck the wanton age,
But, as in Rome, the furrow'd vale ſhall yield
The unvanquiſh'd Chieftain and paternal Sage.

And ye, whoſe heaven in ermin'd pomp to ſhine,
To run with joy the vain, luxurious round,
Bleſs the full banquet with the charms of wine,
And roll the thundering chariot o'er the ground!

For this, while guis'd in ſycophantic ſmile,
With hearts all mindleſs of your country's pain,
Your flattering falſhoods feed the ears of Guile,
And barter freedom for the dreams of gain!

Are theſe the joys, on vaſſal'd climes that wait—
In downs of eaſe luxuriant to repoſe,
Quaff ſtreams nectareous in the domes of ſtate,
And blaze in ſplendor of imperial ſhows?

No—the hard hand, the tortur'd brow of Care,
The thatch-roof'd hamlet and defenceleſs ſhed,
The tatter'd garb, that meets the inclement air,
The famiſh'd table, and the matted bed.—

Theſe are their fate—In vain the arm of toil
With gifts autumnal crowns the bearded plain;
In vain glad Summer prompts the genial ſoil,
And Spring diſſolves in ſoftening ſhowers in vain;

There ſavage Power extends his diſmal ſhade,
And chill Oppreſſion, with her froſts ſevere,
Sheds her dire blaſtings o'er the ſpringing blade,
And robs the expecting labours of the year.

So muſt we ſink?—and at the ſtern command
That bears the terrors of a tyrant's word,
Bend the crouch'd knee and raiſe the ſuppliant hand,
The ſcorn'd, dependant, vaſſals of a Lord?

The wintry ravage of the ſtorm to meet,
Brave the ſcorch'd vapours of the autumnal air,
Then pour the hard-earn'd harveſt at his feet,
And beg ſome pittance from our pains to ſhare?

But not for this, by heaven and virtue led,
From the mad rule of hierarchal pride,
From ſlaviſh chains our injur'd fathers fled,
And follow'd freedom on the advent'rous tide;

Dar'd the wild horrors of theſe climes unknown,
The inſidious ſavage, and the crimſon'd plain,
To us bequeath'd the prize, their woes had won,
Nor deem'd they ſuffer'd, or they bled in vain.

And think'ſt thou, NORTH, the ſons of ſuch a race,
Where beams of glory bleſt their purpled morn,
Will ſhrink unnerv'd before a tyrant's face,
Nor meet thy louring inſolence with ſcorn?

Look thro' the circuit of the extended ſhore,
That checks the ſurges of the Atlantic deep!
What weak eye trembles at the frowns of pow'r?
What leaden ſoul invites the bands of ſleep?

How Goodneſs warms each heaven-illumin'd heart!
What generous gifts the woes of want aſſuage,
And ſympathetic tears of pity ſtart,
To aid the deſtin'd victims of thy rage!

No clamourous faction with unhallow'd zeal
To wayward madneſs wakes the impaſſion'd throng;
No thoughtleſs furies ſheath their breaſts with ſteel,
Or call the ſword to avenge the oppreſſive wrong.

Fraternal bands with vows accordant join;
One guardian Genius, one enrapturing Soul
Nerves the bold arm, inflames the juſt deſign,
Combines, inſpirits, and illumes, the whole.

Now meet the Fathers of this weſtern clime;
Nor names more noble graced the rolls of fame,
When Spartan firmneſs brav'd the wrecks of time,
Or Rome's bold virtues fann'd the heroic flame.

Not deeper thought th' immortal Sage inſpir'd,
On Solon's lips when Grecian ſenates hung;
Nor manlier eloquence the boſom fir'd,
When genius thunder'd from the Athenian tongue.

And hopes thy pride to match the patriot ſtrain
By the brib'd ſlave in penſion'd liſts enroll'd;
Or awe their councils by the voice prophane,
That wakes to utterance at the calls of gold?

Can frowns of terror daunt the warrior's deeds,
Where guilt is ſtranger to the ingenuous heart?
Or Craft illude, where godlike Science ſheds
The beams of knowledge and the gifts of art?

Go, raiſe thy hand, and with its magic pow'r
Pencil with night the ſun's aſcending ray,
Bid the broad veil eclipſe the noon-tide hour,
And damps of ſtygian darkneſs ſhroud the day.—

(Such night as lours o'er Britain's fated land,
Where rayleſs ſhades the darken'd throne ſurround;
Nor deeper glooms at Moſes' waving wand,
Pour'd their thick horrors o'er the Memphian ground.)

Bid heav'ns dread thunders at thy voice expire,
Or chain the angry vengeance of the waves;
Then hope thy breath can chill th' eternal fire,
And free ſouls pinion with the bonds of ſlaves.

Thou canſt not hope—Attend the flight of days,
View the bold deeds, that wait the dawning age,
Where Time's ſtrong arm, that rules the mighty maze,
Shifts the proud actors on this earthly ſtage!

Then tell us, NORTH,—for thou art ſure to know;
For have not Kings and fortune made thee great?
Or lurks not genius in th' ennobled brow,
And dwells not wiſdom in the robes of ſtate?

Tell how the pow'rs of luxury and pride,
Taint thy pure zephyrs with their poiſon'd breath;
How dark Corruption ſpreads th' envenom'd tide,
And Britain trembles on the verge of death.

And tell how, rapt by Freedom's deathleſs flame,
And foſt'ring influence of the fav'ring ſkies,
This Weſtern World, the laſt receſs of fame,
Sees in her wilds a new-born empire riſe:

A new-born Empire, whoſe aſcendant hour
Defies the foes, that would its life deſtroy,
And like Alcides, with its infant power
Shall cruſh thoſe ſerpents, who its reſt annoy.

Then look thro' time, and with extended eye,
Pierce the deep veil of fate's obſcure domain!
The morning dawns, th' effulgent ſtar is nigh,
And crimſon'd glories deck her riſing reign!

Behold afar beneath the cloud of days,
Where reſt the wonders of aſcending fame;
What Heroes riſe, immortal heirs of praiſe!
What fields of death with conq'ring ſtandards flame!

See her throng'd cities' warlike gates unfold!
What tow'ring armies ſtretch their banners wide,
Where cold Ontario's icy waves are roll'd,
Or far Altama's ſilver waters glide!

Lo from the groves, th' aſpiring cliffs that ſhade,
Aſcending pines the ſurging ocean brave,
Riſe in tall maſts, the floating canvas ſpread,
And rule the dread dominions of the wave!

Where her clear rivers pour the mazy tide,
The laughing lawns in full luxuriance bloom,
The golden harveſt ſpreads her wanton pride,
The flow'ry garden breathes a glad perfume.

Her potent voice ſhall huſh the ſtorms of fate,
Where the meads bloſſom or the billows roar;
And cities, gay with ſumptuous domes of ſtate,
Stretch their bright turrets on the ſounding ſhore.

There mark that Coaſt, which ſeats of wealth ſurround,
That haven, rich with many a flowing ſail,
Where mighty ſhips, from earth's remoteſt bound,
Float on the chearly pinions of the gale.

There BOSTON ſmiles, no more the ſport of ſcorn,
And meanly priſon'd by thy fleets no more;
And far as ocean's billowy tides are borne,
Lifts her fear'd enſigns of imperial power.

So ſmile the ſhores, where lordly Hudſon ſtrays,
(Whoſe floods fair YORK and proud ALBANIA lave)
Or PHILADELPHIA's happier clime ſurveys
Her gliſt'ring ſpires in Schuylkyll's lucid wave.

Or ſouthward far extend thy wond'ring eyes,
Where fertile ſtreams the garden'd vales divide;
And mid the peopled fields diſtinguiſh'd riſe
Virginian tow'rs, and Charleſtown's ſpiry pride.

Genius of arts, of manners and of arms,
See deck'd with glory and the blooms of grace,
This Virgin-clime unfolds her brighter charms,
And gives her beauties to thy fond embrace!

Hark, from the glades, and ev'ry liſt'ning ſpray,
What heav'n-born Muſes wake th' enraptur'd ſong!
The vocal ſhades attune th' enchanting lay,
And echoing vales harmonious ſtrains prolong.

Thro' the vaſt ſeries of deſcending years,
That loſe their currents in th' eternal wave,
Till heav'n's laſt trump ſhall rend th' affrighted ſpheres,
And ope each empire's everlaſting grave;

Propitious ſkies the joyous field ſhall crown,
And robe her vallies in perpetual prime,
And ages bleſt of undiſturb'd renown,
Beam their mild radiance o'er th' imperial clime.

And where is BRITAIN?—In the ſkirt of day,
Where ſtormy Neptune rolls his utmoſt tide,
Where ſuns oblique diffuſe a feeble ray,
And lonely waves the fated coaſts divide;

Seeſt thou yon Iſle, whoſe deſert landſcape yields
The mournful traces of the fame ſhe bore;
Where matted thorns oppreſs the cultur'd fields,
And piles of ruin choak the dreary ſhore?—

From thoſe lov'd ſeats, the Virtues ſad withdrew,
From fell Corruption's bold and venal hand;
Reluctant Freedom wav'd her laſt adieu,
And Devaſtation ſwept the vaſſal'd land.

On her white cliffs, the pillars once of fame,
Her melancholy Genius ſits to wail;
Drops the fond tear, and o'er her lateſt ſhame,
Bids dark Oblivion draw her ſable veil.

AN ELEGY,

On the death of Mr. BUCKINGHAM ST. JOHN; *who was drowned in his paſſage from New-Haven to Norwalk, May 5th,* 1771.

BY THE SAME.

THE world now yeilds to night's returning ſway;
The deeper glooms lead on the ſolemn hour,
And call my ſteps, beneath the moon's pale ray,
To roam in SADNESS on the ſea-beat ſhore.

Now glide the inconſtant ſhadows o'er the plain,
The broad moon ſwimming thro the broken clouds,
The gleam of waters brightens on the main,
And anchor'd navies lift their wavering ſhrouds.

Deep ſilence reigns; ſave on the moory ground,
The long reed ruſtling to the paſſing gales,
The noiſe of daſhing waves, and hallow ſound
Of ruſhing winds, that murmur thro the ſails.

Far hence, ye pleaſures of a mind at eaſe,
The ſprightly joys, that rural ſcenes can yeild,
When ſpring, led jocund by the ſoftening breeze,
Wakes the glad morn, and robes the dewy field!

Far be the giddy raptures of the gay,
The midnight joys licentious youth can ſhare,
When ruin, ſmiling o'er her deſtin'd prey,
In ſweet allurements hides the deadly ſnare.

Mine be the muſic of the rolling wave,
The moonlight ſhadows and ſurrounding gloom;
Mine the dread haunts of contemplation grave,
That lift the ſoul to ſcenes beyond the tomb.

Here while deep midnight holds her ſilent reign,
And fancy bears the raviſh'd thought along,
Dark melancholy ſpreads her airy train,
And friendſhip calls, and grief inſpires the ſong.

As thro theſe mournful glooms I ſtretch'd my ſight,
Mid ſounds of death, that bid the ſoul attend,
Mid empty forms, and fleeting ſhapes of night,
Slowly I view a white-rob'd ſhade aſcend,

That ſays—"I once was St. John! from the bounds
Of unknown realms beneath the dreary wave,
Where ever-reſtleſs floods, in nightly rounds,
Roll their dark ſurges o'er my watry grave;

From ſeats, which ne'er to mortal ſight diſplay'd,
The gates of dread eternity ſurround,
In night conceal'd, and death's impervious ſhade,
My voice aſcends: attend the warning ſound!

Oh thou, attend! who fluſh'd with early bloom,
In life's new ſpring, and vernal ſweetneſs gay,
Heedleſs of fate, that muſt thy branch entomb,
Spread'ſt thy green bloſſoms to the morning ray.

With thee how late, how like, alas! to thee;
To mortal joys, by opening youth beguil'd,
I ſtretch'd my airy wiſh, and follow'd free,
Where pleaſure triumph'd, and where fancy ſmil'd.

Then, while fond hope her glittering pinions ſpread,
*Pointing to climes beyond the diſtant wave,
Even then, unnotic'd, o'er my deſtin'd head,
Hung death's dire form, and ſeal'd me for the grave.

How vain the thought for many a joyous morn,
To taſte of raptures unallay'd by woe!
At once from life and every pleaſure torn,
From all I wiſh'd, and all I lov'd below.

The faithleſs morning, on our opening ſails,
Smil'd out ſerene, and ſmooth'd our gliding way,
While the gay veſſel, fann'd by breathing gales,
Play'd on the placid boſom of the ſea.

When lo, deſcending on the darkening wind,
Burſt the dire ſtorm,—and feeble to ſuſtain
The ruſhing blaſts, in warring fury join'd,
The frail ſkiff ſinks beneath the ſurging main.

And ſee, afar the oarleſs boat conveys
The trembling ſailors to the diſtant ſhore;
Alone, of aid bereft, with one laſt gaze,
I ſunk in deeps: and ſunk to riſe no more.

In that ſad hour, what fearful ſcenes ariſe,
What pangs diſtreſs, what unknown fears diſmay!
When future worlds diſcloſing on our eyes,
The trembling ſoul forſakes the kindred day!

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* *Mr. St. John was meditating a voyage to Europe.*

Before the awful bar, the Almighty throne,
In dread I've ſtood the Eternal Judge to ſee,
And fix'd in bliſs, or doom'd to endleſs moan,
Have heard the long, the unrevers'd decree:

Nor earth muſt know the reſt."——Where art thou now,
In youthful joys my partner and my friend;
Of thoſe bleſt hours thy fortune gave below,
Of all our hopes is this the fatal end?

Ah what avail'd that energy of mind,
The heights of ſcience, and of arts to explore;
That early led where genius unconfin'd,
Spreads her glad feaſt, and opes her claſſic ſtore!

Ah what avail'd, in earthly bliſs ſo frail,
The fame gay-dawning on thy riſing years!
Ah what avail'd,—for what could then avail?—
Thy friend's deep ſorrows, or thy country's tears!

In pleaſure's paths, by vivid fancy led,
Mid every hope that blooming worth could raiſe,
The wings of death with fatal horror ſpread,
Blank'd the bright promiſe of thy future days.

So, from the louring weſt, the darken'd clouds
Ruſh on the ſun and dim his orient ray,
And hateful night in glooms untimely ſhrouds
The aſcending glories of the vernal day.

Adieu, my friend, ſo dear in vain, adieu,
Till ſome ſhort days their fleeting courſes roll;
Soon ſhall our ſteps thine earlier fate purſue,
Mov'd in the race, and crowding to the goal.

The approaching hour ſhall ſee the ſun no more,
Wheel his long courſe, or ſpread his golden ray;
Soon the vain dream of mortal life be o'er,
The brightneſs dawning of celeſtial day.

Then join'd in bliſs, as once in friendſhip join'd,
May pitying Heaven our purer ſpirits raiſe,
Each crime atton'd, each virtue well refin'd,
To paſs a bleſt eternity of praiſe!——

AMBITION.

AN ELEGY.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE, gaudy Flattery, with thy ſiren ſong,
Thy fading laurels, and thy trump of praiſe,
Thy magic glaſs, that cheats the wondering throng,
And bids vain men, grow vainer, while they gaze.

For what the gain, tho nature have ſupplied
A tender ſoul, to feel the ſting of pain?
That fame how poor, that lifts our baſeleſs pride,
And ſhews the heights our ſteps muſt ne'er attain!

How vain thoſe thoughts that thro creation rove,
Returning fraught with images of woe!
Thoſe gifts how vain that pleaſe not thoſe we love!
With grief oppreſs'd, how ſmall the gain to know!

And oh, that fate, in life's ſequeſter'd ſhade,
Had fix'd the limits of my ſilent way,
Far from the ſcenes in noiſy pomp array'd,
Where hope and fame but flatter to betray.

The lark had call'd me at the birth of dawn,
My cheerful toils and rural ſports to ſhare;
Nor, when mild evening glimmer'd on the lawn,
Had ſleep been frighted at the voice of care.

So the ſoft flocks in harmleſs pleaſure ſtray,
Or ſport in rapture on the flowery mead,
Enjoy the beauties of the vernal day,
And no ſad preſcience tells them they muſt bleed.

Then wild ambition ne'er had ſwell'd my heart,
Nor had my ſteps purſued the road to fame;
Then ne'er had ſlander rais'd the envenom'd dart,
Nor hung in vengeance o'er my hated name.

Nor views of bliſs that never muſt be mine,
Urg'd the fond tear, or ſwell'd the burſting ſigh;
Nor tendereſt pangs had bid my ſoul repine,
Nor torture warn'd me that my hopes muſt die.

Farewell, ye glittering phantoms of the mind,
The golden viſion, or ambitious dream,
The fickle forms by fairy fancy join'd,
The pride of laurels and the muſe's theme.

Vain hope, adieu! thou dear deluding cheat,
Whoſe magic charm can burſt the bonds of pain;
By thee decoy'd, we claſp the gay deceit,
And plan the ſcenes of future joys in vain.

Come Sadneſs! come, mild ſiſter of Deſpair,
The helpleſs ſufferer's laſt ſupport and friend,
Lead to thoſe ſcenes that ſooth the wretch's care,
Where life's falſe joys, and life itſelf, muſt end!

Well pleas'd, I wander o'er the ſolemn ground,
Where Death in horror holds his dread domain,
While night ſits gloomy in the etherial round,
And ſwimming vapors cloud the dreary plain.

Ye ghoſts, the tenants of the evening ſkies,
That ſweep in ſadneſs o'er the duſky vale,
Enrob'd in miſts, I ſee your forms ariſe;
I hear your voices ſounding in the gale!

Of life ye ſpeak, and life's fantaſtic toys,
How vain the wiſh, that graſps at things below!
How diſappointment lours on all our joys,
And hope bequeaths the legacy of woe!

Ye too, perhaps, while youth ſupplied its beam,
On fancy's pinions ſoaring to the ſky,
Fed your deluded thoughts with many a dream,
Of love and fame, and future ſcenes of joy.

Like your's how ſoon our empty years ſhall fade,
Paſt, like the vapors that in clouds decay,
Paſt, like the forms that flit along the ſhade,
Ourſelves as worthleſs, and as vain as they!

Here the kind haven greets our weary ſail,
When the rude voyage of troubled life is o'er,
Safe from the ſtormy blaſt, the faithleſs gale,
The gulphs that threaten, and the waves that roar.

The heart no more the pains of love ſhall ſhare,
Nor torturing grief the wayward mind enſlave,
Thro toil-worn years fatigued with reſtleſs care,
Peace, ſought in vain, awaits us in the grave.

Nor peace alone! death breaks the ſullen gloom,
That dims the portals of eternal day,
Bids the freed ſoul her nobler powers aſſume,
And wing from woes her heaven-directed way.

Fly hence ye ſhades! ye brighter ſcenes ariſe!
Ye joys celeſtial, opening on my view!
Vaniſh, ye griefs, that dwell beneath the ſkies,
Ye ſtreaming tears, ye fond complaints, adieu!

THE PROPHECY OF BALAAM.

Numbers: Chap. xxiii. 24.

An IRREGULAR ODE. *Written, Anno* 1773.

BY THE SAME.

I

ON lofty Peor's brow,
That rears its forehead to the ſky,
And ſees the airy vapours fly,
And clouds in bright expanſion ſail below,
Sublime the Prophet ſtood.
Beneath its pine-clad ſide,
The diſtant world her various landſcape yeilds;
Winding vales and lengthening fields,
Streams in ſunny maze that flow'd;
Stretch'd immenſe in proſpect wide
Foreſts green in ſummer's pride;
Waving glory gilds the main,
The dazzling ſun aſcending high;
While earth's blue verge at diſtance dimly ſeen,
Spreads from the aching ſight, and fades into the ſky.

II.

Beneath his feet along the level plain,
The hoſt of Iſrael ſtretch'd in deep array;
Their tents roſe frequent on the enamell'd green;
Bright to the winds the colour'd ſtreamers play.

Red from the ſlaughter of their foes,
In awful ſteel the embattled heroes ſtood;
High o'er the ſhaded ark in terror roſe
The cloud, the dark pavilion of their God.
Before the Seer's unwilling eyes,
The years unborn aſcend in ſight.
He ſaw their opening morn ariſe,
Bright in the ſun ſhine of the favoring ſkies;
While from the unſufferable light,
Fled the dire demons of oppoſing night.
No more, elate with Stygian aid,
He waves the wand's enchanted power,
And baleful thro the hallow'd glade,
His magic footſteps rove no more.
Fill'd with prophetic fire, he lifts his hand,
O'er the dim hoſt in deep array;
And aw'd by Heaven's ſupreme command,
Pours forth the rapture of the living lay.

III.

Fair, oh Iſrael, are thy tents!
Bleſt the banners of thy fame!
Bleſt the dwelling of the ſaints,
Where their God diſplays his name!
Fair as theſe vales, that ſtretch their lawns ſo wide,
As gardens ſmile, in flowery meadows fair,
As riſing cedars on the ſtreamlet's ſide,
That lift their branches to the fragrant air!
Vain is magic's deadly force,
Vain the dire enchanter's ſpell,
Waving wand, or charmed curſe,
Vain the pride, the rage of hell!

From Peor's lofty brow,
I ſee the eternal powers reveal'd,
And all the lengthen'd plains below
O'erſhrouded by the Almighty ſhield!
God, their guardian God, deſcends,
And o'er the favor'd hoſt Omnipotence extends.

IV.

And ſee, bright Judah's ſtar aſcending
Fires the eaſt with crimſon day,
Aweful o'er his foes impending,
Pours wide the lightning of his ray,
And flames deſtruction on the oppoſing world!
Death's broad banners, dark, unfurl'd,
Wave o'er his blood-encircled way!
Scepter'd king of Moab, hear,
Deeds, that future times await,
Deadly triumph, war ſevere,
Iſrael's pride, and Moab's fate!
What echoing terrors burſt upon my ear!
What aweful forms in ghaſtly horror riſe!
Empurpled rage, pale ruin, heart-ſtruck fear,
In ſcenes of blood aſcend, and ſkim before my eyes!

V.

Dimly on the ſkirt of night
O'er thy ſons the cloud impends,
Louring ſtorm with wild affright
Loud the aſtoniſh'd ether rends.
Long hoſts, emblaz'd with ſun-bright ſhields appear,
And victory ſevere

Sits on their lightening ſwords: along the ſhores,
Arm'd with the bolts of fate,
Impending navies wait;
Above, around, the ſhout of ruin roars.
For nought avails, that clad in ſpiry pride,
Thy riſing cities glitter'd on the day;
The vengeful arms wave devaſtation wide,
And give thy pompous domes to mouldering flames a prey.

VI.

Edom bows her lofty head;
Seer ſubmits her vanquiſh'd bands;
Amalek, of hoſts the dread,
Sinks beneath their waſting hands.
See, whelm'd in ſmoky heaps, the ruin'd walls,
Riſe o'er thy ſons' unhappy grave;
Low their blaſted glory falls;
Vain the pride that could not ſave!
Iſrael's ſwords arreſt their prey;
Back to ſwift fate thy frighted ſtandards turn;
Black deſolation rolls along their way;
War ſweeps in front, and flames behind them burn:
And death, and dire diſmay,
Unfold their univerſal grave, and ope the mighty urn.

THE DOWNFALL OF BABYLON.

An Imitation of ſundry paſſages in the thirteenth and fourteenth Chapters of the Prophecy of Iſaiah, and the eighteenth Chapter of the Revelations of St. John.

Written, anno 1775.

BY THE SAME.

'TWAS now the day, devote to bleſt repoſe,
From realms of darkneſs, when the Saviour roſe,
In Patmos's Iſle, with ſacred light inſpir'd,
The great Apoſtle from the world retir'd;
Before his eyes eternal wonders roll,
And future viſions open on his ſoul,
Unfolding ſkies the ſcenes of fate diſplay,
And Heaven deſcending in the beam of day.

He ſaw with joy the promis'd Church ariſe,
Fam'd thro the earth, and favor'd from the ſkies;
A ſtarry crown inveſts her radiant head,
Around her form the ſolar glories ſpread,
Her power, her grace, by circling realms approv'd,
By angels guarded, and by Heaven belov'd:
Till myſtic Babel, with blaſpheming pride,
For idol forms the eternal power defied;
Then martyr'd blood the holy offering ſeal'd,
And perſecution dyed the carnag'd field,
Religion ſunk in ſuperſtitious lore,
And Heaven-built temples ſwam with ſainted gore.

But not in reſt, till virtue ſhould expire,
Slept the juſt vengeance of eternal ire.
The Seer beheld, till God's avenging hand
Smote the proud foe, and ſwept the guilty land;
Then pious rapture triump'd on his tongue,
And inſpiration breath'd the exulting ſong.

"What ſudden fall hath dimm'd thy boaſted ray,
Son of the Morn! bright Phoſphor of the day!
How ſunk in death, a victim of the grave,
Thy pride ſo vaunting, and thy arm ſo brave!
Where now the haughty boaſt?" Above the ſkies,
O'er the ſtarr'd arch my towering ſteps ſhall riſe,
To Heaven's high walls my glories ſhall aſcend,
My throne be eſtabliſh'd, and my power extend,
O'er the wide world to ſtretch my arm abroad;
A God in ſplendor, and in might a God."

Behold from rage the bold oppreſſor ceas'd;
Thy glory wan, and all thy treaſures waſte!
Eternal wrath, awaken'd o'er thy land,
Tears the weak ſceptre from the injurious hand;
Heaven gives its captive ſons a kind releaſe,
And earth ſmiles, joyous, at the ſongs of peace.

Lo, at thy fall, in realms of night below,
Hell greets thine entrance to the worlds of woe!
See from their thrones, along the infernal ſhade,
Riſe the dark ſpectres of the mighty dead,
Friends to thy ſway, and partners in thy crimes,
Kings once on earth, and tyrants in their times!
"And art thou fall'n?"—their looks of wonder crave—
"Swept, undiſtinguiſh'd, to the darkſome grave?

O'er thy pale cheek funereal damps are ſpread,
And ſhrouds of ſable wrap thee with the dead;
What aw'd the world oblivion's ſhadows hide,
And glad worms revel on the wrecks of pride.

Is this the Power, whoſe once tremendous eye
Shook the wide earth, and dar'd the avenging ſky,
Oppoſing kingdoms from their ſceptres hurl'd,
And ſpread ſad ruin o'er the vanquiſh'd world?
Is this the Power, that roſe in boaſted ſtate,
Proud judge of thrones, and arbiter of fate?
The Power, whoſe ſorceries, us'd in every clime,
Stain'd the dark annals of recording time,
While perſecution taught the infernal lore,
And zeal was ſated with the martyr's gore?—
Lo! clos'd thine eyes that wont the Heavens to brave,
Expos'd thou ly'ſt, an outcaſt from the grave;
No ſplendid urn thy funeral duſt contains,
Nor one kind turf conceals thy ſad remains;
For thee no marble lifts its tablet high,
Where kings deceas'd in mournful glory lie;
For juſt renown divides thee from the bleſt,
Nor decks the clods that lull thy bones to reſt."

And ſee Deſtruction from the Almighty hand,
Sweeps her broad beſom o'er thy guilty land;
Careering flames attend her dreadful way,
And riſing darkneſs intercepts the day;
The dim ſun ſinks in fearful ſhades of night,
The moon and planets veil their trembling light,
O'er thy doom'd walls the louring ſtorms aſcend,
And fate's dread omens mark thy haſtening end.

See mid the o'erarching canopy of ſhade,
An angel-form, in robes of blood array'd,
Lifts his red arm, that bids the tempeſt riſe,
Wing'd with the etherial vengeance of the ſkies;
And calls the wintry winds, that all around,
Roll on the ſtorms, and ſweep the delug'd ground,
And far beneath, where direful earthquakes ſleep,
Burſts the dark chambers of the affrighted deep!
Lo! Heaven avenging pours the fiery tide;
Thy whelm'd walls ſink, thy tottering turrets ſlide,
Thy glittering domes ſulphureous torrents lave,
And doom thy ſeats, a deſart and a grave!

For there no more ſhall gay aſſemblies meet,
Crowd thy full marts, and throng thy ſpacious ſtreet;
No more the bridegroom's cheerful voice ſhall call
The viol, ſprightly in the ſounding hall;
No more the lamp ſhall yeild her cheerful light,
Gild thy lone roofs and ſparkle thro the night.
Each morn ſhall view thy deſolated ground,
With falling domes and ſhatter'd ſpires around,
And clad in weeds, in wild confuſion thrown,
The marble trophy, and the ſculptur'd ſtone.
No future age thy glories ſhall recall,
Thy turrets lift, or build thy deſart wall;
Where the gilt palace pierc'd the admiring ſkies,
The owl ſhall ſtun thee with funereal cries,
The baleful dragon thro thy gardens rove,
And wolves uſurp the conſecrated grove.
No ſhepherd there the wandering flock ſhall ſpread,
Nor, tir'd, repoſe beneath the tented ſhed;

No ſtranger there with devious footſteps ſtray,
Where circling horrors guard the fated way;
Eternal Ruin rears her ſtandard wide,
And vengeance triumphs o'er the realms of pride."

THE SPEECH OF PROTEUS TO ARISTÆUS,

CONTAINING THE STORY OF ORPHEUS AND EURIDICE;
Tranſlated from the fourth Book of Virgil's Georgics.

A Collegiate Exerciſe: Written, Anno 1770.

BY THE SAME.

A GOD purſues thee with immortal hate,
By crimes provok'd that prompt the wrath of fate.
In guiltleſs woe the hapleſs Orpheus died,
And calls the powers to avenge his injur'd bride.

Along the ſtreams, with flying ſteps ſhe ſtrove,
To ſhun the fury of thy lawleſs love;
Unhappy fair! nor on the fated way
Saw the dire ſnake that ambuſh'd for her prey.

Her ſiſter Dryades wail'd the fatal wound;
The lofty hills their melting cries reſound;
Then wept the rocks of Rhodope, the towers
Of high Pangæus, and the Rheſian ſhores;
The mournful ſounds the Attic lands convey,
And Hebrus rolls in ſadden'd waves away.

He, on his lyre, eſſay'd with tuneful art,
To ſooth the ceaſeleſs anguiſh of his heart;
Thee, his fair bride, to lonely grief a prey,
Thee ſung at riſing, and at falling day:
Then ſought the realms of death and Stygian Jove,
Thro black'ning horrors of the infernal grove,
Mid direful ghoſts, and powers of deep deſpair,
Unknown to pity, and unmov'd by prayer.
From hell's dark ſhores, to Orpheus' melting ſong,
On every ſide the gloomy nations throng;
Thin, airy ſhades, pale ſpectres void of light,
Like fancied forms that glide athwart the night.
As flitting birds in ſummer's chequer'd ſhade,
Dance on the boughs, and flutter thro the glade,
Or ſeek the woods when night deſcends amain,
And pours in ſtorms along the wintry plain:
Men, matrons, round the ſweet muſician preſs'd,
The ſpouſeleſs maidens, and the youths unbleſt,
Snatch'd from their parents' eyes, or doom'd to yeild
To war's dire combats on the bloody field;
Whom the deep fens, that drain the moory ground,
And black Cocytus reedy lake ſurround,
Where baleful Styx her mournful margin laves,
And deadly Lethe rolls the oblivious waves.

Hell heard the ſong; and fix'd in deep amaze,
On the ſweet bard the ſnaky Furies gaze;
Grim Cerberus hung entranc'd; and ceas'd to reel
The giddy circle of Ixion's wheel.

Theſe dangers 'ſcap'd, he ſeeks the upper air,
Elate with joy, and follow'd by the fair:

Such law the Fates impos'd: but doom'd to prove
The ſudden madneſs of ill-omen'd love!
Could fate relent, or melt at human woe,
A venial crime, were venial aught below!
Light gleam'd at hand; the Stygian ſhades retire;
With wiſhes wild, and vanquiſh'd with deſire,
His fears forgot, he turn'd; his lovely bride
Given to his hope, with trembling glance eſpy'd,
There end his joys, and vaniſh'd into air
His fancied raptures and his fruitleſs care,
Broke is the league—and thrice tremendous roars
The diſtant thunder on the infernal ſhores.

What rage, ſhe cried, hath daſh'd our joys again,
Pair'd in ſad fates, and doom'd to endleſs pain.
I hear the voice that calls me back to woes,
My ſwimming eyes eternal ſlumbers cloſe.
A laſt farewel! the infernal glooms ariſe,
And, wrapt in night, my parting ſpirit flies;
Vain my weak arms, extended to reſtore
The bridal hand, that muſt be thine no more.

She ſaid, and vaniſh'd inſtant from his eye,
Like melting ſmoke that mingles with the ſky.
No kind embrace, his deepening grief to allay,
No farewel word, tho much he wiſh'd to ſay,
Nor hope remain'd. Stern Charon now no more
Conſents to waft him to the infernal ſhore.
Forever ſnatch'd from all his ſoul could love,
What prayers, what tears, what ſongs, the Fates could move?
Her, breathleſs, pale, to manſions of the grave,
The bark bore floating on the Stygian wave.

In gelid caves, with horrid glooms array'd,
Where cloud-topt hills project an awful ſhade,
Along the margin of the deſert ſhore,
Where lovely Strymon's ruſhing waters roar,
Seven hapleſs months he wail'd his fatal love,
His raviſh'd bride, and blam'd the hand of Jove.
Stern tygers ſoften'd at the tuneful ſound,
The thickets move, the foreſts dance around:
So in ſome poplar's ſhade, with ſoothing ſong,
Sad Philomela mourns her captive young;
When ſome rude ſwain hath found the unfeather'd prey,
Her neſt deſpoil'd, and borne the prize away;
Thro the long night ſhe breathes her plaintive ſtrain,
The ſlow, deep moan reſounds, and echoes o'er the plain.

Pleaſure no more his ſoul eſtrang'd could move,
The charms of beauty, or the joys of love.
Alone he ſtray'd, where wintry Tanais flows,
Thro deſerts whiten'd with eternal ſnows.
Mourn'd his loſt bride, the infernal powers' deceit,
And curs'd the vain, illuſive, gifts of fate.

When Bacchus' Orgies ſtain'd the midnight ſkies,
Their proffers ſcorn'd, the Thracian matrons riſe;
Their hopeleſs rage the bleeding victim tore,
His ſever'd limbs are ſcatter'd on the ſhore;
Rent from his breathleſs corſe, ſwift Hebrus ſweeps
His gory viſage to the diſtant deeps.

Yet when cold death ſate trembling on his tongue,
With fainting ſoul, Euridice he ſung,
Ah dear, ah loſt Euridice, he cries,
Euridice, the echoing ſhore replies.

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.*

BY TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.

PART I.

DANIEL, CHAP. I.

BENEATH the dawn, o'er Babel's fruitful plain,
In proud effulgence mov'd the conquering train.
Full on the ſun's broad beam their buckler's ray
Streak'd the glad fields, and gave a mimic day.

* THIS Poem is reprinted from the New-Haven Gazette, and the Connecticut Magazine, publiſhed by Meigs and Dana, for the year 1786;—where it forms three Numbers of a Periodical Paper, undertaken by Dr. Dwight—and is introduced by the following Preface, viz.——"The 'incloſed Poem is handed you for publication. I have 'long thought that the Bible furniſhed many ſubjects for 'poetry, far more deſerving the ambition and efforts of 'genius, than thoſe to which it is commonly dedicated. I 'do not mean merely that they are ſubjects more friendly 'to virtue, but to poetry. They are more ſublime, novel, 'beautiful, agreeable, and in every way intereſting.—— 'Perhaps this experiment may not have been ſo happily 'made, as to elucidate the truth of this opinion. But as 'it is, it is ſubmitted to the judgment of your readers. 'Should it have the happy influence to induce even one 'perſon of poetical talents, to apply thoſe talents to this 'method of ornamenting his own character, and that of 'his country, I ſhall think my labours not unhappily di-'rected."

With ſpiry ſplendor varying ſtandards glow'd;
In pomp ſublime majeſtic chieftains rode;
The ſilver clarions gave a ſolemn ſound,
And cars unnumber'd, thundering ſhook the ground.

There JUDAH's ſpoils in proud diſplay were borne;
There purple veſture mock'd the riſing morn;
There ſacred veſſels, rich from Ophir's mine,
Beam'd their ſtrong light, and imag'd art divine;
There mov'd the prince, the queen, the lord, the ſage,
And hapleſs captive throngs of every age.

High-thron'd, the monarch from his golden car,
Survey'd the trophies of ſucceſsful war.
Majeſtic, tall, the mighty hero roſe,
Born to command, and dreadful to his foes:
His lofty limbs, enrob'd in rich attire
Of ſteel, and gold, were circled round with fire:
His pride, his ſoul, expanded at the ſight,
And his glad eye-balls warm'd with living light.

As o'er the captive train he caſt his eyes,
And heard, unmov'd, their mingled groans and cries,
Four youths, companions, ſilent paſs'd along,
By form diſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar throng.
Fair o'er them trembled beauty's purple flame;
Their eyes, as angels', caſt a ſunny beam;
Sublime their port; ſerene their ſolemn look;
By fear unaw'd, by heavieſt woes unbroke;
To ills ſuperior; earth and time above;
But touch'd with kindred woe, and yearning love.
The monarch gaz'd.—His fierce and hardy mind
Then firſt with ſweet and tender thoughts refin'd;

He felt each nerve with ſtrange emotion thrill,
And down each cheek new tears in ſilence ſteal.
No more the hoſt, no more the ſpoils appear'd;
No more the trump's inſpiring voice was heard;
Fix'd as he gaz'd, to ſoft compaſſion won,
The pomp was buried, and the triumph gone.

To ARIOCH then, his favor'd, faithful ſlave,
The turning prince his ſovereign pleaſure gave:
" Seeſt thou, my ARIOCH, thoſe bright, youthful forms;
" What grace ſurrounds them, and what beauty warms!
" With what fair pride, magnificently great,
" They move ſuperior to their humble fate!
" For arms, for empire, not for bondage made,
" They win my ſoul, and claim imperial aid.
" Go then, my ARIOCH, go, their ſteps purſue;
" With gentle ſympathy their ſouls ſubdue;
" Their monarch's favour to their hearts enſure;
" Win them from grief; diſrobe their rags impure;
" Their courſe immediate to the palace bend;
" Let faithful ASHPENAZ their ſteps attend;
" Superior far to all in every grace,
" Among the choſen youths appoint the place."

The monarch ſpake. The faithful chief obey'd,
And to the palace ſtrait the youths convey'd.
There ASHPENAZ, the eunuch's prince, receiv'd,
To hope reſtor'd them, and from want reliev'd.
Cheer'd with kind words, their every wiſh obey'd,
And thus, with ſoft and tender accent, ſaid:——

" All-lovely youths! attir'd with every grace,
' The beſt, and brighteſt, of your hapleſs race,

'Think not, from war's dire ſcenes, the Aſſyrian mind,
'To love imp rvious, or to miſery blind.
'Even the great prince, our mighty realm who ſways,
'Train'd in fierce wars, and nurs'd in bloody ways,
'Though proudly borne on Conqueſt's lofty wings,
'Lord of a world, and king of countleſs kings,
'Yet bade me kindly every want ſupply,
'No hope extinguiſh, and no joy deny.

'By his command, on kingly dainties fed,
'Serv'd by his ſlaves, and in his palace bred,
'In every art, in every myſtery train'd,
'By lords approv'd, by royal love ſuſtain'd.
'Your lives, in peace ſerene, ſhall glide away,
'New joys returning with returning day.

'For me, my boſom, not of ſtubborn ſteel,
'Well knows to love, and long has learn'd to feel.
'Your woes, O Youths, your nation's fate ſevere,
'Pierce my ſad ſoul, and prompt the tender tear.
'Each gentle act, that marks a parent's hand,
'From faithful ASHPENAZ aſſur'd command;
'From earlieſt years, to youths a conſtant guide,
''Tis joy to bleſs them, and to ſerve is pride."

Thus ſpoke the prince. With meek, but ſolemn grace,
The elder youth return'd this ſad addreſs:
'O Prince of Eunuchs, ſoothing friend of woe!
'Thy gentle ſolace bids our ſorrows flow:
'With love, with gratitude, our boſoms burn,
'But, pierc'd with grief, our hapleſs nation mourn.
'For ah! her ſons, of every good forlorn,
'Waſte with dire want, or ſhrink from piercing ſcorn;

'Or rage, in ſlaughter bids them weltering roll;
'Or gloomy ſlavery blaſts the wither'd ſoul;
'Her childleſs mothers ſpread the reeking ground;
'Her babes, unpitied, glut the hungry hound;
'Levell'd in duſt, her heaven-built Temple lies,
'And SALEM's ſmoking ruins fill the ſkies.
'More dread theſe ſplendors ſhew the fearful doom,
'As day more deeply ſhades the darkſome tomb:
'Then, mid all joys, permit our hearts to mourn,
'Nor think thy goodneſs meets a baſe return."

He ſpoke. The prince, to chambers proud and fair,
Led the ſad youths, and ſooth'd their riſing care,
Their graceful forms in ſplendid garments dreſs'd,
And kindly cheer'd their troubled minds to reſt.

As now all-fragrant ſpread the rich repaſt,
Cates of all climes, and wines of every taſte;
Deep cares revolving in his troubled breaſt,
His choſen friends the elder youth addreſs'd:——

"O youths, refin'd in fierce affliction's flame,
'Like gold, refulgent with undroſſy beam!
'Now new alarms your virtuous minds aſſail,
'New dangers tempt, and untried foes prevail.
'As icy rocks, by winter beat in vain,
'Yeild to mild ſuns, and melt in vernal rain,
'So the firm heart, no cruelty could move,
'May loſe each virtue in the beams of love.
'Thoſe cates, compos'd of all things rich and rare,
'Cull'd with nice art, and dreſs'd with ſkilful care,
'From truth's fair path our footſteps ſoftly charm,
'Our prayers enfeeble, and our faith diſarm.

'To pureſt food the ſacred law confin'd,
'The taſte luxurious, and the wandering mind.
'Fix'd be our hearts its high beheſts to obey,
'Nor let vain banquets lure our feet aſtray.
'From humble pulſe fereneſt peace ſhall ſpring,
'Health nerve the limbs, and lift the mental wing;
'The ſoul, the form, with health and beauty bloom,
'And heaven complacent grant a milder doom."

Thus ſpoke the youth. With ſmiles of pure delight,
In duty's path the aſſenting friends unite,
To heaven the feaſt, the roving wiſh reſign'd,
And gain'd the banquet of the obedient mind.

The courteous prince, by ſoft intreaties led,
Indulg'd their prayer, and gave the humble bread.
Heaven bleſs'd its ſons.—As mid the inferior grove,
Four beauteous pines aſcend the clouds above,
Mid heats, and droughts, and ſtorms, and froſt, and ſnow,
Through the full year with living verdure grow,
O'er every wood, with pride majeſtic, reign,
And wave exulting round the adjacent plain:
In port, in ſtature, thus, with thoughts ſublime,
And worth, ſuperior to the aſſaults of time,
Their gentle manners, great beyond diſguiſe,
Friendly to man, and faithful to the ſkies,
The favour'd captives grew, and learn'd to ſoar
Through all the myſteries of Chaldean lore;
Learn'd how the ſtars in ſolemn ſplendor roll;
How countleſs realms compoſe one mighty whole;
What arts, what mazes, through the ſyſtem run;
How hoſts are marſhall'd, and how fields are won.

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

BY THE SAME.

PART II.

DANIEL, CHAP. II.

THUS roſe the youths, by lords and kings approv'd,
By earth exalted, and by Heaven belov'd,
When, loſt in ſlumbers as the ſovereign lay,
What time fair Phoſphor ſings the approach of day,
Full to his eyes a viſion roſe ſublime,
Big with dread myſteries of aſcending time.
Alarm'd, awak'd, he left the thorny bed;
His ſleep all vaniſh'd, and the viſion fled:
In vain he tried the wonders to reſtore,
The fleeted phantom met his eyes no more.

Then deep convulſions ſhook his ſtormy mind,
That knew no croſſes, and no wiſh reſign'd.
At once he ſummon'd all the learn'd and wiſe,
Skill'd to explain, and artful to diſguiſe,
Practis'd to bode, in words of ſoothing guile,
New feats, new triumphs, and new realms of ſpoil.
And thus the king —— "Let every ſage and ſeer,
Dreamer of dreams, and ſtar-taught prophet hear!
This night, as ſunk in ſleep, your monarch lay,
When truth's clear dreams attend approaching day,

Before my eyes a ſolemn viſion roſe,
Clear, full, diſtinct, as morn's full ſplendor glows;
Fill'd with dread ſcenes, with acts of mighty name,
With change of empires, and with years of fame.
I wak'd—I roſe—but all the events of night
Fled from my view, and took their final flight.
Then hear, ye ſages; borne by ſkill ſublime,
Thro' the dark ages of aſcending time,
Explore the viſion, make the wonders known;
And tell what changes wait the Aſſyrian throne."

The Hero ſpoke. Around the ſpacious room
The ſtrange command diffus'd a ſolemn gloom;
When thus a hoary ſage——"O king divine,
Be endleſs life, and power, and honour thine!
Thy high beheſts our hearts delight to obey;
We own thy glory, and we bleſs thy ſway.
But, O dread Prince, thy viſions to reveal,
Tranſcends the efforts of terreſtial ſkill.
Could'ſt thou, by memory's aid, the ſcenes reſtore,
Eaſy thy ſeers the myſtery would explore;
Would teach, for thee what crowns of triumph bloom,
Or what new nations meet the general doom.
The Gods alone, to whoſe unbounded eye
Spread, in clear ſight, all realms beneath the ſky,
In obvious view the ſtars immenſely roll,
Or on fleet pinions roves the wandering ſoul,
Can bid the eventful ſcenes of night return,
Or ope the vaniſh'd viſions of the morn.
A new command, a labour yet undone,
Thy will enjoins us, and thy voice makes known,

Nor lord requir'd, nor prophet e'er divin'd,
The ſecret motions of the mazy mind."

The monarch heard. With ſudden anger bright,
From his fierce eye-balls flaſh'd a withering light:
Sternly he cried,——"Baſe, impious wretches, hear
What wrath betides you, and what fate is near.
If, taught by heaven, your hearts the dream divine,
Wealth waits your ſteps, and crowns before you ſhine:
Prophets of truth, your race ſhall then be ſeen,
Lov'd by the Gods, and precious gifts to men.
But if this feat your purblind ſkill denies,
Each wretch, who ſoils the robe of wiſdom, dies.
Mock'd by your boaſts, my ſoul, no longer tame,
Shall rouſe to ſenſe, and bid juſt vengeance flame;
Each pamper'd carcaſe this right hand ſhall tear,
Glut the rob'd wolves, and feaſt the fowls of air.
Your hoſts, your houſes, give to flames a prey,
And ſweep the nuiſance from the world away."

He ſpoke: the ſeers withdrew.—The realm around,
From voice to voice diffus'd the diſmal ſound.
From ARIOCH, ASHPENAZ the tidings knew!
With thoughts all anxious to the youths he flew,
Rehears'd the tale——and "You, by worth betray'd,
Muſt ſoon," he cried, "be number'd with the dead."
"Fear not, O Prince,"—the elder youth reply'd:
"While heaven commands no ills the juſt betide.
Virtue refines, beneath affliction's power,
As gold runs beauteous from diſſolving ore.
To light the dream ſhall riſe, or, if the ſky
Ordains our death, 'tis higheſt gain to die.

Unmov'd, our hearts, that thouſand deaths have known
In Judah's woes, will meet the pangs of one;
From toil, and grief, and ſhame, unpinion'd riſe,
And mix with angels in their native ſkies.
But haſte, ah haſte, and faithful ARIOCH bring,
E're he commence the vengeance of the king;
This night, ſhall Heaven the vaniſh'd ſcenes reſtore,
And ſave the prophets from vindictive power."

The Prince to ARIOCH flew, and, bath'd in tears,
Rehears'd the tale of mingled hopes, and fears.
He came: And pleas'd to ſtay the monarch's rage,
Led to the throne the young, unbearded ſage.
With mild regard, the ſoftening ſovereign view'd,
While worth, and beauty, half his wrath ſubdued,
Heard him, with modeſt mien, his hope propoſe,
That Heaven, ere morn, the viſion would diſcloſe,
And bade glad ARIOCH vengeance dire delay,
'Till the wiſh'd hour ſhould ope the promis'd day.

Thoſe hours, the youths conſum'd in faſts ſevere,
And the pure fervence of effectual prayer.
The God of worlds, to whom, with beam divine,
Fairer than morn the ſons of Zion ſhine,
With love all bounteous bade the viſion riſe,
Dread, full, and clear, to DANIEL's ſlumbering eyes.

At earlieſt dawn, the youths, in bright array,
Toward the new palace bent their early way;
Through rows of lords, and rows of kings they paſs'd,
While eyes of wonder thouſands on them caſt;
For round the court had ſpread the fearful doom,
That mark'd the guiltleſs Magi to the tomb.

Before the throne the beardleſs prophets ſtood;
Round their fair forms the grace of virtue glow'd;
Pleas'd, the great monarch view'd: With ſofter ray,
His eye-balls ſmil'd their fiercer flames away;
His ſettling viſage loſt its wrathful form,
As Spring looks fair behind a wintery ſtorm.

"O KING of kings?" the elder youth began—
"Thy dread requeſt tranſcends the power of man.
In vain thy ſeers the viſion would regain;
Like ours, their wiſhes, toils, and tears, are vain.
'Tis God alone the wonders can diſplay,
The God, who form'd the heaven, the earth, and ſea;
Naked, and clear, before whoſe ſearching eye,
The ſoul, the thoughts, and deep affections lie;
He brought the eventful viſion to thy ſight,
And he again commands it into light.

"What time the dew of peace around thy bed
The ſilent ſlumbers of the morning ſpread,
Dread to thine eyes a wonderous image ſhone,
Awful in form, in ſplendor like the ſun.
Its head of flaming gold, its arms and breaſt,
Of ſilver fair, inferior worth confeſs'd;
Its thighs and belly glow'd with brazen light;
Its legs, of iron, mark'd reſiſtleſs might;
Its iron feet, commix'd with miry clay,
Diſplay'd unſolid power, to time a prey.
When lo! ſpontaneous, from the mountains rent,
A ſtone came thundering down, with ſwift deſcent;
Full on the form, with mighty force it burſt,
Cruſh'd all its limbs, and ground its frame to duſt;

Borne by the winds, thou ſaw'ſt its ruins fly,
Like chaff, when whirlwinds ſweep the ſummer ſky.
And as a riſing cloud, but juſt beheld,
Approaching, widens o'er the aerial field,
Expands, aſcends, and, ſlow thro ether driven,
Sails thro the immenſe, and fills the bounds of heaven:
So the ſmall cliff to riſe, and ſwell, began,
Spread thro' the fields, the neighbouring groves o'er-ran,
O'er towns, o'er realms, o'er mountains, left the eye,
Uproſe beyond the clouds, and heav'd the boundleſs ſky.

"'Tis thus, O king! the Lord of Heaven declares,
What ſcenes roll onward with the tide of years.
By us, his ſovereign voice to thee makes known,
And tells what changes wait the Aſſyrian throne.

"Thou art this head of gold: Thy power ſublime,
Rules thouſand kings, and ſpreads thro every clime.
But ſoon thy glory haſtens to decay,
Soon the bright arms commence a humbler ſway:
That too ſhall fail; the brazen kingdom riſe,
Like ocean, ſpreading to ſurrounding ſkies.
As iron then an empire ſtrong ſhall ſpring,
Subdue each realm, and vanquiſh every king:
Beneath its wonderous power, all nature yeilds,
Europe's lone wilds, and Aſia's cultur'd fields.
Hence various kings, to art, and force, a prey,
As iron potent, yet diſſolv'd like clay:
Unſound, unſolid, ſhall their empire riſe,
Varying, as clouds their changes in the ſkies.
In thoſe far diſtant days, o'er every land,
Shall God's dread ſceptre rear its high command:

Before its power, reſiſting powers decay;
Nations, and kings, and empires, melt away;
Through unknown wilds the vaſt dominion roll,
Extend its conquering force from pole to pole;
From morn's far regions reach the ſhores of even,
Fill earth, and time, and rear its pomp to heaven.
Thus, King of kings! the heavens thy dream reſtore,
And teach the changes of terreſtial power."

The monarch heard, and look'd, when heavenly flame,
Round the fair youths ſhould caſt a golden beam;
Or o'er their limbs inſtinctive lightnings run;
Or rainbow'd pinions lift them to the ſun.
Proſtrate to earth he fell: and,—"Oh!" he cries,
"Your God is Lord of gods, and worlds, and ſkies:
He, only he, could make theſe viſions known;
Let praiſe, and glory, wait his heavenly throne."

To DANIEL, then the raptur'd hero bade
Incenſe be fir'd, and rich oblations paid;
O'er his prime lords his favourite place ordain'd,
A prince to every king, and every land:
While, high o'er BABEL's realm, his partners ſate
In kingly favour, and judicial ſtate.

Where'er they paſs'd, purſuing wonder came;
The Magi bleſs'd, the children liſp'd their name;
To them were Judah's prayers and bleſſings given,
And the poor mark'd them as the ſons of Heaven.

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

BY THE SAME.

PART III.

DANIEL, CHAP. III.

AND now once more, the ſpacious empire round,
War's fearful clarion ceas'd its ſhrilling ſound;
Her voice harmonious, on ſubſiding gales,
Sweet peace reſounded through the gladd'ning vales:
When lo, new fears the faithful friends await,
And other trials lour'd approaching fate.
Long through the monarch's ſoul the project ran,
(Grateful to proud and heaven-dethroning man)
To bind the ſoul, the conſcience to enchain,
And force one worſhip through his wide domain.
Fir'd with the fond deſign, an image fair,
Rich with pure gold, and gem'd with many a ſtar.
He form'd, fair image of the morning ſun,
Acknowledg'd guardian of th' Aſſyrian throne.
To this, his ſoul decreed mankind ſhould bow,
Each victim burn, and riſe each ſacred vow,
And bade his mighty lords direct their way
To meet their ſovereign, on th' appointed day.
North of proud Babel's walls, from ſky to ſky,
The plain of Dura left the labouring eye:

There willows wav'd o'er Tygris flowery ſide:
There broad Euphrates roll'd his mighty tide.
This the dread ſcene the monarch's will ordain'd;
And hither th rong'd the lords of many a land.
As now the deſtin'd morn her luſtre ſhed,
Here o'er the fields a hoſt immenſely ſpread;
Kings, nobles, chieftains, every ſage and ſeer,
And hoſts of ſlaves, and warriors gather'd here.

Bright roſe, in pomp divine, the imperial ſun;
Light, life, and joy danc'd round his golden throne;
The heavens unclouded ſmil'd a fairer blue;
Reviving beauty cloath'd the world anew;
As on old ocean glows the ſun's broad ray,
And lights his glaſſy fields with mimic day;
So, kindled by his beams, around the plain,
A new morn trembled o'er the unnumber'd train;
From helms, and ſhields, and ſteeds, and cars, aſpires
A general glory of immingling fires:
The Tygris brighten'd in the golden beam,
And ſweeter murmurs ſoften'd o'er the ſtream.
On a tall pedeſtal, before them ſhone
The ſacred image of the riſing ſun;
In ſolemn pomp, a hero roſe ſublime,
His eye deep piercing through the ſcenes of time.
When firſt the orb, aſcending from the main,
Caſt his far level'd beams along the plain,
The form ſuperb with every ſplendor ſhone,
Streak'd the gay fields, and ſeem'd another ſun.
There the deep ruby pour'd a crimſon ray;
The ſunny topaz ſhed a rival day;

Of every hue the mimic rainbow came,
And join'd its varied lights in one tranſcendant flame.
Far round the plain the throng unnumber'd ſtood,
And gaz'd in ſilence on the imag'd god,
When thus the heralds cried, "With reverent ear
Your Monarch's voice, ye kings and nations, hear,
What time the notes of mingled muſic roll,
With magic influence on th' enraptur'd ſoul,
Before yon golden form, ye ſuppliants all
Proſtrate on earth, with ſacred homage, fall.

They ſpoke: as, borne thro' ſome far winding vale,
The voice of ocean leads the ſpringing gale;
More loud, more ſolemn from the diſtant ſhore,
The ſlow, deep murmurs riſe, and ſwell, and roar;
Propp'd on his ſtaff, the hoary ſeaman ſtands,
And calls back happier times, and other lands;
Through his limbs thrills the youth-renewing charm,
And ſkies, and winds, and waves, his boſom warm:
So ſudden, from ten thouſand pipes and ſtrings,
Loud, full and clear, the voice of muſic ſprings:
O'er the glad plain, the breathing ſounds exhale,
And ſwell, and wanton in the riſing gale;
Now deep, majeſtic in dread pomp they roll;
Now ſoftly languiſh on the yeilding ſoul;
Now ſolemn awe, now lively zeal inſpire,
Wake heavenly dreams, and light romantic fire:
Now ſunk on earth, the unnumber'd ſuppliants lie,
And ſmoking altars cloud the fragrant ſky.

'Mid the vaſt throng, the friends of Daniel ſtood,
Nor bent the knee before the golden god.

Alone they ſtood; for at the palace gate,
So the king bade, in judgement Daniel ſate,
The Magi ſaw, and ſtraight, by envy led,
Flew to the king, and thus impatient ſaid ——
(For tho' the youths preſerv'd from death their race,
Their boſoms ſicken'd at their rivals' place)
O prince! regardleſs of thy dread decree,
The Jews, ſo honor'd, lov'd and bleſs'd by thee,
Before yon golden God refuſe to bow,
Preſent the prayer, or pay the ſolemn vow.
They ſlight thy gods, deſpiſe thy glorious name,
Nor heed the vengeance of the fearful flame.

Fir'd at the tale, before their ſovereign king
He bade fierce guards the ſons of Judah bring.
Serene they came. And dare your hearts, he cries,
Againſt the terrors of my anger riſe?
Dare ye refuſe before yon god to bow,
Preſent the prayer, and pay the ſolemn vow?
Then know from me, vain youths, repenting know,
Before you flames of fearful vengeance glow.
Nor hope to 'ſcape. What man, what god can ſave,
When I command you to the burning grave?
Be warn'd; be wiſe, your monarch's god adore;
Nor tempt the dangers of reſiſtleſs power.

He ſpoke. As cherubs, dreſs'd in robes of light,
To earth, on heaven's high errands, wing their flight,
With ſolemn, ſweet, complacent ſmile appear,
And bloſſom in immortal beauty here:
So, roſy ſplendor purpling o'er his face,
With meekly dignity and matchleſs grace,

Whilſt on the king he caſt a heavenly look,
That half revers'd the ſentence ere he ſpoke.
His lifted eye ſerene with ſolemn pride,
With gentle voice, the elder* youth replied,
Well pleas'd, O prince! our hearts confeſs thy ſway,
And all thy juſt commands with joy obey;
Faithful and patient, every toil ſuſtain,
Unaw'd by danger, and unmov'd by pain.
But the great GOD who form'd the earth and ſeas,
Firſt claims our homage, firſt demands our praiſe:
To him alone our knees in worſhip bend;
To him our praiſes and our prayers aſcend;
His mighty arm his faithful ſons ſhall ſave
From all the terrors of the burning grave;
Or bid the flames with harmleſs fury glow;
Or crown with endleſs bliſs the tranſient woe.
But know, Aſſyrian prince! ſhould ills moſt dire
Rend our rack'd hearts, and bid our lives expire;
Should virtue yeild to unrelenting power,
And heaven forſake us in the dreadful hour;
Still to his throne our ſacred thoughts ſhall riſe,
Nor heed the gods that dwell beneath the ſkies.

He ſpoke: Again, with ecſtaſies of ire,
The king's full viſage flaſh'd infernal fire;
Fiercely he bade his guards the offenders bind,
And bear them forth, their feet and arms confin'd,
Through the wide hoſt their guilt and fate proclaim,
And light the furnace with a ſeven-fold flame.

* SHADRACH.

The guards obey'd. As near the ſeat of woe,
Their eyes beheld the fearful vengeance glow,
They claim'd, with fervent prayers, the pitying ſky,
And fix'd their ſouls to ſuffer and to die.
Serene, they ſaw the dark and dreadful fires,
Felt the fierce heat, and ey'd the gloomy ſpires;
Serene, they heard the long, deep murmurs roar,
As diſtant, riſing whirlwinds rend the ſhore.

Forth to the flames the unfriended youths they caſt;
Nor 'ſcap'd the eager guards the ſcorching blaſt:
Far round them ſhot a long, infolding ſpire,
And wrap'd them helpleſs in the mantling fire.

Mean time the king, the ſtorm of vengeance o'er,
His wrath provok'd, his will oppos'd no more,
Felt other thoughts, and paſſions more refin'd
Compoſe the ſettling tumult of his mind.
Softening, he thought on all their conduct paſt,
Their virtue ſpotleſs, and their wiſdom vaſt,
The wondrous dream, to them, with Daniel, given,
And all their pillar'd confidence in heaven.
His will they brav'd, of pains nor death afraid;
But ſtill with mildeſt meekneſs diſobey'd;
With ſuch firm truth, ſuch peaceful words denied,
As ſpoke the ſoul of virtue, not of pride.
Who knows, he whiſper'd, but their well taught mind,
Serves nobler gods, with worſhip more refin'd?
Who knows but he who could the dream reſtore,
May ſave his favourites from the furnace' power?

As thus he ſpoke, with wand'ring courſe and ſlow,
He turn'd his footſteps towards the ſeat of woe:

'Till, with unguided, heedleſs feet he came
Where full before him burn'd the diſmal flame.
When lo, dread ſcenes amaz'd his wilder'd ſight:
The youths walk'd peaceful through the horrid light:
Harmleſs around them climb'd the circling ſpires,
And mild as zephyrs play'd the lambent fires.
Hymns of ſweet praiſe the adoring prophets ſung,
And mid hoarſe murmurs raptur'd warblings rung.

He gaz'd: at once, with light and beauty new,
Through the dread cavern ſudden ſplendor flew;
A new dawn brighten'd o'er the dreary tomb,
Drown'd the dark flames and quench'd the ſullen gloom.
So when the morn's bright face, in fair attire,
Through orient windows ſtrikes the wintry fire,
The red flames wither in the etherial ray,
And all their earthly luſtre dies away.

He gaz'd; when lo! a form of bodied light,
Sprung from the ſun and like the parent bright,
In ſlow and ſtately grandeur, trod the ſcene,
And the dread cavern ſmil'd, a Heaven within.
Fair ſtars his wondrous crown, his ſtrange attire
The lucid rainbow's many-co'our'd fire;
Like threads of burniſh'd ſilver, round his head,
His twinkling locks in ſolemn glory play'd;
In pomp divine above his ſhoulders borne,
And dipt in roſeate beams of riſing morn,
His long wings waving, fell: beneath his feet,
The unnumber'd ſtreams of ſpringing light'nings meet.
Full on the friends he beam'd a ſun-bright ſmile,
Tranſcendent meed of all their faith and toil!

Complacence pure, all thoughts, all minds above,
That op'd the yearnings of redeeming love.
Such ſmiles ſalute th' unbodied ſoul forgiven;
Such ſmiles improve the ſainted race of Heaven;
Such ſmiles ſerene, with unextinguiſh'd ray,
Purpled the opening morn of endleſs day.
At once ſoft ſounds of gratulation rung;
Strange muſic play'd, unſeen muſicians ſung;
The ſolemn ſounds with more than mortal fire,
Wav'd with mild warblings, o'er th' etherial lyre:
Marbled, on earth the proſtrate monarch lay,
And ſwoon'd his vanquiſh'd ſenſe and ſoul away.

At length reſummon'd from the gloomy dead,
His opening eyes beheld the viſion fled.
With ſtrong, but plaintive voice, amaz'd he cried,
Sons of the ſky and earth's tranſcendent pride!
Forth from thoſe dreary flames triumphant come,
And quit the manſions of the deſtin'd tomb.

Forth came the youths; unſing'd their fair attire,
Their limbs unconſcious of the potent fire;
The king, the nobles mark'd with ſolemn gaze,
And ſighs and ſilence own'd their deep amaze.

Round the wide plain the ſaddening pomp decay'd;
The muſic died, the vaſt aſſembly fled;
The knee unbent, the image ceaſ'd to adore;
The extinguiſh'd altars ſhed perfumes no more;
The golden form apart forſaken ſtood,
And not a ſuppliant hail'd the ſlighted god:
Round the wide circuit brooding ſilence lay,
And clouds of deepeſt gloom o'ercaſt the day.

Then through his boundleſs empire Heaven's great name,
The humbl'd monarch bade his criers proclaim.
To Heaven's great God, they cried, your honors pay,
Let kings and nations own his ſovereign ſway;
With power divine to earth his angel came,
And ſav'd his prophets from the ſevenfold flame.

To Babel's walls return'd the royal train:
Their wonted honors cloth'd the youths again.
With tranſport, Daniel heard his friends relate
Their glorious triumph o'er the deſtin'd fate;
The flames by heavenly power innoxious made;
The ſolemn glories on the angel ſhed;
In dreams the labor'd pomp forever gone;
The tyrant vanquiſh'd and his god o'erthrown.

Belov'd, rever'd, the ſons of virtue ſhin'd,
Heirs of the ſkies, and patrons of mankind.
Through all th' Aſſyrian world their bounty ſpread;
All Judah triumph'd; all oppreſſion fled;
Their glad approach, inſtinctive homage bleſs'd;
Crouds bent before them, lords and kings careſs'd;
To them the ſongs of every realm were given,
And ceaſeleſs round them glow'd the light of heaven.

ADDRESS
OF THE
GENIUS OF COLUMBIA,
TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CONTINENTAL CONVENTION.

BY THE SAME.

FROM weſtern ſkies, a cloud of glory came,
A ſmall, dim ſpot, a torch of lambent flame;
Aſcending, widening, ſlow the ſkirts unroll'd,
Rainbow'd with fire, and warm'd with glowing gold.
There, borne by ſummon'd winds, in pomp ſublime,
His look far-piercing down the vaſt of time,
Where the long, narrowing vale deſerts the eye,
Unboſom'd dimly on the eternal ſky,
The Genius ſate. He ſaw, when faction ſpent,
No more with war his darling kingdom rent,
The ſtream of kindred blood forbore to flow,
And morn faint trembled o'er the night of woe,
Call'd from each ſiſter realm, the wiſe and great,
In Penn's fair walls, and awful council ſate;
Pois'd in their hands, Columbia's mighty ſway,
And tottering laws, and rights, and freedom, lay.

He ſaw, when fairer than the glow of even,
And bright as viſions of diſcloſing heaven,
Full in his face a ſacred ſplendor ſhone,
And the weſt kindled with another ſun.

"All hail, my ſons," he cried, "my voice attend,
Your country's genius, guardian, guide, and friend:
The counſels mark, that faithful friend ſupplies,
Attend, and learn the dictates of the ſkies.
Before you, lo! what ſcenes of glory ſpread,
The faireſt, brighteſt, nobleſt, heaven has made:
Their home, where freedom, ſcience, virtue, find,
The laſt receſſes of oppreſs'd mankind.
The immenſe of empire here, amaz'd, deſcry,
Where realms are loſt, and hidden oceans lie;
Where Perſia's vaſt would ſink in ſhades conceal'd,
And Rome's proud world diminiſh to a field.
See, from the pole, where frozen fountains riſe,
And pour their waters under torrid ſkies,
Where Rhines and Danubes, rills and ſtreamlets play,
To ſwell the pomp of Miſſiſippi's ſea;
Where a zone's breadth majeſtic woods extend,
And other Andes o'er the ſtorms aſcend;
Where meadows bound the morn and evening rays;
Where plains are kingdoms, and where lakes are ſeas.

See thro all climes the unmeaſur'd empire run,
And drink each influence from the lingering ſun;
Pure ſkies unboſom'd, days ſereneſt roll,
And gales of health, from Darien fan the pole.

In each bleſs'd clime, to crown induſtrious toil,
See every product ſpring from every ſoil,
Here the fur whitens in the frozen ſhade;
Here flocks unnumber'd crowd the paſtur'd glade;
Here threatening famine double harveſts ſcorn—
Europe's rich grains, and India's uſeful corn—

Virginia's fragrant pride, huge fleets convey,
And fields of rice float cumbrous o'er the ſea,
While all its wealth, the world of waters yeilds,
And treaſures fill the ſubterranean fields.
Theſe goods to waft where'er expands the wind,
To bleſs and to ſuſtain the human kind,
See, ſtretch'd immenſe from Cancer to the pole,
On either ſide contending oceans roll;
O'er this, all Europe wings her haughty ſails;
O'er that, all India wafts on ſpicy gales;
While bays, and ſtreams, and lakes, her realms explore,
And land each product at each happy door.

To fill theſe realms, a generous race behold,
Of happieſt genius, and of firmeſt mould;
In thoughts, in arts, in life, in language join'd,
One faith, one worſhip, one politic mind,
Patient, ſerene, in toils and dangers dire,
Their nerves of iron, and their ſouls of fire:
Call'd from all realms, theſe choſen ſons have join'd
Expanſive manners, and a genial mind,
The liberal ſentiment, the adventurous thought,
With greatneſs teeming, and with goodneſs fraught;
Chain'd to no party; by no ſyſtem bound;
Confining merit to no ſpeck of ground;
Nor Britons, Frenchmen, Germans, Swiſs, or Huns,
Of earth the natives, and of heaven the ſons,
Regarding, loving, all the great and good,
Of every rank, clime, party, ſect, and blood.

The ſwain, with bliſs to Europe's climes unknown,
His wife, his houſe, his lands, his flock, his own,
Treads, independent, on the ſubject ſoil,
Prepar'd for every danger, every toil;
Prepar'd to ſee antarctic oceans roll,
To circle earth, and ſearch the lonely pole;
Or thro the immenſe of ſcience wind his way;
Or lift poetic wings beyond the day;
The ridgy front of death for freedom dare,
Or, round all regions, huſh the voice of war.

Heaven from all climes this happy realm conceal'd,
While wolves and Indians roam'd the bloody field,
Till human rule a ſoft'ning aſpect wore,
Till war's black chariot ceas'd to roll in gore,
Till bigot zeal reſign'd his ſcarlet ſway,
And his dread thunders puff'd in ſmoke away.

Thus oh how bleſs'd the era of her fate,
How bright the morning, and how long the date!
For now each fair improvement of the mind,
Each nobler effort lifts the human kind;
Vaſt means of bliſs mechanic arts combine;
All liberal arts the rugged ſoul refine;
Freedom, and right, and law, their reign aſſume,
Stern Power reſiſt, and cheer the world's ſad doom;
On nature's ocean, ſcience lifts her ſails,
Finds other ſtars, and catches nobler gales;
While dawning virtue beams from yonder ſky,
And brighter ſuns ariſe on human joy.

Such ſcenes of bliſs, ye ſages, bleſs your eyes:
For men, for realms like theſe, your plans deviſe.

Be then your counſels, as your ſubject, great,
A world their ſphere, and time's long reign their date.

Each party-view, each private good, diſclaim,
Each petty maxim, each colonial aim;
Let all Columbia's weal your views expand,
A mighty ſyſtem rule a mighty land;
Yourſelves her genuine ſons let Europe own,
Not the ſmall agents of a paltry town.

Learn, cautious, what to alter, where to mend;
See to what cloſe projected meaſures tend.
From preſſing wants the mind averting ſtill,
Thinks good remoteſt from the preſent ill:
From feuds anarchial to oppreſſion's throne,
Miſguided nations hence for ſafety run;
And through the miſeries of a thouſand years,
Their fatal folly mourn in bloody tears.

Ten thouſand follies thro Columbia ſpread;
Ten thouſand wars her darling realms invade.
The private intereſt of each jealous ſtate;
Of rule the impatience, and of law the hate.
But ah! from narrow ſprings theſe evils flow,
A few baſe wretches mingle general woe.
Still the ſame mind her manly race pervades,
Still the ſame virtues haunt the hallow'd ſhades.
But when the peals of war her center ſhook,
All private aims the anxious mind forſook.
In danger's iron-bond her race was one:
Each ſeparate good, each little view unknown.
Now rule, unſyſtem'd, drives the mind aſtray;
Now private intereſt points the downward way:

Hence civil diſcord pours her muddy ſtream,
And fools and villains float upon the brim;
O'er all, the ſad ſpectator caſts his eye,
And wonders where the gems and minerals lie.

But ne'er of freedom, glory, bliſs, deſpond:
Uplift your eyes thoſe little clouds beyond;
See there returning ſuns, with gladdening ray,
Roll on fair ſpring to chaſe this wintry day.

Tis yours to bid thoſe days of Eden ſhine:
Firſt, then, and laſt, the federal bands entwine:
To this your every aim and effort bend:
Let all your efforts here commence and end.

O'er ſtate concerns, let every ſtate preſide;
Its private tax controul; its juſtice guide;
Religion aid; the morals to ſecure;
And bid each private right thro time endure.

Columbia's intereſts public ſway demand,
Her commerce, impoſt, unlocated land;
Her war, her peace, her military power;
Treaties to ſeal with every diſtant ſhore;

To bid contending ſtates their diſcord ceaſe;
To ſend thro all the calumet of peace;
Science to wing thro every noble flight;
And lift deſponding genius into light.

Thro every ſtate to ſpread each public law,
Intereſt muſt animate, and force muſt awe.
Perſuaſive dictates realms will ne'er obey;
Sway, uncoercive, is the ſhade of ſway.

Be then your taſk to alter, aid, amend;
The weak to ſtrengthen, and the rigid bend;
The prurient lop; what's wanted to ſupply;
And graft new ſcions from each friendly ſky.

Slow, by degrees, politic ſyſtems riſe;
Age ſtill refines them, and experience tries.
This, this alone conſolidates, improves;
Their ſinews ſtrengthens; their defects removes;
Gives that conſiſtence time alone can give;
Habituates men by law and right to live;
To gray-hair'd rules increaſing reverence draws;
And wins the ſlave to love e'en tyrant laws.
But ſhould Columbia, with diſtracted eyes,
See o'er her ruins one proud monarch riſe;
Should vain partitions her fair realms divide,
And rival empires float on faction's tide;
Lo fix'd opinions 'gainſt the fabric rage!
What wars, fierce paſſions with fierce paſſions wage!
From Cancer's glowing wilds, to Brunſwick's ſhore,
Hark, how the alarms of civil diſcord roar!
"To arms," the trump of kindled warfare cries,
And kindred blood ſmokes upward to the ſkies.
As Perſia, Greece, ſo Europe bids her flame,
And ſmiles with eye malignant, o'er her ſhame.
Seize then, oh! ſeize Columbia's golden hour;
Perfect her federal ſyſtem, public power;
For this ſtupendous realm, this choſen race,
With all the improvements of all lands its baſe,
The glorious ſtructure build; its breadth extend;
Its columns lift, its mighty arches bend!

Or freedom, ſcience, arts, its ſtories ſhine,
Unſhaken pillars of a frame divine;
Far o'er the Atlantic wild its beams aſpire,
The world approves it, and the heavens admire;
O'er clouds, and ſuns, and ſtars, its ſplendors riſe,
Till the bright top-ſtone vaniſh in the ſkies."

COLUMBIA.

BY THE SAME.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory ariſe,
The queen of the world, and child of the ſkies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy ſplendors unfold.
Thy reign is the laſt, and the nobleſt of time,
Moſt fruitful thy ſoil, moſt inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the eaſt ne'er encrimſon thy name,
Be freedom, and ſcience, and virtue, thy fame.

To conqueſt, and ſlaughter, let Europe aſpire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind ſhall defend,
And triumph purſue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm: for a world be thy laws,
Enlarg'd as thine empire, and juſt as thy cauſe;
On Freedom's broad baſis, that empire ſhall riſe,
Extend with the main, and diſſolve with the ſkies.

Fair Science her gates to thy ſons ſhall unbar,
And the eaſt ſee thy morn hide the beams of her ſtar.
New bards, and new ſages, unrival'd ſhall ſoar
To fame, unextinguiſh'd, when time is no more;
To thee, the laſt refuge of virtue deſign'd,
Shall fly from all nations the beſt of mankind;
Here, grateful to heaven, with tranſport ſhall bring
Their incenſe, more fragrant than odours of ſpring.

Nor leſs ſhall thy fair ones to glory aſcend,
And Genius and Beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form ſhall awake pure deſire,
And the charms of the ſoul ever cheriſh the fire;
Their ſweetneſs unmingled, their manners refin'd
And virtue's bright image, inſtamp'd on the mind,
With peace, and ſoft rapture, ſhall teach life to glow,
And light up a ſmile in the aſpect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy pow'r ſhall diſplay,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each ſhore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the eaſt and the ſouth yeild their ſpices and gold,
As the day-ſpring unbounded, thy ſplendor ſhall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee ſhall bow,
While the enſigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd,
Huſh the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erſpread,
From war's dread confuſion I penſively ſtray'd—
The gloom from the face of fair heav'n retir'd;
The winds ceas'd to murmur; the thunders expir'd;

Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd ſweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly ſung:
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory ariſe,
The queen of the world, and the child of the ſkies."

THE SEASONS MORALIZED.

BY THE SAME.

BEHOLD the changes of the ſkies,
And ſee the circling ſeaſons riſe;
Hence, let the moral truth refin'd,
Improve the beauty of the mind.

Winter, late with dreary reign,
Rul'd the wide, unjoyous plain;
Gloomy ſtorms with ſolemn roar
Shook the hoarſe, reſounding ſhore.

Sorrow caſt her ſadneſs round,
Life and joy forſook the ground,
Death, with wild imperious ſway,
Bade the expiring world decay.

Now caſt around thy raptur'd eyes,
And ſee the beauteous ſpring ariſe;
See, flow'rs inveſt the hills again,
And ſtreams re-murmur o'er the plains.

Hark, hark, the joy-inſpiring grove
Echoes to the voice of love;
Balmy gales the ſound prolong,
Wafting round the woodland ſong.

Such the ſcenes our life diſplays,
Swiftly fleet our rapid days;
The hour that rolls forever on,
Tells us our years muſt ſoon be gone.

Sullen Death, with mournful gloom
Sweeps us downwards to the tomb;
Life, and health, and joy decay,
Nature ſinks, and dies away.

But the ſoul in gayeſt bloom,
Diſdains the bondage of the tomb;
Aſcends above the clouds of even,
And, raptur'd, hails her native heaven.

Youth, and peace, and beauty there
Forever dance around the year;
An endleſs joy inveſts the pole,
And ſtreams of ceaſeleſs pleaſure roll.

Light, and joy, and grace divine
With bright and laſting glory ſhine:
Jehovah's ſmiles, with heav'nly ray,
Diffuſe a clear, unbounded day.

A HYMN,

Sung at the PUBLIC EXHIBITION of the SCHOLARS, belonging to the Academy in Greenfield, May 2d, 1788.

BY THE SAME.

HAIL child of light, returning Spring,
Fair image, foretaſte ſweet, of heaven!
In thee our hearts thy Maker ſing,
By whoſe bleſt bounty thou waſt given.

From thee the wintry glooms retire,
The ſkies their pureſt beams diſplay,
And winds, and ſhowers, and ſuns conſpire,
To clothe the world with life and May.

Hail knowlege, hail, the moral ſpring
That wakes the verdure of the mind!
To man, thy rays indulgent bring
All fragrant flowers, and fruits refin'd.

Thy progreſs with the morn began,
Before thee every region ſmil'd;
The ſavage brighten'd into man,
And gardens bloſſom'd in the wild.

All hail fair Virtue, nobleſt good,
The bliſs and beauty of the ſkies!
By whom, to yonder bleſt abode,
The humble, and the faithful riſe.

While here fair Learning ſmiles benign,
And Spring leads on the genial year;
From realms of life and peace divine,
Deſcend, and bloom, and flouriſh here.

And O thou fount of good ſupreme,
The ſun that lights eternal ſpring,
At once of knowledge ſource and theme,
Thee firſt, and laſt, our voices ſing!

Virtue, in every charm array'd,
For this dark world, thy ſufferings won;
Thoſe charms thy matchleſs life diſplay'd,
When here the incarnate ſplendor ſhone.

As dews refreſh, as ſuns revive,
When clear and cloudleſs ſhines the day,
Command our riſing race to live,
And win them from the world away.

With thee, the ſource of every grace,
Our ſong ſhall end, as it began;
Our hope, our truſt, our joy, and praiſe,
The Saviour, and the Friend of Man.

A SONG.

BY THE SAME.

LOOK, lovely maid, on yonder flow'r,
And ſee that buſy fly,
Made for the enjoyment of an hour,
And only born to die.

See, round the roſe he lightly moves,
And wantons in the ſun,
His little life in joy improves,
And lives, before 'tis gone.

From this inſtinctive wiſdom, learn,
The preſent hour to prize;
Nor leave to-day's ſupreme concern,
'Till morrow's morn ariſe.

Say, lovlieſt fair, canſt thou divine
That morrow's hidden doom?
Know'ſt thou, if cloudleſs ſkies will ſhine,
Or heaven be wrapt in gloom?

Fond man, the trifle of a day,
Enjoys the morning light,
Nor knows, his momentary play
Muſt end, before 'tis night.

The preſent joys are all we claim;
The paſt are in the tomb;
And, like the poet's dream of fame,
The future never come.

No longer then, fair maid, delay
The promis'd ſcenes of bliſs;
Nor idly give another day,
The joys aſſign'd to this.

If *then* my breaſt can ſoothe thy care,
'Twill *now* that care allay;
If joy this hand can yield, my fair,
'Twill yield that joy to-day.

Quit then, oh quit! thou lovely maid,
Thy baſhful, virgin pride;
To-day the happy plot be laid,
The bands, to-morrow, tied!

The pureſt joys ſhall be our own,
That e'er to man were giv'n;
And thoſe bright ſcenes, on earth begun,
Shall brighter ſhine in heaven.

THE CRITICS.*

A FABLE.

Written September 1785.

'To every general rule there are exceptions.'—Common Senſe.

BY THE SAME.

'TIS ſaid of every dog that's found,
Of mongrel, ſpaniel, cur, and hound;
That each ſuſtains a doggiſh mind,
And hates the new, ſublime, refin'd.
'Tis hence the wretches bay the moon,
In beauty throned at higheſt noon;
Hence every nobler brute they bite,
And hunt the ſtranger-dog with ſpite;
And hence, the noſe's dictates parrying,
They fly from meat to feed on carrion.
'Tis alſo ſaid, the curriſh ſoul
The critic race poſſeſſes whole;
As near they come, in tho'ts and natures,
As two legg'd can, to four legg'd creatures;
Alike the things they love and blame,
Their voice, and language, much the ſame.

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* This Poem is reprinted from *The Gazette of the United States*, of July 13, 1791; where it was firſt publiſhed.

The Muſe this ſubject made her theme,
And told me in a morning dream.
Such dreams you ſages may decry;
But Muſes know they never lie.
Then hear, from me, in grave narration,
Of theſe ſtrange facts, the ſtrange occaſion.

In Greece Cynethe's village lay,
Well known to all, who went that way,
For dogs of every kindred famed,
And from true doggiſh manners named.
One morn, a greyhound paſs'd the ſtreet;
At once the foul-mouth'd conclave met,
Huddling around the ſtranger ran,
And thus their ſmart *review* began.
"What tramper" with a grinning ſneer,
Bark'd out the clumſy cur, "is here?
No native of the town, I ſee;
Some foreign whelp of baſe degree.
I'd ſhew, but that the record's torn,
We true Welſh curs are better born.
His coat is ſmooth; but longer hair
Would more become a dog by far.
His ſlender ear, how ſtrait and ſloping!
While ours is much improved by *cropping*."

"Right," cried the blood-hound, "that ſtrait ear
Seems made for nothing, but to hear;
'Tis long agreed, thro' all the town,
That handſome ears, like mine, hang down;
And tho' his body's gaunt, and round,
'Tis no true rawboned gaunt of hound.

How high his noſe the creature carries!
As if on bugs, and flies, his fare is;
I'll teach this ſtrutting ſtupid log,
To ſmell's the buſineſs of a dog."

"Baugh-waugh!" the ſhaggy ſpaniel cried,
"What wretched covering on his hide!
I wonder where he lives in winter;
His ſtrait, ſleek legs too, out of joint are;
I hope the vagrant will not dare
His fledging with my fleece compare.
He never plung'd in pond or river,
To ſearch for wounded duck and diver;
By kicks would ſoon be ſet a ſkipping,
Nor take, one half ſo well a whipping."

"Rat me," the lap-dog yelp'd, "thro' nature,
Was ever ſeen ſo coarſe a creature?
I hope no lady's ſad miſhap
E'er led the booby to her lap;
He'd fright PRIMRILLA into fits,
And rob FOOLERIA of her wits;
A mere barbarian, Indian whelp!
How clowniſh, countryiſh, ſounds his yelp!
He never taſted bread and butter,
Nor play'd the petty ſquirm and flutter;
Nor e'er, like me, has learn'd to fatten,
On kiſſes ſweet, and ſofteſt patting."

"Some parſon's dog, I vow," whined puppy;
"His ruſty coat how ſun-burnt! ſtop ye!"
The beagle call'd him to the wood.
The bull-dog bellowed, "Zounds! and blood!"

The wolf-dog and the maſtiff were,
The Muſe ſays, an exception here;
Superior both to ſuch foul play,
They wiſh'd the ſtranger well away.

From *ſpleen* the *ſtrictures* roſe to *fury*,
" Villain," growl'd one, " I can't endure you."
" Let's ſeize the truant," ſnarl'd another,
Encored by every foul-mouth'd brother.
" 'Tis done," bark'd all, " we'll mob the creature,
And ſacrifice him to ill-nature."

The greyhound, who deſpiſed their breath,
Still tho't it beſt to ſhun their teeth.
Eaſy he wing'd his rapid flight,
And left the ſcoundrels out of ſight.

Good JUNO, by the ancients holden,
The genuine *notre-dame* of ſcolding,
Sate pleaſed, becauſe there'd ſuch a fuſs been,
And in the hound's place wiſh'd her huſband;
For here, even pleaſure bade her own,
Her ladyſhip was once out-done.
" Hail dogs," ſhe cried, " of every kind!
Retain ye ſtill this ſnarling mind,
Hate all that's good, and fair, and new,
And I'll a goddeſs be to you.

Nor this the only good you prove;
Learn what the fruits of JUNO's love.
Your ſouls, from forms, that creep all four on,
I'll raiſe, by ſyſtem Pythagorean,

To animate the human frame,
And gain my favorite tribe a name.
Be ye henceforth (ſo I ordain)
Critics, the genuine curs of men.
To ſnarl be ſtill your higheſt bliſs,
And all your criticiſm like this.
Whate'er is great, or juſt, in nature,
Of graceful form, or lovely feature;
Whate'er adorns the ennobled mind,
Sublime, inventive, and refin'd;
With ſpleen, and ſpite, forever blame,
And load with every dirty name.
All things of nobleſt kind and uſe,
To your own ſtandard vile reduce,
And all in wild confuſion blend,
Nor *heed* the *ſubject*, *ſcope*, or *end*.
But chief, when *modeſt young beginners*,
'Gainſt *critic laws*, by *nature* ſinners,
Peep out in verſe, and dare to run,
Thro' towns and villages your own,
Hunt them, as when yon ſtranger dog
Set all your growling crew agog;
Till ſtunn'd, and ſcared, they hide from view,
And leave the country clear for you."

This ſaid, the goddeſs kind careſſing,
Gave every cur a double bleſſing.
Each doggiſh mind, tho' grown no bigger,
Henceforth aſſumed the human figure,
The body walk'd on two; the mind
To four, ſtill choſe to be confin'd;

Still creeps on earth, ſtill ſcents out foes,
Is ſtill led onward by the noſe;
Hates all the good, it uſed to hate,
The lofty, beauteous, new, and great;
The ſtranger hunts with ſpite quinteſſent,
And ſnarls, from that day to the preſent.

EPISTLE TO COL. HUMPHRYES.

GREENFIELD, 1785.

BY THE SAME.

FROM realms, where nature ſports in youthful prime,
Where Heſper lingers o'er his darling clime,
Where ſunny genius lights his ſacred flame,
Where riſing ſcience caſts her morning beam,
Where empire's final throne in pomp aſcends,
Where pilgrim freedom finds her vaniſh'd friends,
The world renews, and man from eaſtern fires,
Phœnix divine, again to Heaven aſpires,
Health to my friend this happy verſe conveys,
His fond attendant o'er the Atlantic ſeas.

Health to my friend let every wiſh prolong;
Be this the burden of each artleſs ſong;
This in the prayer of every morn ariſe;
Thou angel guardian, waft it to the ſkies!

His devious courſe let foſtering Heaven ſurvey;
Nor ills betide, nor foes arreſt his way.

Nor health alone——may bliſs thy path attend;
May truth direct thee, and may peace befriend;
From virtue's fount thy taintleſs actions flow;
The ſhield of conſcience blunt the dart of woe;
To riſing bliſs refin'd above alloy,
Where budding wiſhes bloſſom into joy,
Where glory dwells, where ſaints and ſeraphs ſing,
Let Heaven, in proſpect, tempt thy lifted wing.

Me the ſame views, the ſame ſoft tide of cares,
Bear gently onward down the ſtream of years,
Still the ſame duties call my courſe along;
Still grows, at times, the pain-deluding ſong;
Still ſcenes domeſtic earthly joys refine,
Where bleſt Maria mingles cares with mine;
The ſame fond circle ſtill my life endears,
Where Fairfield's elms, or Stamford's groupe appears;
Or where, in rural guiſe, around me ſmile
Manſions of peace, and Greenfield's beauteous hill;
Still to my cot the friend delighted hies,
And one lov'd parent waits beneath the ſkies.

To thee, far ſummon'd from each native ſcene,
With half the breadth of this wide world between,
How bleſs'd the news my happy verſe conveys,
Of friends, divided by interfluent ſeas?
Health, peace, and competence, their walks ſurround,
On the bright margin of yon beauteous Sound;
Where Hartford ſees the firſt of waters glide,
Or where thy Avon winds his ſilver tide.

Yet thou muſt mourn a friend,* a brother dear,
And o'er departed merit drop a tear.
Him ſenſe illum'd, the hero's warmth inſpir'd,
Grace taught to pleaſe, and patriot virtue fir'd;
Alike in peace, in war, at home, abroad,
Worth gain'd him honor, where his footſteps trode;
Yet all in vain: his laurel'd garlands bloom;
But waſte their beauty on the untimely tomb.

Meantime, invited o'er the Atlantic tide,
Where arts refin'd allure thy feet aſide,
May'ſt thou, unmov'd by ſplendor's painted charms,
And ſteel'd, when pleaſure ſmiling ſpreads her arms,
The great ſimplicity of ſoul retain,
The humble fear of Heaven, and love of man.
When round thy courſe temptations ſweetly throng,
When warbling ſirens chant the luſcious ſong,
When wealth's fair bubble beams its hues afar,
When grandeur calls thee to her golden car,
When pleaſure opes the boſom bright of joy,
And the dy'd ſerpent gazes to deſtroy;
Oh! may the heavenly Guide thy paſſions warm,
Up virtue's hills thy feet reſiſtleſs charm,
Shew thee what crowns reward the glorious ſtrife,
And quicken fainting duty into life.

Oft has thine eyes, with glance indignant ſeen
Columbia's youths, unfolding into men,

---

* Major Elijah Humphreys, brother to Col. Humphreys, who died in the Weſt-Indies, in 1785.

Their minds to improve, their manners to adorn,
To Europe's climes by fond indulgence borne;
Oft haſt thou ſeen thoſe youths, at cuſtom's ſhrine,
Victims to pride, to folly, and to ſin,
Of worth bereft, of real ſenſe forlorn.
Their land forget, their friends, their freedom ſpurn;
Each noble cauſe, each ſolid good deſert,
For ſplendor happineſs, and truth for art;
The plain, frank manners of their race deſpiſe,
Fair without fraud, and great without diſguiſe;
Where, thro the life the heart uncover'd ran,
And ſpoke the native dignity of man.

For theſe, the gain let Virtue bluſh to hear,
And each ſad parent drop the plaintive tear!
Train'd in foul ſtews, impoiſon'd by the ſtage,
Hoyl'd into gaming, Keyſer'd into age,
To ſmooth hypocriſy by Stanhope led,
To truth an alien, and to virtue dead,
Swoln with an Engliſh butcher's ſour diſdain,
Or to a Fribble dwindled from a man,
Homeward again behold the jackdaw run,
And yield his ſire the ruins of a ſon!

What tho' his mind no thought has e'er perplex'd,
Converſe illum'd, or obſervations vex'd;
Yet here, in each debate, a judge he ſhines,
Of all, that man enlarges, or refines;
Religion, ſcience, politics, and ſong;
A prodigy his parts; an oracle his tongue.
Hiſt! hiſt! ye mere Americans, attend;
Ope wide your mouths; your knees in homage bend;

While Curl diſcloſes to the raptur'd view
What Peter, Paul, and Moſes, never knew;
The light of new-born wiſdom ſheds abroad,
And adds a * leanto to the word of God.
What Creole wretch ſhall dare, with home-made foils,
Attack opinions, brought three thouſand miles;
Senſe, in no common way to mortals given,
But on Atlantic travellers breath'd by Heaven;
A head, *en queue*, by Monſieur Frizzle dreſs'd;
Manners, a Paris Taylor's arts inveſt;
Pure criticiſm, form'd from *acted* plays;
And graces, that would even a Stanhope grace?
Commercial wiſdom, merchants here inhale
From him, whoſe eye hath ſeen the unfiniſh'd bale;
Whoſe feet have paſs'd the ſhop, where pins were ſold,
The wire was ſilver'd, and the heads were roll'd!
Conven'd, ye lawyers, make your humbleſt leg!
Here ſtands the man has ſeen Lord Mansfield's wig!
Phyſicians huſh'd, hear Galen's lips diſtil,
From Buchan's contents, all the Art to heal!
Divines, with reverence ceaſe your ſcripture whims,
And learn this male Minerva's moral ſchemes;
Schemes theologic found in Drury-lane,
That prove the bible falſe, and virtue vain!
Heavens! ſhall a child in learning, and in wit,
O'er Europe's climes, a bird of paſſage flit;

---

* An awkward addition to a dwelling-houſe, very common in New-England.

There, as at home, his ſtripling ſelf unknown,
By novel wonders ſtupified to ſtone,
Shut from the wiſe, and by no converſe taught,
No well-read day, nor hour of ſerious thought,
His head by pleaſure, vice, and hurry, turn'd,
All prudence trampled, all improvements ſpurn'd;
Shall he, with leſs of Europe in his cap,
Than ſatchell'd ſchool-boy gueſſes from the map,
On every ſubject ſtruttingly decree,
Ken the far ſhore, and ſearch the unfathom'd ſea,
Where learning has her lamp for ages oil'd,
Where Newton ponders, and where Berkeley toil'd?
Of all the plagues, that riſe in human ſhape,
Good Heaven, preſerve us from the travell'd Ape!
* "Peace to all ſuch:" but were there one, whoſe mind
Bold genius wing'd, and converſe pure, refin'd,
By nature prompted ſcience' realms to roam,
And both her Indies bring with rapture home;
Who men, and manners, ſearch'd with eagle eye,
Exact to weigh, and curious to deſcry;
Himſelf who burniſh'd with the hand of care,
Till kings might boaſt ſo bright a gem to wear;
Should he, deep plung'd in Circe's ſenſual bowl,
Imbrue his native manlineſs of ſoul,
With eye eſtrang'd, from fair Columbia turn,
Her youth, her innocence, and beauty ſcorn;
To that foul harlot, Europe, yield his mind,
Witch'd by her ſmiles, and to her ſnares reſign'd;

---

* Pope's prologue to the Satires.

To nature's bloom prefer the rouge of art,
A tinſell'd outſide to a golden heart,
Show, to the bliſs by ſimple freedom given,
To virtue, Stanhope, and Voltaire to Heaven;
Who but muſt wiſh, the apoſtate youth to ſee?
Who but muſt agonize, were Humphreys he?
But all thy ſoul ſhall 'ſcape, the eſcape to aid,
Fair to thy view be every motive ſpread.
Of each gay cauſe the dire effects ſurvey,
And bring the painted tomb diſclos'd to day.
Tho' there proud pomp uprears his throne on high;
Tho' there the golden palace lights the ſky;
Tho' wealth unfolds her gay, Edenian ſeats,
Her walk of grandeur, and her wild of ſweets;
The ſtage, the park, the ring, the dance, the feaſt,
Charm the pall'd eye, and lure the loathing taſte;
Yet there fierce war unceaſing ſounds alarms;
Pride blows the trump, and millions ruſh to arms;
See ſteel and fire extinguiſh human good!
See realms manur'd with corſes, and with blood!
At ſlaughter's ſhrine expires the new-born-joy,
And all Jehovah's bounty fiends deſtroy.
See the huge jail in gloomy grandeur riſe,
Low'r o'er mankind, and mock the tempted ſkies!
Hear the chain clank! the burſting groan attend!
And mark the neighboring gibbet's pride aſcend.
See earth's fair face inſatiate luxury ſpoils!
For one poor tyrant, lo, a province toils!
To brothels, half the female world is driven,
Loſt to themſelves, and reprobates of heaven.

There too refinement glances o'er the mind;
And nought but vice, and outside, is refin'd;
To vice auspicious, brilliant manners blend,
The waxen saint, and sinner, foe and friend,
Melt from the soul each virtue, as they shine,
And warm the impoison'd blossom into sin.
In fair Columbia's realms, how chang'd the plan;
Where all things bloom, but, first of all things, man!
Lord of himself, the independent swain,
Sees no superior stalk the happy plain:
His house, his herd, his harvest, all his own,
His farm a kingdom, and his chair a throne.
Unblench'd by foul hypocrisy, the soul
Speaks in her face, and bids his accents roll;
(Her wings unclipp'd) with fire instinctive warms,
Strong pulses feels, and bold conceptions forms;
At noblest objects aims her flight supreme,
The purpose vast, and enterprize extreme.
Hence round the pole her sons exalt the sail,
Search southern seas, and rouse the Falkland whale;
Or on bold pinions hail the Asian skies,
And bid new stars in spicy oceans rise.
Hence in bright arms her chiefs superior flame,
Even now triumphant on the steep of fame,
Where Vernon's Hero mounts the throne sublime,
And sees no rival grace the reign of time.
Hence countless honours rising Med'cine claims;
Hence Law presents her constellated names;
The Sacred Science sees her concave bright
Instarr'd, and beauteous, with the sons of light;

Hence Edwards cheer'd the world with moral day,
And Franklin walk'd, unhurt, the realms where lightnings [play.
Mechanic genius hence exalts his eye,
All powers to meaſure, and all ſcenes deſcry,
Bids Rittenhouſe the heavenly ſyſtem feign,
And Buſhnell ſearch the chambers of the main.
Hence too, where Trumbull leads the ardent throng,
Aſcending bards begin the immortal ſong:
Let glowing friendſhip wake the cheerful lyre,
Bleſt to commend, and pleas'd to catch the fire.
Be theirs the fame, to bards how rarely given!
To fill with worth the part aſſign'd by Heaven;
Diſtinguiſh'd actors on life's buſy ſtage,
Lov'd by mankind, and uſeful to the age;
While ſcience round them twines her vernal bays,
And ſenſe directs, and genius fires their lays.
While this fair land commands thy feet to roam,
And, all Columbian, ſtill thou plan'ſt for home,
From thoſe bright ſages, with whoſe miſſion join'd,
Thou ſeek'ſt to build the intereſts of mankind,
Experience, wiſdom, honour, may'ſt thou gain,
The zeal for country, and the love of man.
There thro' the civil ſcience may'ſt thou run;
There learn how empires are preſerv'd, or won;
How arts politic wide dominions ſway;
How well-train'd navies bid the world obey;
How war's imperial car commands the plain,
Or rolls majeſtic o'er the ſubject main;
Thro' earth, how commerce ſpreads a ſofter ſway,
And Gallia's ſons negociate realms away.

Then, crown'd with every gift, and grace, return,
To add new glories to the weſtern morn;
With ſages, heroes, bards, her charms diſplay,
Her arts, arms, virtues, and her happy ſway;
Bid o'er the world her conſtellation riſe,
The brighteſt ſplendor in the unmeaſur'd ſkies,
Her genial influence thro' all nations roll,
And huſh the ſound of war from pole to pole.

And oh, may he, who ſtill'd the ſtormy main,
And lightly wing'd thee o'er the glaſſy plain,
Thro' life's rough-billow'd ſea, with kinder gales,
With ſkies ſerener, and with happier ſails,
Each ſhoal eſcap'd, afar each tempeſt driven,
And nought but raptures round the enchanted Heaven,
To bliſs, fair ſhore, thy proſperous courſe convey,
And join my peaceful bark, companion of thy way.

THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.*

BY JOEL BARLOW, ESQUIRE.

THE closing scenes of Tyrants' fruitless rage,
The opening prospects of a golden age,
The dread events that crown th' important year,
Wake the glad song, and claim th' attentive ear.

Long has Columbia rung with dire alarms,
While Freedom call'd her injur'd sons to arms;
While various fortune fir'd th' embattled field,
Conquest delay'd, and victory stood conceal'd;
While closing legions mark'd their dreadful way,
And millions trembled for the dubious day.

In this grand conflict heaven's Eternal Sire,
At whose dread frown the sons of guilt expire,
Bade vengeance rise, with sacred fury driven,
On those who war with Innocence and Heaven.

Behold, where late the trembling squadrons fled,
Hosts bow'd in chains, and hapless numbers bled,
In different fields our numerous heroes rouse,
To crop the wreath from Britain's impious brows.

* This Poem is reprinted from the 12mo edition, printed by Thomas and Samuel Green, New-Haven, 1788,—and was delivered, by the Author, in Yale-College, at the Public Examination of the Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts; July 23, 1778.

Age following age ſhall theſe events relate
'Till Time's old empire yield to deſtin'd Fate;
Hiſtoric truth our guardian chiefs proclaim,
Their worth, their actions, and their deathleſs fame;
Admiring crouds their life-touch'd forms behold
In breathing canvaſs, or in ſculptur'd gold,
And hail the Leader of the favorite throng,
The rapt'rous theme of ſome heroic ſong.

And ſoon, emerging from the orient ſkies,
The bliſsful morn in glorious pomp ſhall riſe,
Wafting fair Peace from Europe's fated coaſt;
Where wand'ring long, in mazy factions loſt,
From realm to realm, by rage and diſcord driven,
She ſeemed reſolv'd to reaſcend her heaven.

This LEWIS view'd, and reach'd a friendly hand,
Pointing her flight to this far-diſtant land;
Bade her extend her empire o'er the Weſt,
And Europe's balance tremble on her creſt!

Now, ſee the Goddeſs mounting on the day,
To theſe fair climes direct her circling way,
Willing to ſeek, once more, an earthly throne,
To cheer the globe, and emulate the ſun.
With placid look ſhe eyes the bliſsful ſhore,
Bids the loud-thundering cannon ceaſe to roar;
Bids Britiſh navies from theſe ports be toſt,
And hoſtile keels no more inſult the coaſt:
Bids private feuds her ſacred vengeance feel,
And bow ſubmiſſive to the public weal;
Bids long, calm years adorn the happy clime,
And roll down bleſſings to remoteſt time.

Hail! heaven-born Peace, fair Nurſe of Virtue hail!
Here, fix thy ſceptre and exalt thy ſcale;
Hence, thro' the earth extend thy late domain,
'Till Heaven's own ſplendor ſhall abſorb thy reign!

What ſcenes ariſe! what glories we behold!
See a broad realm its various charms unfold;
See crouds of patriots bleſs the happy land,
A godlike ſenate and a warlike band;
One friendly Genius fires the numerous whole,
From glowing Georgia to the frozen pole.

Along theſe ſhores, amid theſe flowery vales,
The woodland ſhout the joyous ear aſſails;
Induſtrious crouds in different labours toil,
Thoſe ply the arts, and theſe improve the ſoil.
Here the fond merchant counts his riſing gain,
There ſtrides the ruſtic o'er the furrow'd plain,
Here walks the ſtateſman, penſive and ſerene,
And there the ſchool boys gambol round the green.

See ripening harveſts gild the ſmiling plains,
Kind Nature's bounty and the pride of ſwains;
Luxuriant vines their curling tendrils ſhoot,
And bow their heads to drop the cluſtering fruit;
In the gay fields, with rich profuſion ſtrow'd,
The orchard bends beneath its yellow load,
The lofty boughs their annual burden pour,
And juicy harveſts ſwell th' autumnal ſtore.

Theſe are the bleſſings of impartial heaven,
To each fond heart in juſt proportion given.
No graſping lord ſhall grind the neighbouring poor,
Starve numerous vaſſals to increaſe his ſtore;

No cringing ſlave ſhall at his preſence bend,
Shrink at his frown, and at his nod attend;
Afric's unhappy children, now no more
Shall feel the cruel chains they felt before,
But every State in this juſt mean agree,
To bleſs mankind, and ſet th' oppreſſed free.
Then, rapt in tranſport, each exulting ſlave
Shall taſte that Boon which God and nature gave,
And, fir'd with virtue, join the common cauſe,
Protect our freedom and enjoy our laws.

At this calm period, ſee, in pleaſing view,
Art vies with Art, and Nature ſmiles anew:
On the long, winding ſtrand that meets the tide,
Unnumber'd cities lift their ſpiry pride;
Gay, flowery walks ſalute th' inraptur'd eyes,
Tall, beauteous domes in dazzling proſpect riſe;
There thronging navies ſtretch their wanton ſails,
Tempt the broad main and catch the driving gales;
There commerce ſwells from each remoteſt ſhore,
And wafts in plenty to the ſmiling ſtore.

To theſe throng'd ſeats the country wide reſorts,
And rolls her treaſures to the op'ning ports;
While, far remote, gay health and pleaſure flow,
And calm retirement cheers the laboring brow.
No din of arms the peaceful patriot hears,
No parting ſigh the tender matron fears,
No field of fame invites the youth to rove,
Nor virgins know a harſher ſound than love.

Fair Science then her laurel'd beauty rears,
And ſoars with Genius to the radiant ſtars.
Her glimmering dawn from Gothic darkneſs roſe,
And nations ſaw her ſhadowy veil diſcloſe;
She cheer'd fair Europe with her riſing ſmiles,
Beam'd a bright morning o'er the Britiſh iſles,
Now ſoaring reaches her meridian height,
And bleſt Columbia hails the dazzling light!

Here, rapt in tho't, the philoſophic ſoul
Shall look thro' Nature's parts and graſp the whole;
See Genius kindling at a FRANKLIN's fame,
See unborn ſages catch th' electric flame,
Bid hovering clouds the threatening blaſt expire,
Curb the fierce ſtream and hold th' impriſon'd fire!

See the pleas'd youth, with anxious ſtudy, rove,
In orbs excentric thro' the realms above,
No more perplex'd, while RITTENHOUSE appears
To grace the muſeum with the rolling ſpheres.

See that young Genius, that inventive ſoul,
Whoſe laws the jarring elements control:
Who guides the vengeance of mechanic power,
To blaſt the watery world and guard the peaceful ſhore.

And where's the riſing Sage, the unknown name,
That new advent'rer in the liſts of fame,
To find the cauſe, in ſecret nature bound,
The unknown cauſe, and various charms of ſound;
What ſubtil medium leads the devious way;
Why different tenſions different ſounds convey;

Why harſh, rough tones in grating diſcord roll,
Or mingling concert charms th' enraptur'd ſoul.

And tell the cauſe why ſluggiſh vapors riſe,
And wave, exalted, thro' the genial ſkies;
What ſtrange contrivance nature forms to bear
The ponderous burden thro' the lighter air.

Theſe laſt Diſplays the curious mind engage,
And fire the genius of the riſing age;
While moral tho'ts the pleas'd attention claim,
Swell the warm ſoul, and wake the virtuous flame;
While Metaphyſics ſoar a boundleſs height,
And launch with EDWARDS to the realms of light.

See the bleſt Muſes hail their roſeate bowers,
Their manſions blooming with poetic flowers;
See liſtening Seraphs join the epic throng,
And unborn JOSHUAS riſe in future ſong.

Satire attends at Virtue's wakening call,
And Pride and Coquetry and Dulneſs fall.

Unnumber'd bards ſhall ſtring the heavenly lyre,
To thoſe bleſt ſtrains which heavenly themes inſpire;
Sing the rich Grace on mortal Man beſtow'd,
The Virgin's Offspring and the *filial God*;
What love deſcends from heaven when JESUS dies!
What ſhouts attend him riſing thro' the ſkies!

See Science now in lovelier charms appear,
Grac'd with new garlands from the blooming Fair.
See laurel'd nymphs in poliſh'd pages ſhine,
And Sapphic ſweetneſs glow in every line.

No more the rougher Muſe ſhall dare diſgrace
The radiant charms that deck the bluſhing face;
But riſing Beauties ſcorn the tinſel ſhow,
The powder'd coxcomb and the flaunting beau;
While humble Merit, void of flattering wiles,
Claims the ſoft glance, and wakes th' enlivening ſmiles.
The opening luſtre of an angel-mind,
Beauty's bright charms with ſenſe ſuperior join'd,
Bid Virtue ſhine, bid Truth and Goodneſs riſe,
Melt from the voice, and ſparkle from the eyes;
While the pleas'd Muſe the gentle boſom warms,
The firſt in genius, as the firſt in charms.
Thus age and youth a ſmiling aſpect wear,
Aw'd into virtue by the leading Fair;
While the bright offspring, riſing to the ſtage,
Conveys the bleſſings to the future age.

THESE are the views that Freedom's cauſe attend;
THESE ſhall endure 'till Time and Nature end.
With Science crown'd, ſhall Peace and Virtue ſhine,
And bleſt Religion beam a light divine.
Here the pure Church, deſcending from her God,
Shall fix on earth her long and laſt abode;
Zion ariſe, in radiant ſplendors dreſs'd,
By Saints admir'd, by Infidels confeſs'd;
Her opening courts, in dazzling glory, blaze,
Her walls ſalvation, and her portals praiſe.

From each far corner of th' extended earth,
Her gathering ſons ſhall claim their promis'd birth.
Thro' the drear waſtes, beneath the ſetting day,
Where prowling natives haunt the wood for prey,

The ſwarthy Millions lift their wond'ring eyes,
And ſmile to ſee the Goſpel morning riſe;
Thoſe who, thro' time, in ſavage darkneſs lay,
Wake to new light, and hail the glorious day!
In thoſe dark regions, thoſe uncultur'd wilds,
Freſh blooms the roſe, the peaceful lilly ſmiles;
On the tall cliffs unnumber'd *Carmels* riſe,
And in each vale ſome beauteous *Sharon* lies.

From this fair Mount th' excinded ſtone ſhall roll,
Reach the far Eaſt and ſpread from pole to pole;
From one ſmall Stock ſhall countleſs nations riſe,
The world repleniſh and adorn the ſkies.
Earth's blood-ſtain'd empires, with their Guide the Sun,
From orient climes their gradual progreſs run;
And circling far, reach every weſtern ſhore,
'Till earth-born empires riſe and fall no more.
But ſee th' imperial GUIDE from heaven deſcend,
Whoſe beams are Peace, whoſe kingdom knows no end;
From calm Veſperia, thro' th' etherial way,
Back ſweep the ſhades before th' effulgent day;
Thro' the broad Eaſt, the brightening ſplendor driven,
Reverſes Nature and illumines heaven;
Aſtoniſh'd regions bleſs the gladdening ſight,
And Suns and Syſtems own ſuperior light.

As when th' aſterial blaze o'er Bethl'em ſtood,
Which mark'd the birth-place of th' incarnate God;
When eaſtern prieſts the heavenly ſplendor view'd,
And numerous crouds the wonderous ſign purſu'd;
So eaſtern kings ſhall view th' unclouded day
Riſe in the Weſt and ſtreak its golden way;

That ſignal ſpoke a Savior's humble birth,
This ſpeaks his long and glorious reign on earth!

THEN Love ſhall rule, and Innocence adore,
Diſcord ſhall ceaſe, and Tyrants be no more;
'Till yon bright orb, and thoſe celeſtial ſpheres,
In radiant circles, mark a thouſand years;
'Till the grand *fiat* burſt th' etherial frames,
Worlds cruſh on worlds, and Nature ſink in flames!
The Church eleſt, from ſmouldering ruins, riſe,
And ſail triumphant thro' the yielding ſkies,
Hail'd by the Bridegroom! to the Father given,
The Joy of Angels, and the Queen of Heaven!

A POEM,*

Spoken at the PUBLIC COMMENCEMENT at YALE-COLLEGE, in NEW-HAVEN, Sept. 12, 1781.

BY THE SAME.

ONCE more, thou ſacred Seat, the changing year
Hath circled heaven and bid the day appear,
That opes thy portals, gilds thy ſpiry dome,
And calls thy children from their joyous home.

* This Poem is reprinted from the Hartford Edition; to which the following Advertiſement was prefixed.—— "It may not be amiſs to inform the ſubſcribers for the "following performance, that a copy was not given at "the time it was requeſted, on account of its containing "ſeveral paſſages taken from a larger work which the au-"thor has by him, unfiniſhed. Upon farther conſidera-"tion however, it is thought not improper to preſent to "the Public a ſpecimen of that work, in this incorrect "manner, that a conjecture may be formed what ſucceſs "it may meet, when the whole ſhall make its appearance. "The paſſages are thoſe that reſpect the affairs of America "at large, and the future progreſs of Society. As to the "other parts of the Poem which are confined to the ſtate "of education in Connecticut, although the ſubject may "be thought too particular to be reliſhed beyond the lim-"its of a Commencement Auditory, yet if they ſhould "ſerve to turn the attention of any part of the Public to "the real ſituation of Yale College, it may juſtify the "publication."

Thro' ſeven long years hath war's terrific power
Rang'd every town and crimſon'd every ſhore,
Purſu'd fair Science from each happy ſeat,
Rav'd in her domes and fore'd her laſt retreat,
And oft, Yalenſia, doom'd thy final fall,
While thy ſad Genius trembled for thy wall.
Now ſee, at laſt, the venerable train,
Thine elder ſons aſcend thy courts again!
We joy the reverend, happy throng to ſee,
We wake thy own bleſt Muſe, and bid her ſing to thee.

Long have we liv'd beneath thy nurturing care,
And joy and friendſhip crown'd our labors there;
No more within thoſe bliſsful haunts we dwell,
To all thy train we bid a long farewel;
One gentle graſp, one ſilent, ſorrowing tear,
And joys and friends forever diſappear;
Fate calls us hence the world's broad ſtage to tread,
Act a ſhort part, and mingle with the dead.
We go——but may thy glory ſtill aſcend,
Thy fame, thy virtues thro' the world extend;
Thy future ſons, a calm, delightful throng,
As following years ſhall lead their ſteps along,
To peace, to happineſs, to glory riſe,
Shine thro' the earth and brighten in the ſkies.
No ruffian force that treads the diſtant ſhore,
Shall dare invade thy peaceful labors more;
While the proud foes beneath our ſtandards yield,
And our brave brethren claim the crimſon field,
Within thy courts ſhall pride and ſlaughter ceaſe,
And genius dignify the walks of peace.

And oh! may ſome bleſt hand regard thy cries,
Some great, ſome liberal benefactor riſe,
Whoſe ſoul awakes at thy inſpiring call,
To lift thy ſpires, enlarge thy ſcanty wall,
Who joys to aid the Muſe's feeble voice,
And bid bright learning in her ſons rejoice,
Bid wealth and dignity thy ſteps attend,
And rival arts and rival virtues blend,
O'er all the happy land thy beauties ſhine,
And every joy, and every wiſh be thine.

Ye patriot worthies, whom theſe ſtrains aſſail,
Ye Reverend Sires, and all ye Sons of Yale,
Behold our ſeat, by former bounty given,
Pride of our land and favorite child of heaven,
Whence liberal arts and liberal thoughts ye drew,
When few her children and her wants were few;
Now ſee, the narrow bounds can ſcarce contain
Half the throng'd numbers of her joyous train,
While every friend averts the unconſcious eye,
And power, and intereſt, paſs unheeding by.

As late, when war's grim terrors ſought repoſe,
And evening miſts and diſtant fires aroſe,
Far in a gloomy grove I penſive ſtray'd,
Where death's pale phantoms walk'd the midnight ſhade,
Thin clouds of ſickening damps, o'er ether driven,
Obſcur'd the ſtars and ſhut the eye from heaven;
Unwonted ſighs within my boſom roſe,
Cities o'erturn'd and all my country's woes
Pour'd on my heart; but chief thy feeble cries,
Neglected Science, bade my griefs ariſe.

I ſaw, from Briton's Iſle, thy genius flown,
In theſe fair climes to fix a nobler throne,
While here thy ſons the peaceful myrtle yield,
To pluck the crimſon laurel of the field.
I ſaw thy ſeats to ſcenes of ſlaughter turn'd,
Thy walls defac'd, thy faireſt labours burn'd;
E'en Yale, thy lovlieſt handmaid, now no more,
Knew the gay ſmiles of youth ſhe knew before,
Her funds decreas'd, her ſtrength, her int'reſt fled,
Her friends neglected, and her HOSMER dead.

Now a calm ſplendor burſt the ſaddening gloom,
And gales etherial breath'd a glad perfume,
Mild in the midſt a form celeſtial ſhone,
Rob'd in the veſtments of the riſing ſun;
Tall roſe his ſtature, dignity and grace
Mov'd in his limbs and wanton'd in his face,
His folding mantle flow'd in eaſy pride,
His harp divine lay uſeleſs by his ſide,
His locks in curls from myrtle chaplets hung,
And ſounds melodious melted from his tongue.

"Mortal, attend, behold before thee ſtand
Learning's bright Genius, guardian of the land;
Let grief no more awake the piteous ſtrain,
Nor think fair Science left her heaven in vain.
Awhile my ſkill muſt guide the wild affray,
Range the red field and ſweep thy foes away,
Soon ſhall this arm a milder ſceptre bear,
And bleſt Yalenſia prove my favorite care.
Mean time her friends her glory ſhall attend,
Enlarge her ſtores and bid her walls aſcend;

Bid every art from that pure fountain flow,
All that the Muſe can ſing or man can know;
The various branches various teachers claim,
And univerſal knowledge lift her fame.

And ſee! ere long in that delightful ſeat,
Her ſons and friends, a numerous concourſe, meet;
Once more to view her, greet her youthful train,
And hear her feeble, ſaddening voice complain.
Go thou, in pride of youth attend them there,
And theſe commands in ſtrains melodious bear.
Say 'tis for them to ſtretch the liberal hand,
While war's dread tumults yet involve the land,
Suſtain her drooping, rear her radiant eyes,
And bid her future fame begin to riſe.
Tell them the wild commotions ſoon ſhall ceaſe,
And bleſt Columbia hail the charms of peace,
Where reſt the future deeds on earth deſign'd
To raiſe, to dignify and bleſs mankind.

While Europe's numerous courts my cauſe attend,
And mutual intereſt fix the mutual friend,
Behold, from each far realm, what glories ſhine!
Their power, their commerce and their ſcience mine.
And here, what roving views before them ſpread!
Where this new empire lifts her daring head!
What wide extent her waving enſigns claim!
Lands yet unknown and ſtreams without a name.
Where the deep gulph unfolds Floridia's ſhore,
To where Ontario bids hoarſe Laurence roar;
Where Miſſiſippi's waves their ſources boaſt,
Where groves and floods and realms and climes are loſt,

To where the mild Atlantic's length'ning tide,
Laves numerous towns, and ſwells their naval pride.
And ſee! by nature's hand o'er all beſtow'd,
The laſt pure poliſh of the forming God.
What various grandeur ſtrikes the gladdening eyes!
Bays ſtretch their arms and mountains lift the ſkies;
The lakes, unfolding, point the ſtreams their way,
The plains, the hills their lengthening ſkirts diſplay,
The vales draw forth, fair wave the glimmering wilds,
And all the majeſty of nature ſmiles.

On this broad theatre, unbounded ſpread,
In different ſcenes, what countleſs throngs muſt tread!
Soon as the new form'd empire, riſing fair,
Calms her brave ſons now breathing from the war,
Unfolds her harbours, ſpreads the genial ſoil,
And welcomes freemen to the chearful toil.
What numerous ſages muſt exalt her name!
What numerous bards muſt tell the world her fame!
What numerous chiefs beneath my forming care,
Muſt blaze in arms and ward the waſte of war!
While every art and all the graces meet,
To form her thouſands to the cares of State,
To heal pale ſickneſs, bid diſeaſes ceaſe,
And ſound the tidings of eternal peace.

Thoſe muſt ariſe the preſent age to lead,
And following millions hail the paths they tread.

Such gladdening views will ope the bounteous ſtore,
The graſp of intereſt and the pride of power,
Yalenſia's friends ſhall thus attend her call,
And youths unnumber'd bleſs the favorite wall.

And tho' thou ſeeſt the rage of ſlaughter roll,
And different views thy wayward race controul,
Tho' ſtill oppos'd their intereſt, and their laws,
And every ſceptre leads a different cauſe,
Yet thro' the whole the ſame progreſſive plan,
Which draws, for mutual ſuccour, man to man,
From men to tribes, from tribes to nations ſpreads,
And private ties to public compact leads,
Shall riſe by ſlow degrees, and ſtill extend,
Their power, their intereſt, and their paſſions, blend;
Their wars grow milder, policies enlarge,
Increaſing nations feel the general charge,
Form broad alliances for mutual aid,
Mingle their manners and extend their trade,
Till each remoteſt realm, by friendſhip join'd,
Link in the chain and harmonize mankind,
The union'd banner be at laſt unfurl'd,
And wave triumphant round the accordant world.

Already now commencing glories riſe,
The work begins beneath yon northern ſkies;
The Ruſſian foreſts to the deep advance,
The ports unfold, the glimmering navies dance,
For commerce arm'd; the different powers combine,
And heaven approving aids the bleſt deſign.
Tho' rival regions ſtill the combat wage,
And hold in bickering ſtrife the unſettled age,
Yet no rude war, that ſweeps the crimſon plain,
Shall dare diſturb the labors of the main;
For heaven, impartial to the earth born race,
Bade one broad circling deep their ſhores embrace,

Spread to all realms the ſame wide, watry way,
Liberal as air and unconfin'd as day,
That every diſtant land the wealth might ſhare,
Exchange their wants and fill their treaſures there,
Their ſpeech aſſimilate, their empires blend,
And laws and mildneſs thro' the world extend.
Raiſe now thine eye, the haſtening years ſhall roll,
And theſe glad ſcenes delight thy riſing ſoul."

We then beheld, 'till where in lonely pride,
The far, blue Baltic pours his laboring tide;
At once in gathering ſquadrons, from the north,
The mingling ſtreamers lead the nations forth;
From different ſhores unnumber'd maſts ariſe,
And wave their peaceful curtains to the ſkies;
Broader and broader ſtill the wings unfold,
All Europe's coaſts the ſtreaming pomp behold,
From Gallia's ports, from Albion's hoary height,
United flags are pointed into ſight;
Where broad Hiſpania's ſtrand two oceans lave,
And the rich Tagus mingles with the wave,
The countleſs navies lift their banners wide,
And ſtream their glories o'er the foamy tide;
While thro' the glimmering Strait, in long array,
Pour'd from the fleets that croud the midland ſea,
The ſails look forth and ſwell their beauteous pride,
With wider waves and bolder barks to glide;
While far, far diſtant, where the watry way
Spreads the blue borders of deſcending day,
The miſty ſails advance in lengthening ſweep,
Pride of the weſtern world and daughters of the deep.

From all the bounds that meet the Atlantic wave,
While to our view the crouded ſquadrons heave,
In ſign of union, each advancing line,
Leads a calm nation, bids their banners join,
Till far as pole from pole, the cloudlike train
Skirts the dim heavens and ſhades the whitening main.

We ſaw, in other ſeas and other ſkies,
With equal pomp unnumber'd ſtreamers riſe;
Where Aſia's iſles and utmoſt ſhores extend,
Like riſing ſuns the ſheeted maſts aſcend,
Sweep from all ports that cleave the orient ſtrand,
Load every ocean, compaſs every land,
For peaceful commerce join the friendly train,
No more to combat on the watry plain.

We ſaw new barks to new diſcoveries roll,
Where unknown waves ſalute each diſtant pole;
Far in the north, where ſeas Pacific pour,
And ope Columbia from the Aſian ſhore,
The daring ſails th' unmeaſur'd flight purſue,
And iſles and countleſs nations riſe to view.
While ſome bold Sage, Columbus like, deſign'd
By other ſtars and waves to lead mankind,
With conſcious pride and philoſophic eye,
Treads the lone borders of the ſouthern ſky,
With perſevering toil the deeps explores, [ſhores.
Till there a new found world extends her length'ning

We ſaw, from each new realm, new arts aſcend,
New manners riſe, new wealth and power extend,
Allure the hero, feed the enquiring ſage,
Enlarge the genius, dignify the age,

Till laws and empires ſwell their riſing reign,
And their own navies whiten on the main.

Such views around us ſpread, when thus the guide,
" Theſe are my works that load the ſweeping tide;
Nor leſs my power the walks of ſcience claim,
In this fair land to raiſe her nobleſt name.
No more ſhall war diſturb her peaceful reign,
And call to fields of death her youthful train,
No more her views by wealth and power immur'd,
To rage alone and ſcenes of blood inur'd,
To teach the lance to thirſt for human gore,
To teach pale Avarice to ſwell the ſtore,
To teach the milder arts the prize to yield,
Teach her own muſe the clangor of the field,
From ruin'd regions fill the voice of fame,
And call celeſtial fire to blaze a tyrant's name.
No more in bolder breaſts, to dwell confin'd,
And hold her ſeat in half the human mind,
O'er gentler paſſions ſpread a harſh controul,
And light the glare of grandeur in the ſoul;
But ſofter virtues now demand her care,
And her own laurels grace the riſing fair.
Each rival ſex to rival arts aſpires,
Each aids alike the univerſal quires;
This bids bold commerce load the laboring main,
Or rear the peaceful harveſt of the plain;
That leads the hours of calm domeſtic toil,
And cheers the houſhold with an evening ſmile,
To each fond heart an equal taſk aſſign'd,
And equal virtues raiſe the mutual mind.

While daring thoughts and deeper tracts of truth
Thro' philoſophic mazes lead the youth,
The ſofter arts demand a ſofter care,
And loves and graces dignify the fair.
While ſtates and empires, policies and laws,
Lure the firm patriot in the bolder cauſe,
To ſtem the tide of power or ward the war,
Like me to ſuffer and like me to dare.
Behold, with equal dignity and grace,
The matron virtues guide her peaceful race;
A pleaſing taſk her tender boſom warms,
The infant care now ſmiling in her arms,
Now ripening features, as the form improves,
Speak the dear image of the man ſhe loves;
She lures the riſing wiſh to thoughts refin'd,
And her own virtues ſwell the opening mind,
The prattling throng to liſping reaſon grown,
To ape her lovelineſs improve their own;
The ſire beholds the living beauties bloom,
Pride of his life and hope of years to come,
Aids every virtue taught by her to riſe,
Joins the delightful taſk, and trains them for the ſkies.

Thus different arts their kindred cares employ,
In fields of action or domeſtic joy,
Then, riſing from the uſeful to the fine,
Their mingling ſouls with rival glory ſhine.
From each pure taſte conſenting graces blend,
When the tall pillars of the dome aſcend,
The walls heave ſtately, arches bend on high,
And full proportion meets the roving eye.

Or when the garden to the impaſſion'd heart,
Unfiniſh'd lies and aſks the rural art,
With juſt deſign their equal fancies play,
From each alike the rambling beauties ſtray,
Till thro' the whole the different ſcenes prevail,
Here flows the fountain and there draws the dale,
The laughing lawn, the frowning footleſs grove,
And all the ſeats of innocence and love.

Nor leſs their power the living canvas warms,
And breathes the pencil'd paſſion into charms;
Heroes and beauties hear the wakening call,
And diſtant ages fill the ſtoried wall.

Two kindred arts the ſwelling ſtatue heave,
Wake the dead wax and teach the ſtone to live;
The daring chiſſel claims the bolder ſtrife,
To rouſe the ſceptred marble into life,
While fairer hands the livelier fire controul,
And into ſofter figures ſhed the ſoul.
In hearts attun'd the voice of muſic dwells,
Steals o'er the lip and into paſſion ſwells,
Swept by th' alternate hand the living lyre,
To mutual rapture wakes the floating fire,
Till all the magic melody of ſound,
Pours in delightful harmony around.

And when the breath of heaven from Angel quires,
With life divine the joyous Muſe inſpires,
In rival boſoms, ſee the Goddeſs glow!
And bind her bays on each conſenting brow.

The ſoaring bard awakes the trembling ſtring,
Virtues and loves and heavenly themes to ſing;
No more of vengeful chiefs and bickering Gods,
Where ocean crimſons and Olympus nods,
Or heavens, convulſing rend the dark profound,
To chain fierce Titans to the groaning ground,
But, fir'd by milder themes, and charms refin'd,
Beam'd from the beauties of the fair one's mind,
His ſoul awakes the peace inſpiring ſong,
And life and happineſs the ſtrain prolong;
To moral beauties bids the world attend,
And jarring realms in ſocial compact blend;
Bids laws extend and commerce ſtretch the wing,
Far diſtant ſhores their barter'd tributes bring;
He ſees the nations join, their bliſs increaſe,
(Leagu'd in his lays) and ſings them into peace.
While pleas'd, the Muſe divides her equal care,
And the ſame ardor warms the liſtening fair;
From his pure breath ſhe lights a bolder flame,
The ſame her genius and her flight the ſame,
In mutual ſmiles the borrow'd graces play,
In mutual ſweetneſs ſlide the hours away,
In mutual aid the borrow'd numbers roll,
And ſwell'd to rapture breathes the mutual ſoul.

From their own loves, thus ſoften'd and refin'd,
The general wiſh extends to all mankind,
The neighbour's cares, the family, the friend
Pour on the heart, and in the boſom blend;
The poor, the ſtranger find a welcome home,
The vagrant foot is pointed where to roam,

The eye of anguiſh, when no help is near,
Looks the fond wiſh and finds the mingling tear;
E'en to their foes their equal goodneſs bends,
And hoſtile minds are ſoften'd into friends.

And when their lays have pour'd the bounteous mind,
In warm benevolence, to all their kind,
They lift the bolder note, the raptures glow,
To loves pure ſource whence all her ſtreamlets flow.
Rapt into viſion of the bright abode,
From angel harps they catch th' inſpiring God;
Thro' heavens, o'er-canopy'd by heavens, they ſoar,
Where floods of light in boundleſs beauty pour,
Seraphs and ſyſtem'd worlds innumerous move,
Link'd in the chain of harmonizing love;
Thence following down, th' effulgent glory trace,
Which brought ſalvation to their kindred race.

Thus, on the ſtream of life, with gentle ſweep,
They roll delightful to the welcome deep,
Where, unconfin'd, their ſpirits gently ſail,
View happier climes and taſte a purer gale;
Thro' ether's boundleſs realms together riſe,
And claim their kindred manſions in the ſkies;
There fill the rapture of th' adoring throng,
Whoſe lays on earth prelude the heavenly ſong."

AN ELEGY

On the late honorable TITUS HOSMER, Esq. one of the Counsellors of the State of Connecticut, a Member of Congress, and a Judge of the Maritime Court of Appeals for the United States of America.

INSCRIBED TO
MRS. LYDIA HOSMER,
Relict of the late honorable TITUS HOSMER, *Esq.*

As a testimony of the Author's veneration for the many amiable virtues which rendered her the delight and ornament of so worthy a Consort, and still render her an honour to a very numerous and respectable acquaintance.

BY THE SAME.

COME to my soul, O shade of HOSMER, come,
Tho' doubting senates ask thy aid in vain;
Attend the drooping virtues round thy tomb,
And hear a while the orphan'd Muse complain.

The Muse which thy indulgence bade aspire,
And dare pursue thy distant steps to fame;
At thy command she first assum'd the lyre,
And hop'd a future laurel from thy name.

How did thy smiles awake her infant song!
How did thy virtues animate the lay!
Still shall thy fate the dying strain prolong,
And bear her voice with thy lost form away.

Come to my ſoul thou venerable Sage,
In all the ſheeted majeſty of night,
Snatch the bold quill, control the noble rage,
And ſeize the raptur'd fancy in her flight.

Come in the form that ſhadowy ſpirits dreſs,
When death's dim veil hath ſhrouded all their pride,
While yon tall cloud but emulates thy face,
Where the lone moon-beam trembles thro' its ſide.

Come on the gale that liſtening midnight heaves,
When glare-ey'd phantoms, bending with a bier,
Stalk thro' the miſt, aſcend the ſounding graves,
And wake wild wonders in the ſtartled ear.

In this dread ſcene no more the wonted fires
Kindle my breaſt, or ope a wiſh within,
The ſoul, diſtracted, from herſelf retires,
And ſighs to mingle and to ſoar with thine.

And where, thou bleſt immortal, art thou flown!
Can theſe deep ſhades detain thy willing ear?
Canſt thou from loaded breezes hear a groan?
Or ſtain thy ſpotleſs mantle with a tear!

Can ought on earth thy flight hath left behind,
Borne in the muſic of a once lov'd ſtrain,
Approach the unbody'd manſion of the mind?
Or bend one pitying look to earth again?

Can thence no thought to that fair ſeat deſcend?
The ſeat once joyous in thy joys below,
Where robes of ſable ſadneſs now depend,
And all the ſtill ſolemnities of woe.

Can the dear partner of thy tender years,
Sad as the misty fading face of even,
With all the wasted treasure of her tears,
Avert no smile nor bribe a care from heaven?

While that young throng, that dear deserted train,
Where thy lov'd image soften'd sweetness wears,
Swell with new tenderness each following pain,
And add unnumber'd, undivided cares.

Around the fair one see their beauties bloom,
(Or wilt thou not the moving fair one heed?)
How their keen anguish points the distant tomb,
Where all their joys and every hope is fled!

So lonely Cynthia, on her evening throne,
And all her young-ey'd planetary train,
In languid lustre seek their sire the sun,
Down the still chambers of the western main.

Yet that broad splendor from his nightly race,
With rising radiance shall the day restore;
Another spring renews fair nature's face,
And years and ages die to waken more.

But thou, alas! no more on earth wilt tread,
Nor one short hour thy blest employments leave,
Tho' the sad knell, that hail'd thee to the dead,
Had doom'd thy helpless country to her grave.

Thy country, whose still supplicating moan,
Implores thy counsels with an infant cry;
And loads the same stern Angel with a groan,
Which bore thy kindling spirit to the sky.

Wilt thou (ſince nothing here can bribe thy ſtay,
And nothing here can tempt thee from on high,
Since tears of innocence muſt idly ſtray,
And grateful millions breathe the fruitleſs ſigh;

Since every tender tie that mortals prize,
And all that fame's immortal children gain,
Yield to the untimely mandate of the ſkies,
And aſk thy kind continuance ſtill in vain:)

Wilt thou in ſeats of bleſſedneſs above,
Where cares of empire claim the eternal ear,
Among thy country's guardian ſeraphs prove
The hand to cheriſh and the heart to hear?

There, while the dread ſublimity of ſoul
O'er all the ſtar-ey'd heaven exalts thy throne,
While worlds beneath immeaſurably roll,
And ſhew the well-known circuit of thine own,

Wilt thou remark the bluely-bending ſhore?
Where hills and champaigns ſtretch abroad their pride,
Where opening ſtreams their lengthieſt currents pour,
And heaps of heroes ſwell the crimſon tide.

Wilt thou recognize that confus'd uproar?
Towns curl'd in ſmoaky columns mounting high,
Mix'd with the clarion's deſolating roar;
Rending and purpling all the nether ſky.

Amid the tumult, wilt thou ſee afar
Our laurel'd heroes ſtriving for the day?
While clouds, unfolding, ope the wings of war,
Where the grim legions ſweep the foes away.

And while their deeds thy bleſt approvance claim,
While crouds of rival chiefs thy guidance ſhare,
Behold that firſt, that finiſh'd heir of fame,
And be the beſt of heroes ſtill thy care.

That hero whoſe illuminating ſword
Lights death and victory through the darken'd field,
Bids realms and ages waken at his word,
Their ſire, their ſoul, their ſaviour and their ſhield.

Behold that Senate, whoſe delightful ear
With thy bold eloquence hath often rung,
Where trembling realms, for many a doubtful year,
Have learnt their ſure ſalvation from thy tongue.

While cares of empires ſit upon their brow,
And all th' increaſing counſels of an age,
Demand, alike, bold virtue's warmeſt glow,
And the wide walks of ſcience in the ſage;

Let thy own wiſdom's ever beaming light
Illume their well-known dignity of ſoul,
Let thy benevolence their hearts unite,
And every voice, and every wiſh controul.

Lift the deep curtain from the vale of time,
Where unborn years their future circles wind,
Where the broad intereſts of a growing clime
Spread to all realms and regulate mankind.

Unfold to their keen penetrating view,
What to the infant empire ſhould be known,
That worlds' and ages' happineſs or woe,
Hang on th' important iſſue of their own.

And ſure thou wilt that honor'd realm revere,
Where firſt thine early ſteps began their fame,
Where thy lov'd memory, ever doubly dear,
Awakes a tenderer tribute to thy name.

Canſt thou forget, when youthful years began,
Where opening ſcience kindled every grace,
And ſmil'd to ſee, aſcending in the man,
The friend, the pride, the glory, of his race?

Where civil rights, the dignity of men,
And all the extenſive privilege of laws,
Roll'd from thy voice or brighten'd from thy pen,
Compel'd attention and ſecur'd applauſe.

Where riſing worth thine early name enroll'd
Among the firſt fam'd fathers of the age,
And bade the untarniſh'd characters of gold
Flame in the front of glory's deathleſs page.

Attentive ſtill to virtue's noble aim,
And greatly ſtrenuous to advance her cauſe,
Lead thou her counſels, animate her flame,
Sire of her ſons, and guardian of her laws.

And ſee! aloft in that ſublime retreat,
Where injur'd rights obtain their laſt appeal,
How penſive juſtice o'er thy vacant ſeat,
With faltering hand ſuſpends her turning ſcale.

If chance ſome Hoſmer, with an even eye,
And ſkill'd like thee to poize the trembling weight,
Should chear the nymph, thine honor'd place ſupply,
And bleſs the nations with a longer date;

When from all bounds of this extenſive land,
Or where wide oceans ſpread their coaſts abroad,
Dark cauſes riſe, demanding from his hand,
Th' impartial deep diſcernment of a god;

Then in his breaſt may all thy virtues riſe,
And all thy dignity around him ſhine,
Then drop thy own bleſt mantle from the ſkies,
And make the perſon as the place divine.

He will, my friends——th' unbodied life above,
With every virtue brighten'd and refin'd,
That glow'd below, with patriotic love,
The love of happineſs and human kind,

Will burn ſerener in a purer ſky,
Where broader views and bolder thoughts unroll,
Where univerſal Being fills the eye,
And ſwells the unbounded wiſhes of the ſoul.

No tender thought by heaven's own breath inſpir'd,
Which taught the gentle boſom here to glow,
Which the warm breaſt with patriot ardor fir'd,
Or ſtole the ſecret tear for ſilent woe;

No tender thought by heaven's own will approv'd,
Can e'er forſake the manſion firſt aſſign'd;
But reaches ſtill the object once belov'd,
And lives immortal in th' immortal mind.

Fix'd in a brighter ſphere, with ſurer aim,
Tho' greater ſcenes his growing views employ,
Yet Hoſmer kindles with an Hoſmer's flame,
And his dear country feeds his nobleſt joy.

He ſees our riſing, all-involving cauſe,
Spread like the morn to every diſtant clime,
Awake the mild magnificence of laws,
And roll down bleſſings on the ſtream of time.

Nor think, O hapleſs fair one, tho' awhile,
From thy fond arms his happier ſpirit rove,
That ſoaring innocence can ceaſe to ſmile,
Or his Seraphic boſom ceaſe to love.

In Heaven's own breaſt the ſelf-exiſtent fires,
E'er time began, illum'd th' eternal flame,
Lit from the beam, the Archangellic quires
Preſerve th' unchanging ardor ſtill the ſame.

And ſhall the heaven-born ſpirit after death,
Robb'd of its virtues from its nature fly,
Or loſe in climes of bliſs the aſpiring breath,
Which wing'd its paſſage to its kindred ſky?

Think, in the chambers of eternal morn,
Where beauty blooms along the vernal vale,
Where loves and virtues every ſmile adorn,
And hymns of Angels ſwell the floating gale;

Think how his well-known ſympathy of ſoul
Views every pain thy tenderneſs can know;
Counts the full tears in ſilence as they roll,
And learns the tale of every ſpeaking woe.

Thou know'ſt, while here, he joy'd to give relief,
To call dark merit to the eye of day,
To rob the ſilent orphan of her grief,
And breathe the ſigh from innocence away.

How did the trembling viſage of the poor,
With grateful glow embolden at his ſmile!
And learn, well pleas'd, within his wonted door,
Its joys to cheriſh, and its cares beguile.

Thou know'ſt his early wiſh began to prize
The bliſs that wayward mortals ſeldom find,
That lifts the frequent ſuppliant to the ſkies,
While anſwering bleſſings fill the raptur'd mind.

Know then, fair mourner, from the climes of day,
(While theſe drear ſhades of ſolitude you tread)
His unſeen hand companion of thy way,
Thro' the dark paths thy wandering ſteps ſhall lead.

While all thy virtues riſe before the throne,
And all thy griefs be number'd in his ſight,
Thoſe ſhall refine and ripen with his own,
And theſe be huſh'd in everlaſting night.

Thy children too, his images below,
Fair as young plants, and ſmiling as the morn,
With thy own lovelineſs ſhall learn to glow,
And all thy graces brighten and adorn.

Short is the date that virtue from its home,
In theſe deep ſhades, can ſuffer and refine;
And when kind heaven relieves it from the doom,
Ours be the choice to tremble and reſign.

Vain were the taſk, the daring thought were vain,
To check the ſun's bold circuit as he flies;
Nor think the cling of fondneſs can detain
The ſoaring ſeraph from his kindred ſkies.

Then ceaſe, fond partner of his earthly joys,
And leave behind each unavailing care;
Think what a ſcene his happier flight employs,
And haſte to meet him and to mingle there.

AN ELEGY

On the burning of FAIRFIELD, *in* CONNECTICUT.

Written on the ſpot,—anno 1779.

BY COL. DAVID HUMPHREYS.

YE ſmoking ruins, marks of hoſtile ire,
Ye aſhes warm, which drink the tears that flow,
Ye deſolated plains my voice inſpire,
And give ſoft muſic to the ſong of woe!

How pleaſant, Fairfield, on th' enraptur'd ſight
Roſe thy tall ſpires, and op'd thy ſocial halls!
How oft my boſom beat with pure delight,
At yonder ſpot, where ſtand the darken'd walls!

But there the voice of mirth reſounds no more,
A ſilent ſadneſs through the ſtreets prevails,
The diſtant main alone is heard to roar,
And hollow chimnies hum with ſullen gales;

Save where ſcorch'd elms th' untimely foliage ſhed,
Which ruſtling hovers round the faded green;
Save where at twilight mourners frequent tread,
'Mid recent graves o'er deſolation's ſcene.

How chang'd the bliſsful proſpect, when compar'd
These glooms funereal with thy former bloom:
Thy hoſpitable rights when Tryon ſhar'd,
Long ere he ſeal'd thy melancholly doom.

That impious wretch, with coward voice decreed
Defenceleſs domes and hallow'd fanes to duſt,
Beheld with ſneering ſmile the wounded bleed,
And ſpurr'd his bands to rapine, blood and luſt.

Vain was the widow's, vain the orphan's cry,
To touch his feelings or to ſooth his rage;
Vain the fair drop that roll'd from beauty's eye,
Vain the dumb grief of ſupplicating age.

Could Tryon hope to quench the patriot flame,
Or make his deeds ſurvive in glory's page?
Could Britons ſeek of ſavages the fame,
Or deem it conqueſt thus the war to wage?

Yes, Britons ſcorn the councils of the ſkies,
Extend wide havoc, ſpurn the inſulted foes!
Th' inſulted foes to tenfold vengeance riſe,
Reſiſtance growing as the danger grows.

Red in their wounds and pointing to the plain,
The viſionary ſhapes before me ſtand;
The thunder burſts, the battle burns again,
And kindling fires encrimſon all the ſtrand.—

Long duſky wreaths of ſmoke, reluctant driven,
In blackening volumes o'er the landſcape bend;
Here the broad ſplendor blazes high to heaven,
There umber'd ſtreams in purple pomp aſcend.

In fiery eddies round the tott'ring walls,
Emitting ſparks, the lighter fragments fly;
With frightful craſh the burning manſion falls,
The works of years in glowing embers lye.

Tryon! behold thy ſanguine flames aſpire,
Clouds ting'd with dyes intolerably bright!
Behold well pleaſ'd the village wrap'd in fire;
Let one wide ruin glut thy raviſh'd ſight!

Ere fades the grateful ſcene, indulge thine eye,
See age and ſickneſs tremulouſly ſlow,
Creep from the flames—ſee babes in torture dye—
And mothers ſwoon in agonies of woe.

Go, gaze, enraptured with the mother's tear,
The infant's terror, and the captive's pain,
Where no bold bands can check thy curſt career;
Mix fire with blood on each unguarded plain.

Theſe be thy triumphs! this thy boaſted fame!
Daughters of mem'ry, raiſe the deathleſs ſongs!
Repeat through endleſs years his hated name,
Embalm his crimes and teach the world our wrongs!

AN ELEGY
ON LIEUTENANT DE HART,*
Vol. Aid to Gen. Wayne.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN autumn all humid and drear
With darkneſs and ſtorms in his train
Announcing the death of the year,
Deſpoil'd of its verdure the plain:
When horror congenial prevail'd,
Where graves are with fearfulneſs trod,
De Hart by his ſiſter was wail'd,
His ſiſter thus ſigh'd o'er his ſod:

" Near Hudſon, a fort, on theſe banks,
" Its flag of defiance unfurl'd:
" He led to the ſtorm the firſt ranks;
" On them, iron tempeſts were hurl'd.
" Tranſpierc'd was his breaſt with a ball—
" His breaſt a red fountain ſupply'd,
" Which, guſhing in waves ſtill and ſmall,
" Diſtain'd his white boſom and ſide.

" His viſage was ghaſtly in death,
" His hair, that ſo laviſhly curl'd,
" I ſaw, as he lay on the heath,
" In blood, and with dew-drops impearl'd.

* This young warrior was killed in the attack on the block-houſe, near Fort Lee, 1780.

" How dumb is the tongue, that could ſpeak
" Whate'er could engage and delight!
" How faded the roſe on his cheek!
" Thoſe eyes, how envelop'd in night!

" Thoſe eyes, that illumin'd each ſoul,
" All darken'd to us are now grown:
" In far other orbits they roll,
" Like ſtars to new ſyſtems when gone.
" My brother, the pride of the plain,
" In vain did the graces adorn;
" His bloſſom unfolded in vain,
" To die like the bloſſom of morn.

" Oh war, thou haſt waſted our clime,
" And tortur'd my boſom with ſighs:
" My brother, who fell ere his prime,
" Forever is torn from my eyes.
" To me, how diſtracting the ſtorm,
" That blaſted the youth in his bloom!
" Alas, was ſo finiſh'd a form
" Deſign'd for ſo early a tomb?

" How bright were the proſpects that ſhone!
" Their ruin 'tis mine to deplore—
" Health, beauty, and youth were his own,
" Health, beauty, and youth are no more.
" No bleſſings of nature and art,
" Nor muſic that charm'd in the ſong,
" Nor virtues that glow'd in the heart,
" Dear youth, could thy moments prolong!

" Thrice ſix times the ſpring had renew'd
" Its youth and its charms for the boy;
" With rapture all nature he view'd,
" For nature he knew to enjoy.
" But chiefly his country could charm:
" He felt—'twas a generous heat—
" With drums and the trumpet's alarm,
" His pulſes in conſonance beat.

" Ye heroes, to whom he was dear,
" Come weep o'er this ſorrowful urn,
" Come eaſe the full heart with a tear—
" My hero will never return:
" He died in the dawn of applauſe,
" His country demanded his breath;
" Go, heroes, defend the ſame cauſe,
" Avenge with your country his death."

So ſung on the top of the rocks,
The virgin in ſorrow more fair;
In tears her blue eyes; and her locks
Of auburn flew looſe on the air.
I heard, as paſs'd down the ſtream;
The guards of the foe were in view:—
To enterprize fir'd by the theme,
I bade the ſweet mourner adieu.

MOUNT VERNON:

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

BY broad Potowmack's azure tide,
Where Vernon's mount, in ſylvan pride,
Diſplays its beauties far,
Great Waſhington, to peaceful ſhades,
Where no unhallow'd wiſh invades,
Retir'd from fields of war.

Angels might ſee, with joy, the ſage,
Who taught the battle where to rage,
Or ſquench'd its ſpreading flame,
On works of peace employ that hand,
Which wav'd the blade of high command,
And hew'd the path to fame.

Let others ſing his deeds in arms,
A nation ſav'd, and conqueſt's charms:
Poſterity ſhall hear,
'Twas mine, return'd from Europe's courts,
To ſhare his thoughts, partake his ſports,
And ſooth his partial ear.

To thee, my friend, theſe lays belong:
Thy happy ſeat inſpires my ſong,
With gay, perennial blooms,
With fruitage fair, and cool retreats,
Whoſe bow'ry wilderneſs of ſweets
The ambient air perfumes.

Here ſpring its earlieſt buds diſplays,
Here lateſt on the leafleſs ſprays,
The plumy people ſing;
The vernal ſhow'r, the rip'ning year,
Th' autumnal ſtore, the winter drear,
For thee new pleaſures bring.

Here lapp'd in philoſophic eaſe,
Within thy walks, beneath thy trees,
Amidſt thine ample farms,
No vulgar converſe heroes hold,
But paſt or future ſcenes unfold,
Or dwell on nature's charms.

What wond'rous era have we ſeen,
Plac'd on this iſthmus, half between
A rude and poliſh'd ſtate!
We ſaw the war tempeſtuous riſe,
In arms a world, in blood the ſkies,
In doubt and empire's fate.

The ſtorm is calm'd, ſeren'd the heav'n,
And mildly o'er the climes of ev'n,
Expands th' imperial day:
"O God, the ſource of light ſupreme,
"Shed on our duſky morn a gleam,
"To guide our doubtful way!

"Reſtrain, dread pow'r, our land from crimes!
"What ſeeks, tho' bleſt beyond all times,
"So querulous an age?
"What means to freedom ſuch diſguſt,
"Of change, of anarchy the luſt,
"The fickleneſs and rage?'

So ſpake his country's friend, with ſighs,
To find that country ſtill deſpiſe
The legacy he gave—
And half he fear'd his toils were vain,
And much that man would court a chain,
And live through vice a ſlave.

A tranſient gloom o'ercaſt his mind:
Yet, ſtill on providence reclin'd,
The patriot fond believ'd,
That pow'r benign too much had done,
To leave an empire's taſk begun,
Imperfectly achiev'd.

Thus buoy'd with hope, with virtue bleſt,
Of ev'ry human bliſs poſſeſt,
He meets the happier hours;
His ſkies aſſume a lovelier blue,
His proſpects brighter riſe to view,
And fairer bloom his flow'rs.

AN ODE.

ADDRESSED TO LAURA.

BY THE SAME.

OH, lovely Laura, may a youth,
Inſpir'd by beauty, urg'd by truth,
Diſcloſe the heart's alarms,
The fire in raptur'd breaſts that glows,
Th' impaſſion'd pang on love that grows,
And dare to ſing thy charms!

Enough with war my lay has rung;
A ſofter theme awakes my tongue;
'Tis beauty's force divine:
Can I reſiſt that air, that grace,
The harmony of form and face?
For ev'ry charm is thine.

Of health, of youth th' expanding fluſh,
Of virgin fear the flying bluſh,
With crimſon ſtain thy cheek:
The bee ſuch nectar never ſips,
As yield the roſe-buds of thy lips,
When ſweetly thou doſt ſpeak.

'Tis thine the heavieſt heart to cheer,
Thoſe accents, drank with eager ear,
So muſically roll:

Where ſwells the breaſt, the ſnow-white ſkin
Scarce hides the ſecret thoughts within,
Nor needs diſguiſe that ſoul.

With thee, of cloudneſs days I dream;
Thy eyes, in morning ſplendors, beam
So exquiſitely fair—
What taſte! as o'er thy back and breaſt,
In light-brown ringlets neatly dreſt
Devolves a length of hair.

Unblam'd, oh, let me gaze and gaze,
While love-ſick fancy fondly ſtrays,
And feaſts on many a kiſs;—
For us let tides of rapture roll,
And may we mingle ſoul with ſoul,
In extacies of bliſs!

THE GENIUS OF AMERICA.

A SONG.

Tune,—The watry God, &c.

BY THE SAME.

WHERE ſpirits dwell and ſhad'wy forms,
On Andes' cliffs mid black'ning ſtorms,
With livid lightnings curl'd:
The awful genius of our clime,
In thunder rais'd his voice ſublime,
And huſh'd the liſt'ning world.

" In lonely waves and waſtes of earth,
" A mighty empire claims its birth,
" And heav'n aſſerts the claim;
" The ſails that hang in yon dim ſky,
" Proclaim the promis'd era nigh,
" Which wakes a world to fame.

" Hail ye firſt bounding barks that roam,
" Blue-tumbling billows topp'd with foam,
" Which keel ne'er plough'd before!
" Here ſuns perform their uſeleſs round,
" Here rove the naked tribes embrown'd,
" Who feed on living gore.

" To midnight orgies, off'ring dire,
" The human ſacrifice on fire,
" A heav'nly light ſucceeds—
" But, lo! what horrors intervene,
" The toils ſevere, the carnag'd ſcene,
" And more than mortal deeds!

" Ye FATHERS, ſpread your fame afar,
" 'Tis yours to ſtill the ſounds of war,
" And bid the ſlaughter ceaſe;
" The peopling hamlets wide extend,
" The harveſts ſpring, the ſpires aſcend,
" Mid grateful ſongs of peace.

" Shall ſteed to ſteed, and man to man,
" With diſcord thund'ring in the van,
" Again deſtroy the bliſs?
" Enough my myſtic words reveal,
" The reſt the ſhades of night conceal,
" In fate's profound abyſs."

AN EPISTLE TO DR. DWIGHT.*

On board the Courier de l'Europe, July 30, 1784.

BY THE SAME.

FROM the wide watry waſte, where nought but ſkies
And mingling waves ſalute the aching eyes;
Where the ſame moving circle bounds the view,
And paints with vap'ry tints the billows blue;
To thee, my early friend! to thee, dear Dwight!
Fond recollection turns, while thus I write;
While I reflect, no change of time or place,
The impreſſions of our friendſhip can efface;
Nor peace, nor war, tho' chang'd for us the ſcene,
Tho' mountains riſe, or oceans roll between;
Too deep that ſacred paſſion was impreſt
On my young heart, too deep it mark'd your breaſt;
Your breaſt which aſks the feelings of your friend,
What chance betides him, or what toils attend?
Then hear the muſe, in ſea-born numbers tell
In mind how cheerful, and in health how well;
And ev'n that muſe will deign to let you know,
What things concur to make and keep him ſo.

T

* For Dr. Dwight's letter to Col. Humphreys, ſee page 75.

We go, protected by ſupernal care,
With cloudleſs ſkies, and ſuns ſerenely fair;
While o'er the unruffled main the gentle gale
Conſenting breathes, and fills each ſwelling ſail;
Conſcious of ſafety in the ſelf-ſame hand,
Which guides us on the ocean or the land.

Of thee, fair bark! the muſe prophetic ſings,
"*Europe's ſwift Meſſenger!* expand thy wings,
"Rear thy tall maſts, extend thine ample arms,
"Catch the light breeze, nor dread impending harms.
"Full oft ſhalt thou, if aught the muſe avails,
"Wing the broad deep with ſuch delightful gales;
"Full oft to either world announce glad news,
"Of allied realms promote the friendly views;
"So ſhall each diſtant age aſſert thy claim,
"And *Europe's Meſſenger* be known to fame!"

What tho' this plain ſo uniform and vaſt,
Illimitably ſpreads its dreary waſte;
What tho' no iſles, nor vales, nor hills, nor groves,
Meet the tired eye that round the horizon roves;
Yet, ſtill collected in a narrow bound,
Ten thouſand little pleaſures may be found.

Here we enjoy accommodations good,
With pleaſant liquors, and well-flavor'd food,
Meats nicely fatten'd in Columbian fields,
And luſcious wines, that Gallia's vintage yields,
On which you bards ('twas ſo in former days)
Might feaſt your wit, and laviſh all your praiſe.

Within our ſhip, well-furniſh'd, roomy, clean,
Come ſee the uſes of each different ſcene.

Far in the prow, for culinary uſe,
Fires, not poetic, much good cheer produce;
The ovens there our daily bread afford,
And thence the viands load our plenteous board.

See various landſcapes ſhade our dining hall,
Where mimic nature wantons round the wall,
There no vain pomp appears, there all is neat,
And there cool zephyrs fanning, as we eat,
Avert the fervors of the noon-tide ray,
And give the mildneſs of the vernal day.

See the great cabin nigh, its doors unfold,
Shew fleeting forms from mirrors fix'd in gold!
O'er painted ceilings brighter proſpects riſe,
And rural ſcenes again delight our eyes:
There oft from converſe or from ſocial ſports,
We drink delight leſs daſh'd than that of courts.

But when more ſober cares the hour requires,
Each to his cell of ſolitude retires;
His bed, his books, his paper, pen and ink,
Preſent the choice, to reſt, to read, or think.

Yet what would all avail to prompt the ſmile,
Cheer the ſad breaſt, or the dull hour beguile;
If well-bred paſſengers, diſcreet and free,
Were not at hand to mix in ſocial glee?
Such my companions,—ſuch the muſe ſhall tell,
Him firſt, whom once you knew in war ſo well,
Our Poliſh friend,* whoſe name ſtill ſounds ſo hard,
To make it rhyme would puzzle any bard;

* General Koſciuſzko.

That youth, whom bays and laurels early crown'd,
For virtue, ſcience, arts, and arms, renown'd.
Next him, behold, to grace our watry ſcene,
An honeſt German lifts his generous mien;
Him Carolina ſends to Europe's ſhore,
Canals and inland waters to explore;
From thence return'd, ſhe hopes to ſee her tide,
In commerce rich, thro' ampler channels glide.
Next comes the bleak Quebec's well-natured ſon;
And laſt our naval chief, the friend of fun;
Whoſe plain, frank manners, form'd on fickle ſeas,
Are cheerful ſtill, and always aim to pleaſe:
Nor leſs the other chiefs their zeal diſplay,
To make us happy as themſelves are gay.

Sever'd from all ſociety but this,
Half way from either world we plough the abyſs:
Save the ſmall ſea-bird and the fiſh that flies,
On yon blue waves no object meets my eyes.
Nor has the inſidious hook, with lures, beguil'd
Of peopled ocean ſcarce a ſingle child.
Yet luckleſs Dolphin, erſt to Arion† true,
Nought could avail thy beauteous, tranſient hue;
As o'er the deck, in dying pang you roll'd,
Wrapt in gay rain-bows and pellucid gold.

Now ſee that wand'rer bird, fatigued with flight
O'er many a watry league, is forc'd to light

† Ille ſedet, citharamque tenet, pretiumque vehendi
Cantat, et æquoreas carmine mulcet aquas.
Ovid. Faſt. 2.

High on the maſt,—the bird our ſeamen take,
Tho' ſcar'd, too tir'd its refuge to forſake:
Fear not ſweet bird, nor judge our motives ill,
No barb'rous man, now means thy blood to ſpill,
Or hold thee cag'd; ſoon as we reach the ſhore,
Free ſhalt thou fly, and gaily ſing and ſoar!

Another grateful ſight now cheers the eye,
At firſt a ſnow-white ſpot in yon clear ſky;
Then thro' the optic tube a ſhip appears,
And now diſtinct athwart the billows veers:
Daughter of ocean, made to bleſs mankind!
Go, range wide waters on the wings of wind;
With friendly intercourſe far climes explore,
Their produce barter, and increaſe their ſtore;
Ne'er ſaw my eye ſo fair a pageant ſwim,
As thou appear'ſt, in all thy gallant trim!

Amus'd with trivial things, reclin'd at eaſe,
While the ſwift bark divides the ſummer ſeas;
Your bard (for paſt neglect to make amends)
Now writes to you, anon to other friends.

Anon the ſcene, in Europe's poliſh'd climes,
Will give new themes for philoſophic rhymes,
Ope broader fields for reaſon to explore,
Improvements vaſt of ſcientific lore!

Thro' nations bleſt with peace, but ſtrong in arms,
Refin'd in arts, and apt for ſocial charms,
Your friend will ſtray, and ſtrive, with ſtudious care,
To mark whate'er is uſeful, great, or rare;

Search the ſmall ſhades of manners in their lives,
What policy prevails, how commerce thrives;
How morals form of happineſs the baſe,
How others differ from Columbia's race;
And, gleaning knowlege from the realms he rov'd,
Bring home a patriot heart, enlarg'd, improv'd.

A SONG.

Tranſlated from the French.

BY THE SAME.

IT rains, it rains, my fair,
Come drive your white ſheep faſt:
To ſhelter quick repair,
Haſte, ſhepherdeſs, make haſte.

I hear—the water pours,
With patt'ring on the vines:
See here! ſee here! it lours—
See there the lightning ſhines.

The thunder doſt thou hear?
Loud roars the ruſhing ſtorm:
Take (while we run, my dear)
Protection from my arm.

I ſee our cot, ah hold!
Mama and ſiſter Nance,
To open our ſheep-fold,
Moſt cheerily advance.

God bleſs my mother dear,
My ſiſter Nancy too!
I bring my ſweet-heart here,
To ſleep to night with you.

Go, dry yourſelf, my friend,
And make yourſelf at home—
Siſter, on her attend:
Come in, ſweet lambkins, come.

Mama, let's take good care
Of all her pretty ſheep;
Her little lamb we'll ſpare
More ſtraw whereon to ſleep.

'Tis done—now let us haſte
To her;—you here, my fair!
Undreſs'd, oh what a waiſt!
My mother, look you there.

Let's ſup; come take this place,
You ſhall be next to me;
This pine-knot's cheerful blaze
Shall ſhine direct on thee.

Come taſte this cream ſo ſweet,
This ſyllabub ſo warm;
Alas! you do not eat:
You feel ev'n yet the ſtorm.

'Twas wrong—I preſs'd too much
Your ſteps, when on the way:
But here, ſee here your couch—
There ſleep till dawn of day

With gold the mountain tips:—
Good night, good night, my dove:
Now let me on your lips,
Imprint one kiſs of love.

Mama and I will come,
When morn begins to ſhine,
To ſee my ſweet-heart home,
And aſk her hand for mine.

EPITAPH

On a Patient killed by a Cancer Quack.

BY DR. LEMUEL HOPKINS.

HERE lies a fool flat on his back,
The victim of a Cancer Quack;
Who loſt his money and his life,
By plaiſter, cauſtic, and by knife.
The caſe was this—a pimple roſe,
South-eaſt a little of his noſe;
Which daily reden'd and grew bigger,
As too much drinking gave it vigour:
A ſcore of goſſips ſoon enſure
Full three ſcore diff'rent modes of cure:
But yet the full-fed pimple ſtill
Defied all petticoated ſkill;
When fortune led him to peruſe
A hand-bill in the weekly news;
Sign'd by ſix fools of diff'rent ſorts,
All cur'd of cancers made of warts;
Who recommend, with due ſubmiſſion,
This cancer-monger as magician;
Fear wing'd his flight to find the quack,
And prove his cancer-curing knack;
But on his way he found another,—
A ſecond advertiſing brother:

But as much like him as an owl
Is unlike every handſome fowl;
Whoſe fame had rais'd as broad a fog,
And of the two the greater hog:
Who us'd a ſtill more magic plaiſter,
That ſweat forſooth, and cur'd the faſter.
This doctor view'd, with moony eyes
And ſcowl'd up face, the pimple's ſize;
Then chriſten'd it in ſolemn anſwer,
And cried, "This pimple's name is CANCER."
"But courage, friend, I ſee you're pale,
"My ſweating plaiſters never fail;
"I've ſweated hundreds out with eaſe,
"With roots as long as maple trees;
"And never fail'd in all my trials—
"Behold theſe ſamples here in vials!
"Preſerv'd to ſhew my wond'rous merits,
"Juſt as my liver is—in ſpirits.
"For twenty joes the cure is done—"
The bargain ſtruck, the plaiſter on,
Which gnaw'd the cancer at its leiſure,
And pain'd his face above all meaſure.
But ſtill the pimple ſpread the faſter,
And ſwell'd, like toad that meets diſaſter.
Thus foil'd, the doctor gravely ſwore,
It was a right roſe-cancer ſore;
Then ſtuck his probe beneath the beard,
And ſhew'd them where the leaves appear'd;
And rais'd the patient's drooping ſpirits,
By praiſing up the plaiſter's merits.—

Quoth he, " The roots now ſcarcely ſtick—
" I'll fetch her out like crab or tick;
" And make it rendezvous, next trial,
" With ſix more plagues, in my old vial."
Then purg'd him pale with jalap draſtic,
And next applies th' infernal cauſtic.
But yet, this ſemblance bright of hell
Serv'd but to make the patient yell;
And, gnawing on with fiery pace,
Devour'd one broadſide of his face—
' Courage, 'tis done,' the doctor cried.
And quick th' inciſion knife applied:
That with three cuts made ſuch a hole,
Out flew the patient's tortur'd ſoul!

Go, readers, gentle, eke and ſimple,
If you have wart, or corn, or pimple;
To quack infallible apply;
Here's room enough for you to lie.
His ſkill triumphant ſtill prevails,
For DEATH's a cure that never fails.

THE HYPOCRITE's HOPE.

BY THE SAME.

BLEST is the man, who from the womb,
To ſaintſhip him betakes,
And when too ſoon his child ſhall come,
A long confeſſion makes.

When next in Broad Church-alley, he
Shall take his former place,
Relates his paſt iniquity,
And conſequential grace.

Declares how long by Satan vex'd,
From truth he did depart,
And tells the time, and tells the text,
That ſmote his ſtinty heart.

He ſtands in half-way-cov'nant ſure;
Full five long years or more,
One foot in church's pale ſecure,
The other out of door.

Then riper grown in gifts and grace,
With ev'ry rite complies,
And deeper lengthens down his face,
And higher rolls his eyes.

He tones like Phariſee ſublime,
Two lengthy prayers a day,
The ſame that he from early prime,
Had heard his father ſay.

Each Sunday perch'd on bench of pew,
To paſſing prieſt he bows,
Then loudly 'mid the quav'ring crew,
Attunes his vocal noſe.

With awful look then riſes ſlow,
And pray'rful viſage ſour,
More fit to fright the apoſtate foe,
Then ſeek a pard'ning power.

Then nodding hears the ſermon next,
From prieſt haranguing loud;
And doubles down each quoted text,
From Geneſis to Jude.

And when the prieſt holds forth addreſs,
To old ones born anew,
With holy pride and wrinkled face,
He riſes in his pew.

Good works he careth nought about,
But *faith* alone will ſeek,
While Sunday's pieties blot out
The knaveries of the week.

He makes the poor his daily pray'r,
Yet drives them from his board:
And though to his own good he ſwear,
Thro' habit breaks his word.

This man advancing freſh and fair,
Shall all his race complete;
And wave at laſt his hoary hair,
Arrived in Deacon's ſeat.

There ſhall he all church honours have,
By joyous brethren given—
Till prieſt in fun'ral ſermon grave,
Shall ſend him ſtraight to heaven.

ON GENERAL ETHAN ALLEN.

BY THE SAME.

LO Allen 'ſcaped from Britiſh jails,
His tuſhes broke by biting nails.
Appears in hyperborean ſkies,
To tell the world the bible lies.
See him on green hills north afar
Glow like a ſelf-enkindled ſtar,
Prepar'd (with mob-collecting club
Black from the forge of Belzebub,
And grim with metaphyſic ſcowl,
With quill juſt pluck'd from wing of owl)
As rage or reaſon riſe or ſink
To ſhed his blood, or ſhed his ink.
Behold inſpired from Vermont dens,
The ſeer of Antichriſt deſcends,
To feed new mobs with Hell-born manna
In Gentile lands of Suſquehanna;
And teach the Pennſylvania quaker
High blaſphemies againſt his maker.
Behold him move ye ſtaunch divines!
His tall head buſtling through the pines;
All front he ſeems like wall of braſs,
And brays tremendous as an aſs;
One hand is clench'd to batter noſes,
While t'other ſcrawls 'gainſt Paul and Moſes.

AN ORATION,

Which might have been delivered to the Students in Anatomy, on the late Rupture between the two Schools in this city.*

THE ARGUMENT.

ADDRESS—the folly and danger of diſſention—the Orator enumerates the enemies of the fraternity—reminds them of a late unſeaſonable interruption—a night ſcene in the Potter's Field---he laments the want of true zeal in the brotherhood --and boaſts of his own---the force of a ruling paſſion---the earth conſidered as a great animal---the paſſion of love not the ſame in a true ſon of Eſculapius as in other men---his own amour---a picture of his miſtreſs in high taſte---ſhews his learning in the deſcription of her mouth, arm and hand---his miſtreſs dies---his grief---and extraordinary conſolation---his unparallel'd fidelity----he apologizes for giving this hiſtory of his amour---the great difficulties Anatomiſts have to encounter in the preſent times, ariſing from falſe delicacy, prejudice and ignorance---a ſtrong inſtance in proof that it was not ſo formerly---curious argument to prove the inconſiſtency of the preſent opinions reſpecting the practice---he mentions many obſtacles in the road to ſcience---and reproaches them for their inteſtine broils, at a time when not only popular clamour is loud, but even the powers of government are exerted againſt them---he then encourages his brethren with hopes of better times, founded on the eſtabliſhment of the College of Phyſicians---is inſpired with the idea of the future glory of that inſtitution---and propheſies great things.

FRIENDS and aſſociates! lend a patient ear,
Suſpend inteſtine broils and reaſon hear.
Ye followers of F—— your wrath forbear—
Ye ſons of S—— your invectives ſpare;

* This Poem is aſcribed to the late Hon. Francis Hopkinſon, Eſq. L. L. D. Federal Judge for the Diſtrict of Penn-

The fierce diſſention your high minds purſue
Is ſport for others—ruinous to you.

Surely ſome fatal influenza reigns,
Some epidemic *rabies* turns your brains—
Is this a time for brethren to engage
In public conteſt and in party rage?
Fell diſcord triumphs in your doubtful ſtrife
And, ſmiling, whets her anatomic knife;
Prepar'd to cut our precious limbs away
And leave the bleeding body to decay.—

Seek ye for foes!—alas, my friends, look round,
In ev'ry ſtreet, ſee num'rous foes abound!
Methinks I hear them cry, in varied tones,
"Give us our father's,—brother's,—ſiſter's bones."
Methinks I ſee a mob of ſailor's riſe—,
Revenge!—Revenge! they cry—and damn their eyes—

NOTE,---*continued.*

ſylvania, &c. &c.—The occaſion of its being written, was this: A Diſpute aroſe between the Medical Students who had attached themſelves to two Anatomical Profeſſors, in the city of Philadelphia. This Diſpute was carried on for a conſiderable time, and with great violence. Reſolutions of Committees,—Journals of Meetings,—&c. &c. were printed; and the town was threatened with a deluge of unintereſting publications. In this ſituation of affairs, Dr. Hopkinſon took up the pen; and by the well-tim'd raillery of the following Poem, ſilenced the contending parties, reſtored peace to the Schools, and agreeably entertained the Lovers of Poetry and Humour.—This Poem is reprinted from the 4to edition, publiſhed by T. Dobſon and T. Lang, February 1789.

Revenge for comrade Jack, whoſe fleſh, they ſay,
You minc'd to morſels and then threw away.
Methinks I ſee a black infernal train—
The genuine offspring of accurſed *Cain*—
Fiercely on you their angry looks are bent,
They grin and gibber dangerous diſcontent,
And ſeem to ſay,—"Is there not meat enough?
"Ah! maſſa cannibal, why eat poor CUFF?"
Ev'n hoſtile watchmen ſtand in ſtrong array
And o'er our heads their threat'ning ſtaves diſplay,
Howl hideous diſcord thro' the noon of night,
And ſhake their dreadful lanthorns in our ſight.

Say, are not theſe ſufficient to engage
Your high wrought ſouls eternal war to wage?
Combine your ſtrength theſe monſters to ſubdue
No friends of ſcience, and ſworn foes to you;
On theſe,—on theſe your wordy vengeance pour,
And ſtrive our fading glory to reſtore.

Ah! think how, late, our mutilated rites
And midnight orgies, were by ſudden frights
And loud alarms profan'd—the ſacrifice,
Stretch'd on a board before our eager eyes,
All naked lay—ev'n when our chieftain ſtood
Like a high prieſt, prepar'd for ſhedding blood;
Prepar'd, with wondrous ſkill, to cut or ſlaſh
The gentle ſliver or the deep drawn gaſh;
Prepar'd to plunge ev'n elbow deep in gore
Nature and nature's ſecrets to explore——
Then a tumultuous cry—a ſudden fear—
Proclaim'd the foe—the enraged foe is near—

In ſome dark hole the hard got corſe was laid,
And we, in wild confuſion, fled diſmay'd.

Think how, like brethren, we have ſhar'd the toil,
When in the Potter's Field* we ſought for ſpoil;
Did midnight ghoſts, and death, and horror, brave,
To delve for ſcience in the dreary grave.
Shall I remind you of that awful night
When our compacted hand maintain'd the fight
Againſt an armed hoſt?—fierce was the fray,
And yet we bore our ſheeted prize away.
Firm on a horſe's back the corſe was laid,
High blowing winds the winding ſheet diſplay'd;
Swift flew the ſteed—but ſtill his burthen bore—
Fear made him fleet, who ne'er was fleet before;
O'er tombs and ſunken graves he cours'd around,
Nor ought reſpected conſecrated ground.
Mean time the battle rag'd—ſo loud the ſtrife,
The dead were almoſt frighten'd into life;
Tho' not victorious, yet we ſcorn'd to yield,
Retook our prize, and left the doubtful field.

In this degen'rate age, alas! how few
The paths of ſcience with true zeal purſue?
Some trifling conteſt, ſome deluſive joy,
Too oft the unſteady minds of youth employ.
For me—whom ESCULAPIUS hath inſpir'd—
I boaſt a ſoul with love of ſcience fir'd;
By one great object is my heart poſſeſt;
One ruling paſſion quite abſorbs the reſt;

---

* The Negro burial ground.

In this bright point my hopes and fears unite,
And one purſuit alone can give delight.

To me things are not as to vulgar eyes,
I would all nature's works anatomize:
This world a living monſter ſeems, to me,
Rolling and ſporting in the aerial ſea;
The ſoil encompaſſes her rocks and ſtones
As fleſh in animals encircles bones.
I ſee vaſt ocean, like a heart in play,
Pant *ſyſtole* and *diaſtole* ev'ry day,
And by unnumber'd *venus* ſtreams ſupply'd
Up her broad rivers force the *arterial* tide.
The world's great lungs, monſoons and trade-winds ſhew
From eaſt to weſt, from weſt to eaſt they blow
Alternate reſpiration——
The hills are pimples which earth's face defile,
And burning *Ætna*, an eruptive boil:
On her high mountains *hairy* foreſts grow,
And *downy* graſs o'erſpreads the vales below;
From her vaſt body perſpirations riſe,
Condenſe in clouds and float beneath the ſkies.
Thus fancy, faithful ſervant of the heart,
Transforms all nature by her magic art.

Ev'n mighty LOVE, whoſe power all power controuls,
Is not, in me, like love in other ſouls;
Yet I have lov'd---and CUPID's ſubtle dart
Hath thro' my *pericardium* pierc'd my heart.
Brown CADAVERA did my ſoul enſnare,
Was all my thought by night, and daily care;
I long'd to claſp, in her tranſcendent charms,
A living ſkeleton within my arms.

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Brown CADAVERA did my ſoul enſnare,
Was all my thought by night, and daily care;
I long'd to claſp, in her tranſcendent charms,
A living ſkeleton within my arms.

Long, lank and lean, my CADAVERA ſtood,
Like the tall pine, the glory of the wood;
Ofttimes I gaz'd, with learned ſkill to trace
The ſharp edg'd beauties of her bony face:
There roſe *Os frontis* prominent and bold,
In deep ſunk *orbits* two large eye-balls roll'd,
Beneath thoſe eye-balls, two arch'd bones were ſeen
Whereon two flabby cheeks hung looſe and lean;
Between thoſe cheeks, protuberant aroſe,
In form triangular, her lovely noſe,
Like EGYPT's pyramid it ſeem'd to riſe,
Scorn earth, and bid defiance to the ſkies;
Thin were her lips, and of a ſallow hue,
Her open mouth expos'd her teeth to view;
Projecting ſtrong, protuberant and wide
Stood *inciſores*---and on either ſide
The *canine* rang'd, with many a beauteous flaw,
And laſt the *grinders*, to fill up the jaw;
All in their *alveoli* fix'd ſecure,
Articulated by *gomphoſis* ſure.
Around her mouth perpetual ſmiles had made
Wrinkles wherein the loves and graces play'd;
There, ſtretch'd and rigid by continual ſtrain,
Appear'd the *zygomatic* muſcles plain,
And broad *montanus* o'er her peeked chin
Extended, to ſupport the heavenly grin.
In amorous dalliance oft I ſtroak'd her arm,
Each riſing muſcle was a riſing charm.
O'er the *flexores* my fond fingers play'd,
I found inſtruction with delight convey'd;

There *carpus*, *cubitus* and *radius* too
Were plainly felt and manifeſt to view.
No muſcles on her lovely hand were ſeen,
But only bones envelop'd by a ſkin.
Long were her fingers and her knuckles bare,
Much like the claw-foot of a walnut chair.
So plain was complex *matacarpus* ſhewn,
It might be fairly counted bone by bone.
Her ſlender *phalanxes* were well defin'd,
And each with each by *ginglymus* combin'd.
Such were the charms that did my fancy fire,
And love---chaſte ſcientific love inſpire.

At length my CADAVERA fell beneath
The fatal ſtroke of all ſubduing death:
Three days in grief---three nights in tears I ſpent,
And ſighs inceſſant gave my ſorrows vent.

Few are the examples of a love ſo true---
Ev'n from her death I conſolation drew,
And in a ſecret hour approach'd her grave,
Reſolv'd her precious corſe from worms to ſave;
With active haſte remov'd the incumbent clay,
Seiz'd the rich prize and bore my love away.

Her naked charms now lay before my ſight,
I gaz'd with rapture and ſupreme delight,
Nor could forbear, in extaſy, to cry---
Beneath that ſhrivell'd ſkin what treaſures lie!
Then feaſted to the full my amorous ſoul,
And ſkinn'd, and cut, and ſlaſh'd without controul.

'Twas then I ſaw, what long I'd wiſh'd to ſee,
That heart which panted oft for love and me---

In detail view'd the form I once ador'd,
And nature's hidden myſteries explor'd.

Alas! too truly did the wiſe man ſay
That fleſh is graſs, and ſubject to decay:
Not ſo the bones; of ſubſtance firm and hard,
Long they remain the Anatomiſt's reward.
Wiſe nature, in her providential care,
Did, kindly, bones from vile corruption ſpare,
That ſons their fathers' ſkeletons might have,
And heaven-born ſcience triumph o'er the grave.

My true love's bones I boil'd---from fat and lean
Theſe hands induſtrious ſcrap'd them fair and clean,
And ev'ry bone did to its place reſtore,
As Nature's hand had plac'd them long before:
Theſe fingers twiſted ev'ry pliant wire
With patient ſkill, urg'd on by ſtrong deſire.
Now what remains of CADAVERA 's mine,
Securely hanging in a caſe of pine.

Ofttimes I ſit and contemplate her charms,
Her nodding ſkull and her long dangling arms,
'Till quite inflam'd with paſſion for the dead,
I take her beauteous ſkeleton to bed;
There ſtretch'd, at length, cloſe to my faithful ſide
She lies all night,---a lovely, grinning bride.——

Excuſe, my friends, this detail of my love,
You muſt the intent, if not the tale, approve;
By facts exemplary I meant to ſhew
To what extent a genuine zeal will go.

A mind, ſo fix'd, will not be drawn aſide
By vain diſſentions or a partial pride;
But ev'ry hoſtile ſentiment ſubdue,
And keep the ruling paſſion ſtill in view.

Falſe delicacy---prejudices ſtrong,
Which no diſtinctions know 'twixt right and wrong,
Againſt our noble ſcience ſpend their rage,
And mark the ignorance of this vulgar age.

Time was, when men their living fleſh would ſpare,
And to the knife their quiv'ring *nates* bare,
That ſkilful ſurgeons† noſes might obtain
For noſes loſt---and cut and come again;---
But now the *living* churliſhly refuſe
To give their dead relations to our uſe;
Talk of decorum---and a thouſand whims---
Whene'er we hack their wives' or daughters' limbs;
And yet their tables daily they ſupply
With the rich fruits of ſad mortality;
Will pick, and gut, and cook a chicken's corſe,
Diſſect and eat it up, without remorſe;
Devouring fiſh, fleſh, fowl, whatever comes,
Nor fear the ghoſts of murder'd hecatombs.

Now where's the difference?---to the impartial eye
A leg of mutton and a human thigh
Are juſt the ſame: for ſurely all muſt own
Fleſh is but fleſh, and bone is only bone;
And tho' indeed, ſome fleſh and bone may grow
To make a monkey---ſome to make a beau,
Still the materials are the ſame, we know.

---

† TALIACOTIUS.

Nor can our anatomic knowledge trace
Internal marks diſtinctive of our race....

Whence, then, theſe loud complaints---theſe hoſts of foes
Combin'd, our uſeful labours to oppoſe?
How long ſhall fooliſh prejudices reign?
And when ſhall reaſon her juſt empire gain?

Ah! full of danger is the up-hill road,
That leads the youth to learning's high abode:
His way thick miſts of vulgar errors blind,
And ſneering ſatire follows cloſe behind;
Sour envy ſtrews the rugged path with thorns,
And lazy ignorance his labour ſcorns.

Is this a time, ye brethren of the knife,
For civil conteſt and internal ſtrife?
When loud againſt us gen'ral clamours cry,
And perſecution lifts her laſh on high?
When government---that many headed beaſt---
Againſt our practice rears her horrid creſt,
And, our noctural acceſs to oppoſe,
Around the dead a penal barrier* throws?
To cruſh our ſchools her awful pow'r applies,
And ev'n forbids the gibbet's juſt ſupplies.†

Yet in this night of darkneſs, ſtorms and fears,
Behold one bright benignant ſtar‡ appears---

---

* A Law paſt at New-York, making it penal to ſteal bodies from the burial ground.

† The wheel-barrow law of Pennſylvania.

‡ The Medical College.

Long may it ſhine, and, e'er it's courſe is run,
Increaſe, in ſize and ſplendour, to a ſun!---
Methinks I ſee this ſun of future days,
Spread far abroad his *diplomatic* rays---
See life and health ſubmit to his controul,
And, like a planet, *death* around him roll.

Methinks I ſee a ſtately fabric riſe,
Rear'd on the ſkulls of theſe our enemies;
I ſee the bones of our invet'rate foes
Hang round it's walls in ſcientific rows.
There ſolemn ſit the learned of the day
Diſpenſing death with uncontrouled ſway,
And by *preſcription* regulate with eaſe
The ſudden criſis or the ſlow diſeaſe.

Then ſhall phyſicians their millennium find,
And reign the real ſov'reigns of mankind:
Then ſhall the face of this vile world be chang'd,
And nature's healthful laws all new arrang'd---
In min'ral powders all her duſt ſhall riſe,
And all her inſects ſhall be Spaniſh flies:
In medicated potions ſtreams ſhall flow,
Pills fall in hail-ſtorms, and ſharp ſalts in ſnow;
In ev'ry quagmire boluſſes be found,
And ſlimy cataplaſms ſpread the ground---
Nature herſelf aſſume the chymiſt's part,
And furniſh poiſons unſublim'd by art.

Then to our ſchools ſhall wealth in currents flow,
Our theatres no want of ſubjects know;
Nor laws nor mobs th' Anatomiſt ſhall dread,
For graves ſhall freely render up their dead.

PHILOSOPHIC SOLITUDE.

BY WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, ESQ.
Late Governor of the State of New-Jersey, &c. &c.

LET ardent heroes seek renown in arms,
Pant after fame, and rush to war's alarms;
To shining palaces let fools resort,
And dunces cringe, to be esteem'd at court:
Mine be the pleasure of a rural life,
From noise remote, and ignorant of strife;
Far from the painted belle, and white-glov'd beau,
The lawless masquerade, and midnight show:
From ladies, lap-dogs, courtiers, garters, stars,
Fops, fidlers, tyrants, emperors, and czars.

Full in the centre of some shady grove,
By nature form'd for solitude and love;
On banks array'd with ever-blooming flowers,
Near beauteous landscapes, or by roseate bowers,
My neat, but simple mansion I would raise,
Unlike the sumptuous domes of modern days;
Devoid of pomp, with rural plainness form'd,
With savage game, and glossy shells adorn'd.

No costly furniture should grace my hall;
But curling vines ascend against the wall,
Whose pliant branches should luxuriant twine,
While purple clusters swell'd with future wine:
To slake my thirst a liquid lapse distil
From craggy rocks, and spread a limpid rill.

Along my manſion, ſpiry firs ſhould grow,
And gloomy yews extend the ſhady row:
The cedars flouriſh, and the poplars riſe,
Sublimely tall, and ſhoot into the ſkies:
Among the leaves, refreſhing zephyrs play,
And crouding trees exclude the noon-tide ray;
Whereon the birds their downy neſts ſhould form,
Securely ſhelter'd from the battering ſtorm;
And to melodious notes their choir apply,
Soon as Aurora bluſh'd along the ſky:
While all around th' enchanting muſic rings,
And ev'ry vocal grove reſponſive ſings.

Me to ſequeſter'd ſcenes ye muſes guide,
Where nature wantons in her virgin pride;
To moſſy banks, edg'd round with op'ning flowers,
Elyſian fields and amaranthine bowers,
To ambroſial founts, and ſleep-inſpiring rills,
To herbag'd vales, gay lawns, and ſunny hills.

Welcome, ye ſhades! all hail, ye vernal blooms!
Ye bow'ry thickets, and prophetic glooms!
Ye foreſts, hail! ye ſolitary woods!
Love-whiſpering groves, and ſilver-ſtreaming floods:
Ye meads, that aromatic ſweets exhale!
Ye birds, and all ye ſylvan beauties, hail!
Oh how I long with you to ſpend my days,
Invoke the muſe, and try the rural lays!

No trumpets there with martial clangor ſound,
No proſtrate heroes ſtrew the crimſon ground;
No groves of lances glitter in the air,
Nor thund'ring drums provoke the ſanguine war:

But white-rob'd Peace, and univerſal Love
Smile in the field, and brighten ev'ry grove:
There all the beauties of the circling year,
In native ornamental pride appear.
Gay, roſy-boſom'd Spring, and April ſhow'rs,
Wake, from the womb of earth, the riſing flow'rs:
In deeper verdure, Summer clothes the plain,
And Autumn bends beneath the golden grain;
The trees weep amber; and the whiſpering gales
Breeze o'er the lawn, or murmur through the vales:
The flow'ry tribes in gay confuſion bloom,
Profuſe with ſweets, and fragrant with perfume;
On bloſſoms bloſſoms, fruits on fruits ariſe,
And varied proſpects glad the wand'ring eyes.
In theſe fair ſeats, I'd paſs the joyous day,
Where meadows flouriſh, and where fields look gay;
From bliſs to bliſs with endleſs pleaſure rove,
Seek cryſtal ſtreams, or haunt the vernal grove,
Woods, fountains, lakes, the fertile fields, or ſhades,
Aerial mountains, or ſubjacent glades.
There from the poliſh'd fetters of the great,
Triumphal piles, and gilded rooms of ſtate---
Prime miniſters, and ſycophantic knaves,
Illuſtrious villains, and illuſtrious ſlaves,
From all the vain formality of fools,
And odious taſk of arbitrary rules;
The ruffling cares, which the vex'd ſoul annoy,
The wealth the rich poſſeſs, but not enjoy,
The viſionary bliſs the world can lend,
Th' inſidious foe, and falſe, deſigning friend,
The ſeven-fold fury of Xantippe's ſoul,
And S——'s rage, that burns without controul;

I'd live retir'd, contented, and ſerene,
Forgot, unknown, unenvied, and unſeen.

Yet not a real hermitage I'd chooſe,
Nor wiſh to live from all the world recluſe;
But with a friend ſometimes unbend the ſoul,
In ſocial converſe, o'er the ſprightly bowl.
With cheerful W——, ſerene and wiſely gay,
I'd often paſs the dancing hours away:
He, ſkill'd alike to profit and to pleaſe,
Politely talks with unaffected eaſe;
Sage in debate, and faithful to his truſt,
Mature in ſcience, and ſeverely juſt;
Of ſoul diffuſive, vaſt and unconfin'd,
Breathing benevolence to all mankind;
Cautious to cenſure, ready to commend,
A firm, unſhaken, uncorrupted friend;
In early youth, fair wiſdom's paths he trod,
In early youth, a miniſter of God,
Each pupil lov'd him, when at Yale he ſhone,
And ev'ry bleeding boſom weeps him gone.
Dear A—— too, ſhould grace my rural ſeat,
Forever welcome to the green retreat:
Heav'n for the cauſe of righteouſneſs deſign'd
His florid genius, and capacious mind:
Oft have I heard, amidſt th' adorning throng,
Celeſtial truths devolving from his tongue:
High o'er the liſt'ning audience ſeen him ſtand,
Divinely ſpeak, and graceful ſtretch his hand;
With ſuch becoming grace and pompous ſound,
With long-rob'd ſenators encircled round,

Before the Roman bar, while Rome was free,
Nor bow'd to Cæſar's throne the ſervile knee,
Immortal Tulley plead the patriot cauſe,
While ev'ry tongue reſounded his applauſe.
Next round my board ſhould candid S—— appear,
Of manners gentle, and a friend ſincere,
Averſe to diſcord, party-rage and ſtrife,
He ſails ſerenely down the ſtream of life.
With theſe three friends, beneath a ſpreading ſhade,
Where ſilver fountains murmur thro' the glade;
Or in cool grots, perfum'd with native flow'rs,
In harmleſs mirth, I'd ſpend the circling hours;
Or gravely talk, or innocently ſing,
Or, in harmonious concert, ſtrike the trembling ſtring.

Amid ſequeſter'd bow'rs, near gliding ſtreams,
Druids and bards enjoy'd ſereneſt dreams.
Such was the ſeat where courtly Horace ſung,
And his bold harp immortal Maro ſtrung:
Where tuneful Orpheus' unreſiſted lay
Made rapid tigers bear their rage away:
While groves, attentive to th' extatic ſound,
Burſt from their roots, and, raptur'd, danc'd around.
Such ſeats the venerable ſeers of old
(When bliſsful years in golden circles roll'd)
Choſe and admir'd: e'en goddeſſes and gods
(As poets feign) were fond of ſuch abodes:
Th' imperial conſort of fictitious Jove
For fount-full Ide forſook the realms above.
Oft to Idalia, on a golden cloud,
Veil'd in a miſt of fragrance, Venus rode:

There num'rous altars to the queen were rear'd,
And love-ſick youths their am'rous vows prefer'd,
While fair-hair'd damſels (a laſcivious train)
With wanton rites ador'd her gentle reign.
The ſilver-ſhafted huntreſs of the woods,
Sought pendant ſhades, and bath'd in cooling floods.
In palmy Delos by Scamander's ſide,
Or where Cajiſter roll'd his ſilver tide,
Melodious Phœbus ſang; the muſes round
Alternate warbling to the heavenly ſound.
E'en the feign'd monarch of heav'n's bright abode,
High thron'd in gold, of gods the ſov'reign god,
Oft' time prefer'd the ſhade of Ida's grove
To all th' ambroſial feaſts, and nectar'd cups above.

Behold, the roſy-finger'd morning dawn,
In ſaffron rob'd, and bluſhing o'er the lawn!
Reflected from the clouds, a radiant ſtream
Tips with etherial dew the mountain's brim.
Th' unfolding roſes, and the op'ning flow'rs
Imbibe the dew, and ſtrew the varied bow'rs,
Diffuſe nectareous ſweets around, and glow
With all the colours of the ſhow'ry bow.
Th' induſtrious bees their balmy toil renew,
Buz o'er the field, and ſip the roſy dew.
But yonder comes th' illuſtrious god of day,
Inveſts the eaſt, and gilds th' etherial way;
The groves rejoice, the feather'd nations ſing,
Echo the mountains, and the vallies ring.

Hail, orb! array'd with majeſty and fire,
That bids each ſable ſhade of night retire!

Fountain of light! with burning glory crown'd,
Darting a deluge of effulgence round!
Wak'd by thy genial and prolific ray,
Nature reſumes her verdure, and looks gay:
Freſh blooms the roſe, the drooping plants revive,
The groves reflouriſh, and the foreſts live.
Deep in the teeming earth, the rip'ning ore
Confeſſes thy conſolidating pow'r;
Hence Labour draws her tools, and artiſts mould
The fuſile ſilver and the ductile gold;
Hence war is furniſh'd; and the regal ſhield
Like light'ning flaſhes o'er th' illumin'd field.
If thou ſo fair with delegated light,
That all heav'n s ſplendors vaniſh at thy ſight;
With what effulgence muſt the ocean glow,
From which thy borrow'd beams inceſſant flow!
Th' exhauſtleſs ſource whoſe ſingle ſmile ſupplies
Th' unnumber'd orbs that gild the ſpangled ſkies!

Oft' would I view, in admiration loſt,
Heav'n's ſumptuous canopy, and ſtarry hoſt;
With level'd tube, and aſtronomic eye,
Purſue the planets whirling thro' the ſky:
Immeaſurable vault! where thunders roll,
And forky lightnings flaſh from pole to pole.
Say, railing infidel! canſt thou ſurvey
Yon globe of fire, that gives the golden day,
The harmonious ſtructure of this vaſt machine,
And not confeſs its architect divine!
Then go, vain wretch! tho' deathleſs be thy ſoul,
Go, ſwell the riot, and exhauſt the bowl;

Plunge into vice—humanity reſign—
Go fill the ſtie—and briſtle into ſwine!

None but a pow'r omnipotent and wiſe
Could frame this earth, or ſpread the boundleſs ſkies;
He made the whole; at his omnific call,
From formleſs chaos roſe this ſpacious ball,
And one Almighty God is ſeen in all.
By him our cup is crown'd, our table ſpread
With luſcious wine, and life-ſuſtaining bread.
What countleſs wonders doth the earth contain!
What countleſs wonders the unfathom'd main!
Bedrop'd with gold, there ſcaly nations ſhine,
Haunt coral groves, or laſh the foaming brine.
Jehovah's glories blaze all nature round,
In heaven, on earth, and in the deeps profound;
Ambitious of his name, the warblers ſing,
And praiſe their maker, while they hail the ſpring;
The zephyrs breathe it; and the thunderers roar,
While ſurge to ſurge, and ſhore reſounds to ſhore.
But man, endu'd with an immortal mind,
His Maker's image, and for heaven deſign'd,
To loftier notes his raptur'd voice ſhould raiſe,
And chaunt ſublimer hymns to his Creator's praiſe.

When riſing Phœbus uſhers in the morn,
And golden beams th' impurpled ſkies adorn;
Wak'd by the gentle murmur of the floods,
Or the ſoft muſic of the waving woods;
Riſing from ſleep with the melodious quire,
To ſolemn ſounds I'd tune the hallow'd lyre.

Thy name, O God! ſhould tremble on my tongue,
Till ev'ry grove prov'd vocal to my ſong:
(Delightful taſk! with dawning light to ſing
Triumphant hymns to heav'n's eternal king.)
Some courteous angel ſhould my breaſt inſpire,
Attune my lips, and guide the warbled wire,
While ſportive echoes catch the ſacred ſound,
Swell ev'ry note, and bear the muſic round;
While mazy ſtreams meand'ring to the main,
Hang in ſuſpence to hear the heav'nly ſtrain,
And, huſh'd to ſilence, all the feather'd throng
Attentive liſten to the tuneful ſong.

Father of light! exhauſtleſs ſource of good!
Supreme, eternal, ſelf-exiſtent God!
Before the beamy ſun diſpens'd a ray,
Flam'd in the azure vault, and gave the day;
Before the glimm'ring moon, with borrow'd light,
Shone queen amid the ſilver hoſt of night;
High in the heav'ns, thou reign'dſt ſuperior Lord,
By ſuppliant angels worſhip'd and ador'd.
With the celeſtial choir then let me join
In cheerful praiſes to the pow'r divine.
To ſing thy praiſe, do thou, O God! inſpire
A mortal breaſt with more than mortal fire:
In dreadful majeſty thou ſit'ſt enthron'd,
With light encircled, and with glory crown'd;
Thro' all infinitude extends thy reign,
For thee, nor heav'n, nor heav'n of heav'ns contain;
But tho' thy throne is fix'd above the ſky,
Thy omnipreſence fills immenſity.

Saints, rob'd in white, to thee their anthems bring,
And radiant martyrs hallelujahs ſing:
Heaven's univerſal hoſt their voices raiſe
In one eternal chorus, to thy praiſe;
And, round thy awful throne, with one accord,
Sing, holy, holy, holy is the Lord.
At thy creative voice, from ancient night,
Sprang ſmiling beauty, and yon worlds of light:
Thou ſpak'ſt—the planetary chorus roll'd,
And all th' expanſe was ſtarr'd with beamy gold;
Let there be light, ſaid God—light inſtant ſhone,
And from the orient, burſt the golden ſun;
Heav'n's gazing hierarchs, with glad ſurpriſe,
Saw the firſt morn inveſt the recent ſkies,
And ſtrait th' exulting troops thy throne ſurround
With thouſand thouſand harps of heav'nly ſound:
Thrones, powers, dominions, (ever ſhining trains!)
Shouted thy praiſes in triumphant ſtrains:
Great are thy works, they ſing; and, all around,
Great are thy works, the echoing heav'ns reſound.
The effulgent ſun, inſufferably bright,
Is but a beam of thy o'erflowing light;
The tempeſt is thy breath: the thunder hurl'd,
Tremendous roars thy vengeance o'er the world;
Thou bow'ſt the heav'ns, the ſmoking mountains nod,
Rocks fall to duſt, and nature owns her God;
Pale tyrants ſhrink, the atheiſt ſtands aghaſt,
And impious kings in horror breathe their laſt.
To this great God alternately I'd pay
The ev'ning anthem, and the morning lay.

For ſov'reign gold I never would repine,
Nor wiſh the glitt'ring duſt of monarchs mine.
What tho' high columns heave into the ſkies,
Gay cielings ſhine, and vaulted arches riſe?
Tho' fretted gold the ſculptur'd roof adorn,
The rubies redden, and the jaſpers burn!
O what, alas! avails the gay attire
To wretched man, who breathes but to expire!
Oft' on the vileſt, riches are beſtow'd,
To ſhow their meanneſs in the ſight of God.
High from a dunghill, ſee a Dives riſe,
And, Titan-like, inſult th' avenging ſkies:
The crowd, in adulation, calls him Lord,
By thouſands courted, flatter'd and ador'd:
In riot plung'd, and drunk with earthly joys,
No higher thought his grov'ling ſoul employs:
The poor he ſcourges with an iron rod,
And from his boſom baniſhes his God.
But oft' in height of wealth and beauty's bloom,
Deluded man is fated to the tomb!
For, lo! he ſickens; ſwift his colour flies,
And riſing miſts obſcure his ſwimming eyes:
Around his bed his weeping friends bemoan,
Extort the unwilling tear, and wiſh him gone;
His ſorrowing heir augments the tender ſhow'r,
Deplores his death—yet hails the dying hour.
Ah bitter comfort! Sad relief! to die,
Tho' ſunk in down, beneath the canopy!
His eyes no more ſhall ſee the cheerful light,
Weigh'd down by death in everlaſting night,
And now the great, the rich, the proud, the gay,
Lie breathleſs, cold—unanimated clay!

He, that juſt now was flatter'd by the crowd
With high applauſe, and acclamations loud—
That ſteel'd his boſom to the orphan's cries,
And drew down torrents from the widow's eyes—
Whom, like a God, the rabble did adore—
Regard him now—and, lo! he is no more.

My eyes no dazzling veſtments ſhould behold,
With gems inſtarr'd, and ſtiff with woven gold;
But the tall ram his downy fleece afford,
To clothe, in modeſt garb, his frugal lord.
Thus the great Father of mankind was dreſt,
When ſhaggy hides compos'd his flowing veſt;
Doom'd to the cumb'rous load, for his offence,
When clothes ſupply'd the want of innocence:
But now his ſons (forgetful whence they came)
Glitter in gems, and glory in their ſhame.

Oft' would I wander thro' the dewy field,
Where cluſt'ring roſes balmy fragrance yield:
Or in lone grots, for contemplation made,
Converſe with angels and the mighty dead;
For all around unnumber'd ſpirits fly,
Waft on the breeze, or walk the liquid ſky,
Inſpire the poet with repeated dreams,
Who gives his hallow'd muſe to ſacred themes,
Protect the juſt, ſerene their gloomy hours,
Becalm their ſlumbers, and refreſh their pow'rs.
Methinks I ſee th' immortal beings fly,
And ſwiftly ſhoot athwart the ſtreaming ſky:
Hark! a melodious voice I ſeem to hear,
And heav'nly ſounds invade my liſt'ning ear!

" Be not afraid of us, innoxious band,
" Thy cell ſurrounding by divine command;
" Ere while, like thee, we led our lives below,
" (Sad lives of pain, of miſery, and woe!)
" Long by affliction's boiſt'rous tempeſts toſt,
" We reach'd at length the ever bliſsful coaſt:
" Now in th' embow'ring groves, and lawns above,
" We taſte the raptures of immortal love,
" Attune the golden harp in roſeate bow'rs,
" Or bind our temples with unfading flow'rs.
" Oft' on kind errands bent, we cut the air,
" To guard the righteous, heav'n's peculiar care!
" Avert impending harms, their minds compoſe,
" Inſpire gay dreams, and prompt their ſoft repoſe.
" When from thy tongue divine hoſannas roll,
" And ſacred raptures ſwell thy riſing ſoul,
" To heav'n we bear thy pray'rs, like rich perfumes;
" Where, by the throne, the golden cenſer fumes;
" And when with age thy head is ſilver'd o'er,
" And, cold in death, thy boſom beats no more,
" Thy ſoul, exulting, ſhall deſert its clay,
" And mount, triumphant, to eternal day."

But to improve the intellectual mind,
Reading ſhould be to contemplation join'd.
Firſt I'd collect from the Parnaſſian ſpring,
What muſes dictate, and what poets ſing.—
Virgil, as prince, ſhou'd wear the laurel'd crown,
And other bards pay homage to his throne;
The blood of heroes now effus'd ſo long,
Will run forever purple thro' his ſong,

See! how he mounts toward the bleſt abodes,
On planets rides, and talks with demigods!
How do our raviſh'd ſpirits melt away,
When in his ſong Sicilian ſhepherds play!
But what a ſplendor ſtrikes the dazzled eye,
When Dido ſhines in awful majeſty!
Embroidered purple clad the Tyrian queen,
Her motion graceful, and auguſt her mien;
A golden zone her royal limbs embrac'd,
A golden quiver rattled by her waiſt.
See her proud ſteed majeſtically prance,
Contemn the trumpet, and deride the launce!
In crimſon trappings, glorious to behold,
Confus'dly gay with interwoven gold!
He champs the bit, and throws the foam around,
Impatient paws, and tears the ſolid ground.
How ſtern Æneas thunders thro' the field!
With tow'ring helmet, and refulgent ſhield!
Courſers o'erturn'd, and mighty warriors ſlain,
Deform'd with gore, lie welt'ring on the plain,
Struck through with wounds, ill-fated chieftains lie,
Frown e'en in death, and threaten as they die.
Thro' the thick ſquadrons ſee the hero bound!
(His helmet flaſhes, and his arms reſound!)
All grim with rage, he frowns o'er Turnus' head,
(Re-kindled ire! for blooming Pallas dead)
Then in his boſom plung'd the ſhining blade—
The ſoul indignant ſought the Stygian ſhade!

The far-fam'd bards that grac'd Britannia's iſle,
Should next compoſe the venerable pile.

Great Milton firſt, for tow'ring thought renown'd,
Parent of ſong, and fam'd the world around!
His glowing breaſt divine Urania fir'd,
Or God himſelf th' immortal bard inſpir'd,
Borne on triumphant wings he takes his flight,
Explores all heaven, and treads the realms of light:
In martial pomp he clothes th' angelic train,
While warring myriads ſhake the etherial plain.
Firſt Michael ſtalks, high tow'ring o'er the reſt,
With heav'nly plumage nodding on his creſt:
Impenetrable arms his limbs infold,
Eternal adamant, and burning gold!
Sparkling in fiery mail, with dire delight,
Rebellious Satan animates the fight:
Armipotent they ſink in rolling ſmoke,
All heav'n reſounding, to its centre ſhook.
To cruſh his foes, and quell the dire alarms,
Meſſiah ſparkled in refulgent arms:
In radiant panoply divinely bright,
His limbs incas'd, he flaſh'd devouring light:
On burning wheels, o'er heav'n's cryſtalline road
Thunder'd the chariot of the filial God;
The burning wheels on golden axles turn'd,
With flaming gems the golden axles burn'd.
Lo! the apoſtate hoſt, with terror ſtruck,
Roll back by millions! Th' empyrean ſhook!
Sceptres, and orbed ſhields, and crowns of gold,
Cherubs and ſeraphs in confuſion roll'd;
Till from his hand the triple thunder hurl'd,
Compell'd them, head-long, to th' infernal world.

Then tuneful Pope, whom all the nine inſpire,
With ſapphic ſweetneſs, and pindaric fire,
Father of verſe! melodious and divine!
Next peerleſs Milton ſhould diſtinguiſh'd ſhine.
Smooth flow his numbers, when he paints the grove,
Th' enraptur'd virgins liſt'ning into love.
But when the night, and hoarſe-reſounding ſtorm
Ruſh on the deep, and Neptune's face deform,
Rough runs the verſe, the ſon'rous numbers roar,
Like the hoarſe ſurge that thunders on the ſhore.
But when he ſings th' exhilirated ſwains,
Th' embow'ring groves, and Windſor's bliſsful plains,
Our eyes are raviſh'd with the ſylvan ſcene,
Embroider'd fields, and groves in living green;
His lays the verdure of the meads prolong,
And wither'd foreſts bloſſom in his ſong.
Thames' ſilver ſtreams his flowing verſe admire,
And ceaſe to murmur while he tunes his lyre.

Next ſhould appear great Dryden's lofty muſe,
For who would Dryden's poliſh'd verſe refuſe?
His lips were moiſten'd in Parnaſſus' ſpring,
And Phœbus taught his laureat ſon to ſing.
How long did Virgil untranſlated moan,
His beauties fading, and his flights unknown;
Till Dryden roſe, and, in exalted ſtrain,
Re-ſang the fortune of the god-like man!
Again the Trojan prince, with dire delight,
Dreadful in arms, demands the ling'ring fight;
Again Camilla glows with martial fire,
Drives armies back, and makes all Troy retire.

With more than native luſtre, Virgil ſhines,
And gains ſublimer heights in Dryden's lines.

The gentle Watts, who ſtrings his ſilver lyre
To ſacred odes, and heav'n's all-ruling Sire;
Who ſcorns th' applauſe of the licentious ſtage,
And mounts yon ſparkling worlds with hallow'd rage,
Compels my thoughts to wing th' heav'nly road,
And waſts my ſoul, exulting, to my God:
No fabled nine, harmonious bard! inſpire
Thy raptur'd breaſt with ſuch ſeraphic fire;
But prompting angels warm thy boundleſs rage,
Direct thy thoughts, and animate thy page.
Bleſt man! for ſpotleſs ſanctity rever'd,
Lov'd by the good, and by the guilty fear'd:
Bleſt man! from gay, deluſive ſcenes remov'd,
Thy Maker loving, by thy-Maker lov'd,
To God thou tun'ſt thy conſecrated lays,
Nor meanly bluſh to ſing Jehovah's praiſe.
Oh! did, like thee, each laurel'd bard delight
To paint Religion in her native light,
Not then with plays the lab'ring preſs would groan,
Nor Vice defy the pulpit and the throne;
No impious rhymers charm a vicious age,
Nor proſtrate Virtue groan beneath their rage:
But themes divine in lofty numbers riſe,
Fill the wide earth, and echo thro' the ſkies.

Theſe for delight. For profit I would read
The labour'd volumes of the learned dead.
Sagacious Locke, by Providence deſign'd,
To exalt, inſtruct, and rectify the mind.

The unconquerable ſage* whom virtue fir'd,
And from the tyrant's lawleſs rage retir'd,
When victor Cæſar freed unhappy Rome
From Pompey's chains, to ſubſtitute his own.
Longinus, Livy, fam'd Thucydides,
Quintilian, Plato, and Demoſthenes,
Perſuaſive Tully, and Corduba's ſage,†
Who fell by Nero's unrelenting rage;
Him‡ whom ungrateful Athens doom'd to bleed,
Deſpis'd when living, and deplor'd when dead.
Raleigh I'd read with ever freſh delight,
While ages paſt riſe preſent to my ſight:
Ah man unbleſt! he foreign realms explor'd,
Then fell a victim to his country's ſword!
Nor ſhould great Derham paſs neglected by,
Obſervant ſage! to whoſe deep-piercing eye,
Nature's ſtupendous works expanded lie.
Nor he, Britannia, thy unmatch'd renown!
(Adjudg'd to wear the philoſophic crown)
Who on the ſolar orb uplifted rode,
And ſcann'd the unfathomable works of God!
Who bound the ſilver planets to their ſpheres,
And trac'd the elliptic curve of blazing ſtars!
Immortal Newton; whoſe illuſtrious name
Will ſhine on records of eternal fame.

By love directed, I would chooſe a wife,
To improve my bliſs, and eaſe the load of life.

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* Cato. † Seneca. ‡ Socrates.

Hail, wedlock! hail, inviolable tye!
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic joy!
Love, friendſhip, honour, truth, and pure delight
Harmonious mingle in the nuptial rite.
In Eden, firſt the holy ſtate began,
When perfect innocence diſtinguiſh'd man;
The human pair, the Almighty pontiff led,
Gay as the morning, to the bridal bed;
A dread ſolemnity the eſpouſals grac'd,
Angels the witneſſes, and God the prieſt!
All earth exulted on the nuptial hour,
And voluntary roſes deck'd the bow'r;
The joyous birds on every bloſſom'd ſpray,
Sung hymeneans to the important day,
While Philomela ſwell'd the ſpouſal ſong,
And Paradiſe with gratulation rung.

Relate, inſpiring muſe! where ſhall I find
A blooming virgin with an angel mind?
Unblemiſh'd as the white-rob'd virgin quire
That fed, O Rome! thy conſecrated fire?
By reaſon aw'd, ambitious to be good,
Averſe to vice, and zealous for her God?
Relate, in what bleſt region can I find
Such bright perfections in a female mind?
What phœnix-woman breathes the vital air
So greatly good, and ſo divinely fair?
Sure not the gay and faſhionable train,
Licentious, proud, immoral, and profane;
Who ſpend their golden hours in antic dreſs,
Malicious whiſpers, and inglorious eaſe.

Lo! round the board a ſhining train appears
In roſy beauty, and in prime of years!
This hates a flounce, and this a flounce approves,
This ſhows the trophies of her former loves;
Polly avers, that Sylvia dreſt in green,
When laſt at church the gaudy nymph was ſeen;
Chloe condemns her optics; and will lay
'Twas azure ſattin, interſtreak'd with grey;
Lucy, inveſted with judicial power,
Awards 'twas neither,—and the ſtrife is o'er.
Then parrots, lap dogs, monkeys, ſquirrels, beaux,
Fans, ribands, tuckers, patches, furbeloes,
In quick ſucceſſion, thro' their fancies run,
And dance inceſſant, on the flippant tongue.
And when, fatigu'd with ev'ry other ſport,
The belles prepare to grace the ſacred court,
They marſhal all their forces in array,
To kill with glances, and deſtroy in play.
Two ſkilful maids with reverential fear,
In wanton wreaths collect their ſilken hair;
Two paint their cheeks, and round their temples pour
The fragrant unguent, and the ambroſial ſhower;
One pulls the ſhape-creating ſtays; and one
Encircles round her waiſt the golden zone;
Not with more toil to improve immortal charms,
Strove Juno, Venus, and the queen of arms,
When Priam's ſon adjudg'd the golden prize,
To the reſiſtleſs beauty of the ſkies.
At length, equip'd in Love's enticing arms,
With all that glitters, and with all that charms,

The ideal goddeſſes to church repair,
Peep thro' the fan, and mutter o'er a pray'r,
Or liſten to the organ's pompous ſound,
Or eye the gilded images around;
Or, deeply ſtudied in coquettiſh rules,
Aim wily glances at unthinking fools;
Or ſhow the lily hand with graceful air,
Or wound the fopling with a lock of hair:
And when the hated diſcipline is o'er,
And miſſes tortur'd with repent, no more,
They mount the pictur'd coach; and, to the play,
The celebrated idols hie away.

Not ſo the laſs that ſhould my joys improve,
With ſolid friendſhip, and connubial love:
A native bloom, with intermingled white,
Should ſet her features in a pleaſing light;
Like Helen fluſhing with unrival'd charms,
When raptur'd Paris darted in her arms.
But what, alas! avails a ruby cheek,
A downy boſom, or a ſnowy neck!
Charms ill ſupply the want of innocence,
Nor beauty forms intrinſic excellence:
But in her breaſt let moral beauties ſhine,
Supernal grace and purity divine:
Sublime her reaſon, and her native wit
Unſtrain'd with pedantry, and low conceit;
Her fancy lively, and her judgment free
From female prejudice and bigotry:
Averſe to idol pomp, and outward ſhow,
The flatt'ring coxcomb, and fantaſtic beau.

The fop's impertinence ſhe ſhould deſpiſe,
Tho' ſorely wounded by her radiant eyes;
But pay due rev'rence to the exalted mind,
By learning poliſh'd, and by wit refin'd,
Who all her virtues, without guile, commends,
And all her faults as freely reprehends.
Soft Hymen's rites her paſſion ſhould approve,
And in her boſom glow the flames of love:
To me her ſoul, by ſacred friendſhip, turn,
And I, for her, with equal friendſhip burn:
In ev'ry ſtage of life afford relief,
Partake my joys, and ſympathize my grief;
Unſhaken, walk in Virtue's peaceful road,
Nor bribe her Reaſon to purſue the mode;
Mild as the ſaint whoſe errors are forgiv'n,
Calm as a veſtal, and compos'd as heaven.
This be the partner, this the lovely wife,
That ſhould embelliſh and prolong my life,
A nymph! who might a ſecond fall inſpire,
And fill a glowing cherub with deſire!
With her I'd ſpend the pleaſurable day,
While fleeting minutes gayly danc'd away:
With her I'd walk, delighted, o'er the green,
Thro' ev'ry blooming mead, and rural ſcene;
Or ſit in open fields damaſk'd with flow'rs,
Or where cool ſhades imbrown the noon-tide bow'rs.
Imparadis'd within my eager arms,
I'd reign the happy monarch of her charms;
Oft' on her panting boſom would I lay,
And, in diſſolving raptures melt away;

Then lull'd, by nightingales, to balmy reſt,
My blooming fair ſhould ſlumber at my breaſt.

And when decrepid age (frail mortals' doom)
Should bend my wither'd body to the tomb,
No warbling ſyrens ſhould retard my flight
To heavenly manſions of unclouded light.
Tho Death, with his imperial horrors crown'd,
Terrific grinn'd, and formidably frown'd,
Offences pardon'd and remitted ſin,
Should form a calm ſerenity within:
Bleſſing my natal and my mortal hour,
(My ſoul commited to the eternal pow'r)
Inexorable Death ſhould ſmile, for I
Who knew to live, would never fear to die.

DESCRIPTIVE LINES,

Written at the requeſt of a Friend, upon the ſurrrounding Proſpect from BEACON-HILL *in* BOSTON.

BY PHILENIA, A LADY OF BOSTON.

FAR from this ſpot let ſportive FICTION hie,
While rapt ATTENTION lifts her ſearching eye,
O'er CHARLESTOWN's *field* each hallow'd view explores,
Sees the *twin* rivers lave the purple ſhores,
Where the high ſoil diſdain'd the trembling flood,
And ſtain'd the white wave with *Britannia's* blood,

While the fierce blaze* its waſting vengeance pours,
Wraps the wide domes, and climbs the aſcending towers,
The crimſon eye of frantic SLAUGHTER turn'd,
Where *valour* periſh'd, and where *vict'ry* mourn'd,
And kindred worth unboaſting ſorrow ſhed,
As deathleſs WARREN bow'd his patriot head.

Thy Temple, *Charles!* a new-rais'd Phœnix ſhines,
Thy far fam'd bridge the ſiſter-city joins,
Whoſe flame-tipt ſpires reflect the ſolar ray,
And ſtrew with ſtars the azure robe of day;
Here varied MARTS one full EMPORIUM boaſt,
Rich with the wealth of ev'ry foreign coaſt;
How chang'd the ſcene, ſince round the dreary glade
The frowning foreſt bent its murky ſhade!
E'en on this ſpot, with green ſavannas ſpread,
Adorn'd by GENIUS, and by PLENTY fed,
The hungry *Savage* daſh'd the foaming flood,
Trac'd the blue rock, and ſwept the weedy wood;
Our patient Sires the wild'ring region gain,
Bend the hard oak, the wat'ry valley drain,
'Till down the tide the moving foreſt flows,
And where the *deſart* howl'd, the poliſh'd *City* roſe,
Whoſe *creſcent* haven's lib'ral ſurface ſmiles,
Clad in the verdure of unnumber'd iſles,
Where ſcepter'd WILLIAM'S maſſy bulwarks ſtand,
The *guard* and *glory* of the ſceneful land.

* Alluding to the burning of Charleſtown by the Britiſh in 1775.

Yon orient heights† their rifted foreheads raiſe,
And claim the triumph of the VICTOR's praiſe;
Still lives the morn, when from thoſe armed brows,
The SONS OF FREEDOM brav'd their *priſon'd* foes;
While o'er the deep the giant *Terror* bends,
Death's lifted arm his ſable dart extends,
The *Dance*‡ no more its graceful charm ſupplies,
No more the ſcenes of *mimic nature* riſe,
Thro' bleeding ranks the deathful dangers roll,
And peals of ruin ſhake the ſoldier's ſoul;
For him no beauty decks the vernal fields,
But ev'ry breeze a more than winter yields,
Flight all his *hope*, and honor all his *care*,
The warlike Briton learns for once *to fear*,
To the bleak wave reſigns his murm'ring hoſt,
And quits the ſullen ſanguinary coaſt.
So in the climes, where changeful ſeaſons roll,
Ere threat'ning winter gains his full control,
While ruſtling leaves in crumbling ruin lie,
Ting'd with the rainbow's variegated dye,
The *feather'd race* the howling ſtorm foreſee;
The barren meadow, and the naked tree;
Late to thoſe ſhores were all their joys confin'd,
Now death and hunger float in ev'ry wind,
With outſtretch'd wing they ſkim along the main,
And quit the Terrors of an hoſtile plain.

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† Dorcheſter heights, the fortifying of which by General WASHINGTON in March 1776, compelled the Britiſh to evacuate the town.

‡ The Ball and the Drama formed the amuſements of the Garriſon, during the ſiege.

Let yon VAST FANE rear its ionic ſide,
The boaſt of art, the *great deſigner's*‖ pride;
There reſts in ſilent cells the holy dead,
There weeping SCIENCE droops her widow'd head,
Since BOWDOIN ſleeps, deaf to his country's praiſe,
Deaf to the heavenly poet's living lays.

What varied charms adorn the circling main,
The peopled iſthmus, and the velvet plain!
Here ruddy HEALTH the grateful ſoil divides,
There gen'rous COMMERCE cleaves the freighted tides.
How ſweet the fragrance of the ſylvan ſcene,
The roſy arbor, and the bow'ry green!
At eve to climb the mountain's pendent brow,
While at its baſe the boiling waters flow,
See the low ſun his rubied globe diſplay,
And lean collected on the edge of day!
From cultur'd dales behold the high hills riſe
With piny ſummits, curtain'd by the ſkies!
Down whoſe green ſlopes, in all their pearly pride,
Thro' mantling flowers the glaſſy riv'lets glide,
While the flocks whiten thro' the cottag'd vale,
And notes of muſic fill the ſcented gale.

Like a new planet mid the vaſt ſerene,
Lo! riſing HARVARD ſwells the extended ſcene,
O'er diſtant regions ſpreads a ray divine,
Bids "other BOWDOINS other WINTHROPS ſhine"!
Such QUEEN OF CITIES! are thy rich domains,
And ſuch the realm, where GODLIKE FREEDOM reigns!

‖ The celebrated Architect, Mr. Harriſon.

ODE
TO THE PRESIDENT,
On his viſiting the Northern States.

BY THE SAME.

THE Seaſon ſheds its mildeſt ray,
O'er the blue waves the ſun-beams play,
The bending harveſt gilds the plain,
The tow'ring veſſels preſs the main,
The ruddy ploughman quits his toil,
The pallid miſer leaves his ſpoil,
And grateful pæans hail the feſtive year,
Which bids *Columbia's* guardian God appear.

Hence! DISAPPOINTMENT'S anxious eye,
And pale AFFLICTION'S ling'ring ſigh;
Let ſorrow from the brow be torn,
And ev'ry heart forget to mourn;
Let ſmiles of peace their charms diſplay
To grace this joy-devoted day,
And, where *that* arm preſerv'd the peopled plain,
Shall mild Contentment hold her placid reign.

Let "*white rob'd choirs*" in beauty gay
With lucid flowrets ſtrew the way,
Let Lilachs ſcent the purpled lawn,
And roſes emulate the dawn,
Let domes their circling honors ſpread,
And wreaths entwine that glorious head;
To thee, GREAT WASHINGTON, each lyre be ſtrung,
Thy matchleſs deeds by ev'ry bard be ſung!

When FREEDOM rais'd her drooping head,
Thy arm her willing heros led,
When all her hopes, to thee reſign'd,
Were reſting on thy god-like mind,
How did that ſoul, to fear unknown,
And feeling for *her* fate alone,
O'er Danger's threat'ning form the faulchion wield,
And tread with dauntleſs ſtep the crimſon field!

Not DECIUS—patriot dear to fame!
Not CINCINNATUS—deathleſs name!
Not HE,* who led the Athenian band,
The ſaviour of a bleeding land,
Could ſuch exalted worth diſplay,
Nor ſhine with ſuch unclouded ray.
Of *Age* the HOPE, of *Youth* the LEADING STAR,
The *Soul* of PEACE, the CONQUERING ARM OF WAR.

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* THEMISTOCLES.

INVOCATION TO HOPE.

BY THE SAME.

SOOTHER of Life! by whoſe deluſive charm
This feeling heart reſiſts the pointed woe,
Whoſe magic power, with fancied joys can warm,
And wipe the tear which Anguiſh taught to flow;

If, thro' the varied griefs my Youth has known,
No charm but theſe could raiſe my votive eye;
O leave me not, now every bleſſing's flown,
Whilſt my ſad boſom heaves the lengthen'd ſigh.

The grated priſon, and the lov'd-form'd bower,
The wretch, whom Diſappointment waſtes away,
The frugal hut, the gilded dome of power,
Joy in thy ſmiles and court thy equal ſway.

By thee, the friendleſs ſufferer learns to bear;
By thee, the patient heart forgets its woe;
Thou mak'ſt Misfortune's iron aſpect fair,
And e'en the frozen cheek of Miſery glow.

Leave me no more, as on that fated morn
When my raſh ſoul the impious deed deſign'd,
And when, unconſcious of thy bleſt return,
The foe Deſpair uſurp'd my tortur'd mind.

But yet, bright Goddeſs! with deceptive ſmile,
Come, and a hoſt of Fictions in thy train,
With dreams of peace my wearied heart beguile,
And ſink in fancied bliſs the real pain.

PRAYER TO PATIENCE.

BY THE SAME.

GODDESS of the ſteady eye!
All thy Apathy impart,
From a world of woe I fly,
Take, oh take me to thy heart!

Lend me all thy healing power,
Teach me to ſuppreſs the groan,
Let me while affliction's lower,
Turn like NIOBE *to ſtone.*

Let me to the *ſneer* of ſcorn,
Still return the placid *ſmile*,
Calm,—when angry paſſions frown,
Silent,—when the rude revile.

Check the Tyrant of the mind,
Source of *ſorrow*, *Foe* to *thee*;
Who can peace, or ſolace find,
Rack'd by *Senſibility!*

Snatch me from her waſting ſway,
Shield me with thy firmer aid,
Let me ſtill thy voice obey,
Gentle, peace-preſerving maid!

If greater pangs this boſom rend,
Than ever boſom felt before;
Further may thy ſway extend,
Greater, deeper be thy power.

Be every *wrong* diſarm'd by thee,
Rob ſtern *Oppreſſion* of his pride,
Bid *Malice* at thy preſence flee,
Turn *Envy's* venom'd dart aſide.

Let hard *Reproach* ſoft kindneſs feel,
To cold *Diſdain* be pity lent,
From *Anger* wreſt his lifted ſteel,
From black *Revenge* his diſcontent.

Goddeſs of the tearleſs eye!
Yet give me thy pacific charms;
To thy calm boſom let me fly,
And find a refuge in thy arms!

LINES,

Addreſſed to the inimitable Author ***of the*** Poems ***under the ſignature of*** Della Cruſca.

BY THE SAME.

ACROSS the vaſt Atlantic tide,
Down *Apalachia's* graſſy ſide,
What echoing ſounds the ſoul beguile,
And lend *the lip of grief* a ſmile!
'Tis DELLA CRUSCA's heavenly ſong,
Which floats the weſtern ſhores along,

Breathing as ſweet, as ſoft a ſtrain,
As kindneſs to the ear of pain;
Splendid as noon, as morning clear,
And chaſte as evening's pearly tear;
Where *cold deſpair* in muſic flows,
While all the FIRE OF GENIUS glows.

Still thy enchanting powers diſplay,
Still charm me with the magic lay!
The Muſes all thy ſoul inſpire,
Apollo tunes thy matchleſs lyre!
O ſtrike the luſtral ſtring again,
And o'er Columbia waft the ſtrain.

Ah! would to light my clouded days,
One ray from thy unequall'd blaze,
Might thro my darkning fortunes ſhine,
And grace me with a note like thine!
But no, BRIGHT BARD, for thee alone
The Muſes weave the *laurel crown:*
Ne'er can the *timid, plaintive dove,*
Soar with the DAUNTLESS BIRD OF JOVE;
Nor *ſilv'ry Heſper's* dewy ray
Beam like the *Golden Orb of Day.*

ALFRED to PHILENIA.*

MY morn of life was bright and fair,
The diſtant miſts of gloomy *Care*,
By *Joy's* light breeze, which daily blew,
Were ſcatter'd far beyond the view.
Then bleſſings crown'd the happy hours—
Then *Pleaſure* ſtrew'd my path with flowers;
Then *Virtue* oped an eaſy way,
And led my footſteps up to day.
If e'er the *Child* of *Sorrow* mourn'd
My ſympathetic boſom burn'd;
The higheſt bliſs my ſoul could know,
Was, to relieve the pang of woe.

Such ſcenes my fondeſt feelings warm'd—
Such ſcenes my earlieſt habits form'd;
This dangerous race thro' youth I ran,
And, ruin'd, reach'd the verge of man.

Alas! ſad wretch!—I've wept, and run
At *Pity's* call——to be undone;
Beneath the flowers which ſtrew'd my way,
The thorn of keeneſt anguiſh lay;
Even in the boſs of *Virtue's* ſhield,
The ſting of torture lay conceal'd.

Ah, fatal *Love!*——
Now *Hope* has cloſ'd her ſun-bright eye,
And midnight glooms my midday ſky;

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* This, and the three next ſucceeding Poems, are extracted from the Columbian Centinel of 1791.

Deſpair now heaves his horrid form,
And frowns terrific in the ſtorm;
No ray of bliſs now meets my ſight,
And my whole ſoul is wrap'd in night.

Ah, ſweeteſt *Poeteſs*! thy lay
Can charm the weightieſt woes away;
The ſoft compaſſion of thy feeling breaſt,
Can ſhed a drop of balm, and lull my ſoul to reſt.

PHILENIA TO ALFRED.

ALFRED! the heaven lent muſe is thine,
Then bid impetuous ſorrow ceaſe;
And at the bright *Apollo's* ſhrine,
Recal thy exil'd heart to peace.

Vain is the tear in anguiſh ſhed,
And vain the pang by paſſion fed,
Then to the muſe thy moments give,
And for her deathleſs laurel *live*.

Ne'er hope in careleſs crouds to find
A refuge for thy *lonely* mind,
Think not the ſympathetick ſigh,
The language of the moving eye,
Will o'er thy with'ring ſorrows flow;
Envy will ſneer, and *rancour* frown,
Or *ignorant malice* drag thee down,
And ſcorn to ſolace what it cannot know.

Yet there are *ſome* to mercy true;
And ſuch *my griefs* have found,
Who o'er each life-deſtroying wound,
Shed pity's healing dew.

Such be thy favour'd lot, for they
Will live beyond the ſummer day,
Will mid'ſt the weeping autumn ſmile,
And e'en the wintry waſte beguile;
Will thy ſad breaſt from anguiſh free,
The friends of gentleneſs and thee.

But, if the ſlave of love thou art
Still languiſh and *endure*,
For when that ſtrikes *the feeling heart*,
Like death, it has no cure.

ALFRED TO PHILENIA.

AND does the heart, by love diſtreſs'd,
"Like death, admit no cure?"
Muſt *Alfred's* deeply-tortur'd breaſt,
"Still languiſh, and endure?"

Ah! for a moment ſtay thy doom,
Nor drive him frantic to the tomb.
Thy ſweet, thy all-ſubduing lay,
The tempeſts of the ſoul obey—
At thy command its ragings ceaſe—
Thou ſpeak'ſt and ev'ry heart is peace;
While thron'd ſublime above the ſtorm,
Thou wear'ſt a radiant Seraph's form,

And, ſmiling o'er the ſolemn ſcene,
Thy aſpect ſpeaks a mind ſerene.

Know then—o'er *Alfred's* ſinking ſoul,
The waves of ceaſeleſs anguiſh roll—
Love has aſſail'd his yielding heart,
And pierc'd it with his ſharpeſt dart;
Time's lenient hand its healing aid denies,
And every hour a heavier pang ſupplies.

When life's quick eddies warm'd his youthful heart,
He fell a prey to ſoft deceptive art—
To DELIA every real charm was given,
And ALFRED lov'd her next to Truth and Heaven.
Unus'd to guile, in love with truth,
And glowing with the fire of youth,
His mind the future proſpect view'd,
Where fancy every bleſſing ſhew'd—
The path of bliſs expanded lay,
And flowers EDENIAN ſtrew'd the way,
While all around the alluring ſcene,
Tranſported Friendſhip ſmil'd ſerene,
And Nature with endearing ſmile,
Spread out each gay enchanting wile,
And from the landſcape ſcene refin'd,
Brought ſweeteſt rapture to the mind.

But when this gay deluſion flew,
A dreary deſart oped to view;
Where nought but thorns the cheerleſs heath ſupplied,
Where Hope ſwift fled, and Expectation died.

But ALFRED lives amid a world of night,
Each hour beguiles him of a freſh delight;

" Chill Penury's" fiends, with angry aſpect lour
Round his ſad path, and wither every flower,
No gleams of joy pierce thro' the encreaſing gloom,
And Peace eludes his graſp, and flies beyond the tomb.

Muſt ALFRED then, "the ſlave of Love,"
" Still languiſh and endure?"
Can nought the torturing pangs remove
Is death the only cure?

The world has "friends to mercy true"—
" Such ALFRED'S griefs have found,"
Who in his breaſt " ſhed pity's healing dew"—
But Friendſhip's pity cannot heal the wound.

PHILENIA TO ALFRED.

"PEN'RY," no ALFRED! 'tis not thine,
In thy rich Soul's exhauſtleſs Mine
Abounds more Wealth, than GANGES golden Shores
E'er on the tawny Chiefs beſtow'd,
When parting from the ſacred Flood,
The falſly, glitt'ring, yellow Sand,
Spreads Treaſure thro' the torrid Land,
Or tho' from out the burning Soil,
Drawn by the harden'd Hand of Toil,
The precious ſparkling Drops are plac'd
Round the ſlim Zone of Beauty's Waiſt,
And add new Splendour to ſome Monarch's Stores.
Does not the vernal Morning riſe
With Radiance to thy grateful Eyes?

Does not the breezy Flow of Eve
A Tranſport to thy Boſom give?
And ev'ry life-diſſolving Sigh,
Fill thy rapt Soul with Extacy,
When thy loſt Charmer on thy Viſion beams,
And feeds wild Fancy with deluſive Dreams?

Ah! ALFRED, I of Griefs could ſpeak,
'Till at ſoft Pity's call
The iron Tears would fall
In burning Streams down hard Oppreſſion's Cheek.
But no! I quit the heartleſs Lay,
And caſt the unavailing Theme away.

When wand'ring o'er the fragrant Vale,
Soft Warblings wafting thro' the Gale,
Does not thy Soul a Pardon find
For Words unjuſt, and Deeds unkind?
Do not the cruel Herd inſpire
Compaſſion or Diſdain?
Can Scorn's cold Eye thy boſom fire.
To yield one Wrong again?
No! ALFRED, no! the MUSE is thine!
And where her Bounties flow,
All the bright beaming Virtues ſhine,
The warm Affections glow.
Then can that Duſt poor Miſers hoard,
Enrich thy wealthy Soul?
Can ſordid Ore one Bliſs afford?
One tyrant Pang controul?

The friendleſs Flatt'rer's ſmile to prove,
To purchaſe venal Beauty's Eye,
To ſwell mad Envy's frantic Sigh,
And loſe each Sympathy of Love;
Such are the Joys which Gold can give,
And ſuch e'en Miſers may receive,
But ſuch can ne'er be thine.—
The MUSE extends her open Arms,
She courts thee with unbounded Charms,
Her Pencil paints each glowing Scene,
Her Muſick floats along the Green,
By her the laurel'd Virtues live,
She bids degraded Vice, the Bluſh of Conſcience give.
Science is her's, and ev'ry Art divine.
Then like PHILENIA quit the Herd,
Where Mercy is unknown:
And be thy votive Prayer preferr'd,
At great APOLLO's Throne.

Sweet Solitude, kind Nurſe of Song,
Allures me from the joyleſs Throng,
Spreads her repoſing Breaſt to me, [to thee.
And bids my tuneleſs Harp waft long Adieus to cities and

POEM,

Written in Boſton, at the commencement of the late Revolution.

By James Allen, of Boston.

FROM realms of bondage and a tyrant's reign,
Our godlike fathers bore no ſlaviſh chain;
To Pharaoh's face the inſpired patriarchs ſtood,
To ſeal their virtue, with a martyr's blood:
But lives ſo precious, ſuch a ſacred ſeed,
The ſource of empires, heaven's high will decreed:
He ſnatch'd the ſaints from Pharaoh's impious hand,
And bade his choſen ſeek this diſtant land:
Then to theſe climes the illuſtricus exiles ſped,
'Twas freedom prompted, and the Godhead led.
Eternal woods the virgin ſoil defac'd,
A dreary deſert, and an howling waſte;
A haunt of tribes no pity taught to ſpare,
And they oppos'd them with remorſeleſs war,
But heaven's right arm led forth the faithful train,
The guardian Godhead ſwept the inſidious plain,
Till the ſcour'd thicket amicable ſtood,
Nor daſtard ambuſh trench'd the duſky wood:
Our ſires then earn'd, no more, precarious bread,
Nor midſt alarms their frugal meals were ſpread;
Fair boding hopes inur'd their hands to toil,
And patriot virtue nurs'd the thriving ſoil;

Nor ſcarce two ages have their periods run,
Since o'er their culture ſmil'd the genial ſun;
And now what ſtates extend their fair domains
O'er fleecy mountains and luxuriant plains!
Where happy millions their own fields poſſeſs,
No tyrant awes them, and no lords oppreſs;
The hand of rule, divine diſcretion guides,
And white-robed virtue o'er her paths preſides,
Each polic'd order venerates the laws,
And each, ingenuous, ſpeaks in freedom's cauſe;
The Spartan ſpirit, nor the Roman name,
The patriot's pride, ſhall rival theſe in fame;
Here all the ſweets that ſocial life can know,
From the full font of civil ſapience flow;
Here golden Ceres clothes the autumnal plain,
And art's fair empreſs holds her new domain;
Here angel ſcience ſpreads her lucid wing,
And hark, how ſweet the new-born Muſes ſing!
Here generous commerce ſpreads her liberal hand,
And ſcatters foreign bleſſings round the land.
Shall meagre Mammon, or proud luſt of ſway,
Reverſe theſe ſcenes? Will heaven permit the day?
Shall in this era all our hopes expire,
And weeping freedom from her fanes retire?
Here, ſhall the tyrant ſtill our peace purſue,
From the pain'd eye-brow drink the vital dew?
Nor nature's barrier wards, our fathers' foe,
Seas roll in vain, and boundleſs oceans flow?

Stay, Pharaoh,* ſtay: that impious hand forbear,
Nor tempt the genius of our ſouls too far;

* The King of Great-Britain.

How oft, ungracious, in thy thankleſs ſtead,
Mid ſcenes of death, our generous youth have bled!
When the proud Gaul thy mightieſt powers repell'd,
And drove thy legions, trembling, from the field,
We rent the laurel from the victor's brow,
And round thy temples taught the wreath to grow.†
Say, when thy ſlaughter'd bands the deſart dy'd,
Where lone Ohio rolls her gloomy tide,
Whoſe dreary banks their waſting bones inſhrine,
What arm aveng'd them? thankleſs! was it thine?‡
But generous valor ſcorns a boaſting word,
And conſcious virtue reaps her own reward:
Yet conſcious virtue bids thee now to ſpeak,
Tho' guilty bluſhes kindle o'er thy cheek:
If waſting wars and painful toils at length,
Had drain'd our veins, and wither'd all our ſtrength,
How could'ſt thou, cruel, form the vile deſign,
And round our neck the wreath of bondage twine?
And if ſome lingering ſpirit rous'd to ſtrife,
Bid ruffian murder drink the dregs of life?
Shall future ages e'er forget the deed?
And ſhan't, for this, impious Britain bleed?

---

† The taking of Louiſbourg in the year 1755, by General Pepperell.

‡ The ſame year the King's troops were ſurprized near the banks of the Ohio; when our illuſtrious General Waſhington covered the retreat, and ſaved the deſtruction of the whole army. A body of the French was repulſed at an aſſault of the provincial lines at the weſtward, their General taken priſoner, and their whole army compelled to fly back to Canada.

When comes the period, heaven predeſtines muſt,
When Europe's glories ſhall be whelm'd in duſt,
When our proud fleets the naval wreath ſhall wear,
And o'er her empires hurl the bolts of war,
Unnerv'd by fate, the boldeſt heart ſhall fail,
And, mid their guards, auxiliar kings grow pale;
In vain ſhall Britain lift her ſuppliant eye,
An alien'd offspring feels no filial tye,
Her tears in vain ſhall bathe the ſoldiers' feet,
Remember, ingrate, Boſton's crimſon'd ſtreet;§
Whole hecatombs of lives the deed ſhall pay,
And purge the murders of that guilty day.‖

But why to future periods look ſo far,
What force e'er fac'd us, that we fear'd to dare?
Then can'ſt thou think, e'en on this early day,
Proud force ſhall bend us to a tyrant's ſway?
A foreign foe oppos'd our ſword in vain,*
And thine own troops we've rallied on the plain.†
If then our lives your lawleſs ſword invade,
Think'ſt thou, enſlav'd, we'll kiſs the pointed blade?
Nay, let experience ſpeak, be this the teſt,—
Tis from experience that we reaſon beſt,—

---

§ The Maſſacre of the 5th of March 1770.

‖ The Poet ſeems to have been very prophetic in this beautiful paſſage.

* The extirpation of the Neutrals from Nova-Scotia.

† The Provincials covered the retreat from the French lines at Ticonderoga, when the Britiſh General, Abercrombie, was defeated by the Marquis Montcalm, in 1758.

When firſt the mandate ſhew'd the ſhameleſs plan,
To rank our race beneath the claſs of man,
Low as the brute to ſink the human line,
Our toil our portion, and the harveſt thine,
Modeſt but firm, we plead the ſacred cauſe,
On nature baſ'd, and ſanction'd by the laws;
But your deaf ear the conſcious plea denied,
Some demon counſel'd, and the ſword reply'd;
Your navy th en our haven cover'd o'er,
And arm'd battalions treſpaſs'd on our ſhore,
Thro the prime ſtreets, they march'd in war's array:
At noon's full blaze, and in the face of day:
With dumb contempt we paſs'd the ſervile ſhow,
While ſcorn's proud ſpirit ſcowl'd on every brow;
Day after day ſucceſſive wrongs we bore,
Till patience, wearied, could ſupport no more,
Till ſlaughter'd lives our native ſtreets prophan'd,
And thy ſlaves' hand our hallow'd crimſon ſtain'd;
No ſudden rage the ruffian ſoldier tore,
Or drench'd the pavements with his vital gore,
Deliberate thought did all our ſouls compoſe,
Till, veil'd in gloo ns, the lowery morning roſe;
No mob then furious urg'd the impaſſion'd fray,
Nor clamorous tumults dinn'd the ſolemn day;
In full convene the city‡ ſenate ſat,
Our fathers' ſpirit rul'd the firm debate:
The freeborn ſoul no reptile tyrant checks,
Tis heaven that dictates when the people ſpeaks;

---

‡ Town-meeting at Faneuil-Hall.

Loud from their tongues the awful mandate broke,
And thus, inſpir'd, the ſacred ſenate ſpoke;
Ye miſcreant troops, be gone! our preſence fly;
Say, if ye dare, but if ye dare, ye die!
Ah, too ſevere, the fearful chief § replies,
Permit one half, the other, inſtant, flies.
No parle, avaunt, or by our fathers' ſhades,
Your reeking lives ſhall glut our vengeful blades.
Ere morning's light, begone,—or elſe we ſwear,
Each ſlaughter'd corſe ſhall feed the birds of air!
Ere morning's light had ſtreak'd the ſkies with red,
The chieftain yielded, and the ſoldier fled.
Tis thus experience ſpeaks—the teſt forbear,
Nor ſhew theſe ſtates your feeble front of war.
But ſtill your navies lord it o'er the main,—
Their keels are natives of our oaken plain;
E'en the proud maſt that bears your flag on high,
" Grew on our ſoil, and ripen'd in our ſky:
"Know then thyſelf, preſume not us to ſcan,
Your power precarious, and your iſle a ſpan.

Yet could our wrongs in juſt oblivion ſleep,
And on each neck reviv'd affection weep,
The brave are generous, and the good forgive,
Then ſay you've wrong'd us, and our parent live;‖
But face not fate, oppoſe not heaven's decree,
Let not that curſe our mother light on thee.

---

§ The infamous Governor Hutchinſon.

‖ Her tyrants were too ſelf-conceited, and too obſtinate, to take the advice of men of the beſt ſenſe and underſtanding. The conſequence has been the eſtabliſhment of liberty and univerſal commerce in America.

AN INTENDED INSCRIPTION,

Written for the Monument on Beacon-Hill, in Boſton, and addreſſed to the Paſſenger.

BY THE SAME.

WHERE ſtretch'd your ſail, beneath what foreign ſky
Did lovlier landſcapes ever charm your eye?
Could fancy's fairy pencil, Stranger! ſay,
E'en dipt in dreams, a nobler ſcene portray?

Behold yon vales, whoſe ſkirts elude your view,
And mountains fading to ærial blue!
Along their bow'ry ſhades how healthy toil
Alternate ſports, or tends the mellow ſoil.
See rural towns mid groves and gardens riſe,
And eaſtward,—where the ſtretching ocean lies,
Lo! our fair capital ſublimes the ſcene,
New *Albion's* pride, and ocean's future queen;
How o'er the tradeful port auguſt ſhe ſmiles,
Her ſea-like haven boaſts an hundred iſles,
Whence hardy commerce ſwells the lofty ſails
O'er arctic ſeas, and mocks the polar gales,
Thence tides of wealth the waſting breezes bring,
And hence e'en culture feels its vital ſpring.

Theſe ſcenes our Sires from rugged nature wrought,
Since—what dire wars their patriot race have fought!
Witneſs yon tracts, where firſt the Briton bled,
Driv'n by our youth redoubted PIERCY fled:

There BREED aſcends, and BUNKER's bleeding ſteeps,
Still o'er whoſe brow abortive Vict'ry weeps;
What Trophies ſince! the gaze of after times,
Rear'd *Freedom's* empire o'er our happy climes!

But hence, fond Stranger, take a nobler view,
See yon ſhorn elm,* whence all theſe glories grew.
Here, where the armed foe preſumptious trod,
Trampled our ſhrines, and even mouth'd our GOD,
His vengeful hand, deep as the parent-root,
Lopt each grown branch, and ev'ry ſuckling ſhoot;
Becauſe beneath her conſecrated ſhade
Our earlieſt vows to LIBERTY were paid.
High from *her Altar* blew the heaven-caught fire,
While all our wealth o'erhung the kindling pyre.
How at the deed the Nations ſtood aghaſt,
As on the pile our plighted lives we caſt!

O! if an alien from our fair domains,
The blood of *Britain*, hapleſs, taint your veins,
Pace o'er that hallow'd ground with awful tread,
And tears, atoning, o'er yon relick ſhed;
But if, American! your lineage ſprings,
From Sires, who ſcorn the pedigree of kings,
A Georgian born you breathe the tepid air,
Or on the breezy banks of *Delaware*,
Or hardy *Hampſhire* claim your haughty birth,
Revere yon root, and kiſs its nurt'ring earth:
O be its fibre fed by flowing ſprings,
Whence roſe our empire o'er the thrones of kings:

---

* The ſtump of Liberty-Tree.

E'en now deſcend, adore the dear remain,
Where firſt rear'd Liberty's illumin'd fane,
There all her race, while time's revolve ſhall come,
As pilgrims flock to MECCA's idol'd tomb.

ELEGIAC ODE,

Sacred to the Memory of General GREENE.

BY GEORGE RICHARDS, OF BOSTON.

SAY, ſhall the bards of ancient Greece and Rome,
In all the pathos of impaſſion'd woe,
Mourn with their country, at the hero's tomb,
And fire a world to emulation's glow?
Shall weeping muſes quit Pierian groves,
To deck the ſod, where reſt the good, the brave;
And ſhall the warrior, whom an empire loves
Repoſe, unſung, unhonor'd in the grave?

Forbid it, heaven! Columbia claims the ſong:
Touch'd with her griefs, I ſweep the plaintive lyre;
To her, to Greene, immortal ſtrains belong:
An angel's pencil, and a ſeraph's fire.
Whilſt ſacred Truth, from realms of light divine,
Shall pour the tide of intellectual day,
And lead my footſteps to the hero's ſhrine,
Where patriots guard, and freemen watch the clay.

When firſt Britannia bath'd her ſword in gore,
His ſoul, indignant, ſpurn'd the peaceful ſhade;
Inſtant he arm'd, to brave the Lion's roar,
And the keen terrors of the Highland blade.
Prompt at his call, to hoſtile fields he led
The hardy yeomen of his native iſle;*
True ſons of liberty; whom virtue bred,
Strong for the labors of Herculean toil.

Mild of acceſs, in him, no little pride
Obſcur'd the greatneſs of a noble mind;
He felt for all; the ſoldier at his ſide
Brought down the ſweeteſt "milk of human kind."
For council honor'd, in the camp belov'd,
Sagacious, cool, amid the ſtorm ſerene;
Heroes rever'd, applauding States approv'd,
And Albion trembled at the name of GREENE.

Oft have his limbs the frozen earth compreſs'd,
Whilſt round his head the watery torrent pour'd;
Thick clouds the curtains to his couch of reſt,
Where the bleak wind and midnight hail-ſtorm roar'd.
And oft, advancing with the ſolar ray,
His banners flam'd to meet the lightning's glare,
In torrid realms of more than burning day;
Sad haunts of death, and plagues, and putrid air.

There hallow'd truths, inſcrib'd on glory's roll,
Written in blood on honor's purple veſt,
Shall gallant warriors, born of kindred ſoul,
With conſcious pride, and martial zeal atteſt.

---

* General GREENE commanded the troops raiſed by the State of Rhode-Iſland, the firſt campaign of the late war.

Illuſtrious men! ye nerv'd his mighty hand,
To cruſh the ſavage on the warlike plain;
When to the ſouth he wheel'd his conquering band,
And broke the iron of oppreſſion's chain.

Around the ſhores which Hudſon's billows lave,
His laurel wreaths ſhall ever verdant bloom;
And Trenton's cypreſs ſhade the hero's grave,
Whilſt penſive Princeton mourns his early tomb.
Auguſt abodes! ye heard the trumpet's ſound;
Which bade his columns range, his ſquadrons form;
Ye ſaw his courſers ſnuff the embattled ground,
And Greene, triumphant, rule the vengeful ſtorm.

Array'd in tears and garb of ſable hue,
See Brandywine the chieftain's hearſe attend;
And Germantown † lament—and Monmouth, rob'd in yew,
And Aſhley's waters wail their god-like friend.
Immortal grounds! the theme of every age,
Your meaneſt duſt ſhall ſpeak the hero's praiſe;
Here bolted vengeance burſt with tenfold rage,
And there he drove the lightning's rapid blaze.

Nor leſs illuſtrious are the banks of Dan,
Or Guilford's fields, where feats of bold empriſe,
Proclaim the genius of the matchleſs man:
Though all the regions, mark'd by azure ſkies,
Ye ſaw his arms the vollied thunders deal,
Which check'd Cornwallis in his mid career;
With Tarleton's ſword, and Rawdon's murderous ſteel,
And ſavage Balfour pal'd with guilty fear.

† At Germantown, Monmouth, and in South-Carolina, Gen. GREENE was honored with diſtinguiſhed command.

Illuſtrious ſpots of earth's high favor'd mould!
What, tho no clarions ſwell to dire alarms,
And no proud chief, in pomp of burniſh'd gold,
Leads on his troops in the bright glow of arms;
Yet ſhall the veteran there recount the tale
Of armies raiſ'd, uncloth'd, unfed, unpaid,
Who ſtood the ſummer's heat, the winter's gale,
Nor turn'd their boſoms from the tyrant's blade.

Such were the men, who own'd the power of GREENE,
When the ſhrill muſic, lengthening down the line,
Urg'd rank on rank, to try the dubious ſcene,
And combat hoſts, by deſpots thought divine.
Thrice honor'd chief! the work of death is paſt,
Thy taſk completed, ſmiling peace deſcends,
Huſh'd is the din, and mute the trumpet's blaſt,
And ardent warrior's greet as ancient friends.

Mature in life, with endleſs honor crown'd,
Too bright for earth, and fit for purer ſkies,
Celeſtial bards his mighty deeds reſound,
Whilſt thus, aloud, a prince of angels cries.
"At God's decree, by heaven's high throne, I ſwear,
"'Tis done! tis done! his time ſhall be no more!
"Thou king of death deſcend, on wings of air,
"And waft the hero to his native ſhore."

The obedient monarch cleft the etherial way,‡
His golden darts were tipp'd with ſacred fire,
He rode the chariot of eternal day,
And, fleet as lightning, paſs'd the applauding choir.

---

‡ General GREENE died of the *Coup de Soleil*, or Stroke of the Sun.

His radiant form the hero kenn'd afar,
  R ſolv'd in death to boaſt ſupernal fame,
He mounted ſwift, laſh'd on the burning car,
  And tower'd ſublime in robes of ſolar flame.

According ſpirits tun'd the ſong of love,
  From heavenly harps was heard triumphant praiſe,
Which breath'd thrice welcome to the climes above,
  In the mild muſic of harmonious lays.
A pauſe enſued; the melting lyre was ſtill,
  And this the voice which trumpets roll'd around.
" Go, fix the hero's throne on glory's hill,
  " And be the chief by mightieſt warriors crown'd."

The laurel wreath was borne in Warren's hand,
  The great Montgomery thron'd the immortal GREENE,
The gentle Mercer join'd the feſtive band,
  And gallant Laurens graced the glorious ſcene.
Uncounted veterans throng' d the bleſt abodes;
  Loud ſwell'd the notes to extacy divine;
And Spartan heroes, next in rank to Gods,
  Proclaim'd, with Wolfe, the palm of merit thine.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.†

PUT to the door—the ſchool's begun—
Stand in your places every one,—
Attend,———
* * * * * * * * * * *
Read in the bible,—tell the place,—
" *Job twentieth and the ſeventeenth varſe*—
Caleb, begin. *And—he—ſhall—ſuck—*
Sir,—Moſes got a pin and ſtuck——
Silence,—ſtop Caleb—Moſes! here!
What's this complaint? *I didn't, Sir,*—
Hold up your hand,—What is't a pin?
O dear, I won't do ſo agin.
Read on. *The increaſe of his h--h--horſe*—
Hold: H, O, U, S, E, ſpells houſe.
Sir, what's this word? for I can't tell it.
Can't you indeed! Why ſpell it. *Spell it.*
Begin yourſelf, I ſay. *Who, I?*
Yes, try. Sure you can ſpell it. *Try.*
Go, take your ſeats and primers, go,
You ſha'n't abuſe the bible ſo.

† This Poem is extracted from the New-Hampſhire Spy, where it is introduced by the following note:——" Mr. Oſborne, The following may fill a corner of your Spy, if there is any thing original, natural or juſt, in thus ſketching out a picture of a common Town School, where there are frequently ſuch vaſt numbers of every age, ſize and ſex ſent together, as to create perpetual confuſion, diſtract an illiterate maſter, and fruſtrate the noble deſign of ſending them."

Will pray Sir Maſter mend my pen?
Say, Maſter, that's enough.—Here Ben,
Is this your copy? Can't you tell?
Set all your letters parallel.
I've done my ſum—'tis juſt a groat—
Let's ſee it.—*Maſter, m' I g' out?*
Yes,—bring ſome wood in—What's that noiſe?
It isn't I, Sir, it's them boys.——

Come Billy, read—What's that? *That's A—*
Sir, Jim has ſnatch'd my rule away——
Return it, James.—Here, rule with this—
Billy, read on,—*That's crooked S.*
Read in the ſpelling-book—Begin—
The boys are out—Then call them in—
My noſe bleeds, mayn't I get ſome ice,
And hold it in my breeches?—Yes.
John, keep your ſeat. *My ſum is more—*
Then do't again—Divide by four,
By twelve, and twenty—Mind the rule.
Now ſpeak, Manaſſah, and ſpell tool.
I can't—Well try---*T, W, L.*
Not waſh'd your hands yet, boody, ha?
You had your orders yeſterday.
Give me the ferrule, hold your hand.
Oh! Oh! There,---mind my next command.

The grammar read. Tell where the place is.
C ſounds like K in cat and caſes.
My book is torn. The next.---*Here not*---
E final makes it long---ſay note.
What are the ſtops and marks, Suſannah?
Small points, Sir.——And how many, Hannah?

Four, Sir. How many, George? You look:
Here's more than fifty in my book.
How's this? Juſt come, Sam? *Why I've been---*
Who knocks? *I don't know, Sir.* Come in.
"Your moſt obedient, Sir?" And yours.
Sit down, Sir. Sam, put to the doors.
What do you bring to tell that's new!
"Nothing, that's either ſtrange or true.
"What a prodigious ſchool! I'm ſure
"You've got a hundred here, or more.
"A word, Sir, if you pleaſe." I will---
You girls, till I come in be ſtill.

"Come, we can dance to night---ſo you
"Diſmiſs your brain-diſtracting crew,
"And come---For all the girls are there.
"We'll have a fiddle and a player."
Well, mind and have the ſleigh-bells ſent,
I'll ſoon diſmiſs my regiment.

Silence! The ſecond claſs muſt read.
As quick as poſſible---proceed.
Not found your book yet? Stand---be fix'd---
The next read, ſtop---the next---the next.
You need not read again, tis well.
Come Tom and Dick, chuſe ſides to ſpell.
Will this word do? Yes, Tom ſpell dunce.
Sit ſtill there all you little ones.
I've got a word, Well, name it. *Gizzard.*
You ſpell it Sampſon---*G, I, Z.*
Spell conſcience, Jack. *K, O, N,*
S, H, U, N, T, S.---Well done!

Put out the next---*Mine is folks.*
Tim, ſpell it----*P, H, O, U, X.*
O ſhocking! Have you all try'd? *No,*
Say Maſter, but no matter, go---
Lay by your books---and you, Joſiah,
Help Jed to make the morning fire.

THE SPEECH OF HESPER.†

YE ſires of nations, call'd in high debate,
From kindred realms, to ſave the ſinking ſtate,
A boundleſs ſway on one broad baſe to rear——
My voice paternal claims your liſtening ear;
O'er the wide clime my foſtering cares extend,
Your guardian genius and your deathleſs friend.

When ſplendid victory on her trophy'd car,
Swept from theſe ſhores the laſt remains of war,

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† This Poem forms part of a ſeries of publications, in the Connecticut Magazine, for the years 1786 and 1787,—under the title of "American Antiquities;" of which it makes the tenth number, and is call d an "Extract from the Anarchiad, book xxiv,"—being prefaced by the following lines, viz.——"At the op ning of this book, and previous to the great and final conflict, which, by what is legible at the cloſe of the Poem, appears to eſtabliſh the Anarch in his dominion of the new world, Heſper, with a ſolicitude and energy becoming his high ſtation, and the importance of the ſubject, makes his laſt ſolemn addreſs to his principal counſellors and ſages, whom he had convened at Philadelphia."

Bade each glad ſtate, that boaſts Columbia's name,
Exult in freedom and aſcend to fame,
To bliſs unbounded ſtretch their ardent eyes,
And wealth and empire from their labour riſe,
My raptur'd ſons beheld the diſcord ceaſe,
And ſooth'd their ſorrows in the ſongs of peace.

Shall theſe bright ſcenes, with happieſt omens born,
Fade like the fleeting viſions of the morn?
Shall this fair fabric from its baſe be hurl'd
And whelm in duſt the glories of the world?
Will ye, who ſaw the heavens tempeſtuous lower,
Who felt the arm of irritated power,
Whoſe ſouls diſtending with the waſting flood,
Prepar'd the firm foundations, built in blood,
By diſcord ſiez'd, will ye deſert the plan?
The unfiniſh'd Babel of the bliſs of man?

Go ſearch the field of death, where heroes, loſt
In graves obſcure, can tell what freedom coſt.
Tho' conqueſt ſmil'd; there ſlain amid the croud,
And plung'd promiſcuous with no winding ſhroud,
No friendly hand their gory wounds to lave,
The thouſands moulder in a common grave.
Not ſo thy ſon, oh Laurens! gaſping lies,
Too daring youth, war's lateſt ſacrifice;
His ſnow-white boſom heaves with writhing pain,
The purple drops his ſnow-white boſom ſtain;
His cheek of roſe is wan, a deadly hue
Sits on his face, that chills with lucid dew.——
There Warren, glorious with expiring breath,
A comely corſe, that ſmiles in ghaſtly death:

See Mercer bleed——and o'er yon wintry wall,
Mid heaps of ſlain, ſee great Montgomery fall!

Behold thoſe veterans worn with want and care,
Their ſinews ſtiffen'd, ſilver'd o'er their hair,
Weak in their ſteps of age, they move forlorn,
Their toils forgotten by the ſons of ſcorn;
This hateful truth ſtill aggravates their pain,
In vain they conquer'd and they bled in vain.
Go then, ye remnants of inglorious wars,
Diſown your marks of merit, hide your ſcars,
Of luſt, of power, of titled pride accuſ'd,
Steal to your graves diſhonor'd and abuſ'd.

For ſee proud Faction waves her flaming brand,
And diſcord riots o'er the ungrateful land;
Lo, to the north a wild adventurous crew
In deſperate mobs the ſavage ſtate renew;
Each felon chief his maddening thouſands draws,
And claims bold licence from the bond of laws;
In other States the choſen ſires of ſhame,
Stamp their vile knaveries with a legal name;
In honor's ſeat the ſons of meanneſs ſwarm,
And ſenates baſe the work of mobs perform,
To wealth, to power the foes of union riſe,
While foes deride you and while friends deſpiſe.

Stand forth, ye traitors, at your country's bar,
Inglorious authors of inteſtine war;
What countleſs miſchiefs from their labours riſe!
Pens dipp'd in gall and lips inſpir'd with lies!
Ye ſires of ruin, prime deteſted cauſe
Of bankrupt faith, annihilated laws,

Of ſelfiſh ſyſtems, jealous, local ſchemes,
And union'd empire loſt in empty dreams,
Your names expanding with your growing crime
Shall float diſguſtful down the ſtream of time,
Each future age applaud the avenging ſong,
And outrag'd nature vindicate the wrong.

Yes there are men, who, touch'd with heavenly fire,
Beyond the confines of theſe climes aſpire,
Beyond the praiſes of a tranſient age,
To live immortal in the patriot page;
Who greatly dare, though warring worlds oppoſe,
To pour juſt vengeance on their country's foes.

And lo! the etherial wor'ds aſſert your cauſe,
Celeſtial aid the voice of virtue draws;
The curtains blue of yon expanſion rend,
From opening ſkies heroic ſhades deſcend.
See, rob'd in light, the forms of heaven appear,
The warrior ſpirits of your friends are near;
Each on his ſteed of fire (his quiver ſtor'd
With ſhafts of vengeance) graſps his flaming ſword,
The burning blade waves high, and, dipt in blood,
Hurls plagues and death on diſcord's faithleſs brood.

Yet what the hope? the dreams of Congreſs fade,
The federal union ſinks in endleſs ſhade,
Each feeble call, that warns the realms around,
Seems the faint echo of a dying ſound,
Each requiſition wafts in fleeting air,
And not one ſtate regards the powerleſs prayer.

Ye wanton States, by heaven's beſt bleſſings curſt,
Long on the lap of ſoftening luxury nurſt,

What fickle frenzy raves, what viſions ſtrange?
Inſpire your boſoms with the luſt of change?
And frames the wiſh to fly from fancy'd ill,
And yield your freedom to a monarch's will?

Go, view the lands to lawleſs power a prey,
Where tyrants govern with unbounded ſway;
See the long pomp in gorgeous ſtate diſplay'd,
The tinſel'd guards, the ſquadron'd horſe parade;
See heralds gay with emblems on their veſt,
In tiſſued robes tall beauteous pages dreſt;
Where moves the pageant, throng unnumber'd ſlaves,
Lords, Dukes, and Princes, titulary knaves
Confus'dly ſhine, the purple gemm'd with ſtars,
Sceptres, and globes, and crowns, and ruby'd cars,
On gilded orbs the thundering chariots roll'd,
Steeds ſnorting fire, and champing bitts of gold,
Prance to the trumpet's voice—while each aſſumes
A loftier gait, and lifts his neck of plumes.
High on the moving throne, and near the van,
The tyrant rides, the choſen ſcourge of man;
Clarions, and flutes, and drums, his way prepare,
And ſhouting millions rend the conſcious air;
Millions whoſe ceaſeleſs toils the pomp ſuſtain,
Whoſe hour of ſtupid joy repays an age of pain.

From years of darkneſs ſprings the regal line,
Hereditary kings by right divine;
'Tis theirs to riot on all nature's ſpoils,
For them with pangs unbleſt the peaſant toils,
For them the earth prolific teems with grain,
Theirs, the dread labours of the devious main,

Annual for them the waſted land renews
The gifts oppreſſive, and extorted dues,
For them, when ſlaughter ſpreads the gory plains,
The life-blood guſhes from a thouſand veins,
While the dull herd, of earth-born po'p afraid,
Adore the power that coward meanneſs made.

Let Poland tell what woe returning ſprings,
Where right elective yields the crown to kings!
War guides the choice—each candidate abhorr'd
Founds his firm title on the waſting ſword,
Wades to the throne amid the ſanguine flood,
And dips his purple in a nation's blood.

Behold, where Venice rears her ſea-girt towers,
O'er the vile croud proud oligarchy lowers;
While each Ariſtocrate affects a throne,
Beneath a thouſand kings the poor plebeians groan.

Nor leſs abhor'd the certain woe that waits
The giddy rage of democratic ſtates;
Whoſe pop'lar breath, high-blown in reſtleſs tide,
No laws can temper and no reaſon guide;
An equal ſway their mind indignant ſpurns,
To wanton change the bliſs of freedom turns,
Led by wild demagogues the factious croud,
Mean, fierce, imperious, inſolent and loud,
Nor fame nor wealth nor power nor ſyſtem draws,
They ſee no object and perceive no cauſe,
But feel by turns, in one diſaſterous hour,
The extremes of licence and the extremes of power.

What madneſs prompts, or what ill-omen'd fates,
Your realm to parcel into petty ſtates?

Shall lordly Hudſon part contending powers?
And broad Potowmac lave two hoſtile ſhores?
Muſt Allegany's ſacred ſummits bear
The impious bulwarks of perpetual war?
His hundred ſtreams receive your heroes ſlain?
And bear your ſons inglorious to the main?
Will ſtates cement by feebler bonds allied?
Or join more cloſely as they more divide?
Will this vain ſcheme bid reſtleſs factions ceaſe?
Check foreign wars or fix internal peace?
Call public credit from her grave to riſe?
Or gain in grandeur what they looſe in ſize?
In this weak realm can countleſs kingdoms ſtart
Strong with new force in each divided part?
While empire's head diſſected into four
Gains life by ſeverance of diminiſh'd power?
So when the philoſophic hand divides
The full grown polypus in genial tides,
Each ſever'd part, inform'd with latent life,
Acquires new vigour from the friendly knife,
O'er peopled ſands the puny inſects creep,
Till the next wave abſorbs them in the deep.

What then remains? muſt pilgrim Freedom fly
From theſe lov'd regions to her native ſky?
When the fair fugitive the orient chaced,
She fixt her ſeat beyond the watry waſte;
Her docile ſons (enough of power reſign'd,
And natural rights in ſocial leagues combin'd)
In virtue firm, tho' jealous in her cauſe,
Gave ſenates force and energy to laws,

From ancient habit local powers obey,
Yet feel no reverence for one general ſway,
For breach of faith no keen compulſion feel,
And find no intereſt in the fœderal weal.
But know, ye favour'd race, one potent head,
Muſt rule your ſtates, and ſtrike your foes with dread,
The finance regulate, the trade controul,
Live thro' the empire, and accord the whole.

Ere death invades, and night's deep curtain falls,
Thro' ruin'd realms the voice of Union calls;
Loud as the trump of heaven thro' darkneſs roars,
When gyral guſts entomb Caribbean towers,
When nature trembles thro' the deeps convulſt,
And ocean foams from craggy cliffs repulſt,
On you ſhe calls! attend the warning cry,
"YE LIVE UNITED, OR DIVIDED DIE."

From the New-Haven Gazette, and Connecticut Magazine, for 1788.*

TO THE PRINTER.

THE diſtreſs which the inhabitants of Guinea experience at the loſs of their children, which are ſtolen from them by the perſons employed in the barbarous traffic of human fleſh, is, perhaps, more thoroughly felt than deſcribed. But, as it is a ſubject to which every perſon has not attended, the Author of the following lines hopes that, poſſibly, he may excite ſome attention, (while he obtains indulgence) to an attempt to repreſent the anguiſh of a mother, whoſe ſon and daughter were taken from her by a Ship's Crew, belonging to a Country where the GOD of Juſtice and Mercy is owned and worſhipped.

"HELP! oh, help! thou GOD of Chriſtians!
" Save a mother from deſpair!
" Cruel white-men ſteal my children!
" GOD of Chriſtians, hear my prayer!

" From my arms by force they're rended,
" Sailors drag them to the ſea;
" Yonder ſhip, at anchor riding,
" Swift will carry them away.

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* This Poem was originally printed in the above-mentioned Paper, February 21ſt, 1788, in rather an incorrect manner. It is now offered to the public, with the amendment of the errors reprehenſible at its firſt appearance.

" There my ſon lies, ſtripp'd, and bleeding;
" Faſt, with thongs, his hands are bound.
" See, the tyrants, how they ſcourge him!
" See his ſides a reeking wound!

" See his little ſiſter by him;
" Quaking, trembling, how ſhe lies!
" Drops of blood her face beſprinkle;
" Tears of anguiſh fill her eyes.

" Now they tear her brother from her;
" Down, below the deck, he's thrown;
" Stiff with beating, thro' fear ſilent,
" Save a ſingle, death-like, groan.

" Hear the little creature begging!"—
' Take me, white-men, for your own!
' Spare! oh, ſpare my darling brother!
' He's my mother's only ſon.

' See, upon the ſhore ſhe's raving:
' Down ſhe falls upon the ſands:
' Now, ſhe tears her fleſh with madneſs;
' Now, ſhe prays with lifted hands.

' I am young, and ſtrong, and hardy;
' He's a ſick, and feeble boy;
' Take me, whip me, chain me, ſtarve me,
' All my life I'll toil with joy.

' Chriſtians! who's the GOD you worſhip?
" Is he cruel, fierce, or good?
' Does he take delight in mercy?
' Or in ſpilling human blood?

'Ah! my poor diſtracted mother!
'Hear her ſcream upon the ſhore.'—
Down the ſavage Captain ſtruck her,
Lifeleſs on the veſſel's floor.

Up his ſails he quickly hoiſted,
To the ocean bent his way;
Headlong plunged the raving mother,
From a high rock, in the ſea.

NEW YEAR'S WISH.*

By Dr. ——————.

TO you, my young friends, while I write,
Kind wiſhes ſpontaneous ariſe;
And does ought my rude paſſions excite,
They are huſh'd by benevolent ſighs.
A muſe, in the form of a Dove,
Hovers round, and diſpels every fear;
She bids me each talent improve
To hail you a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Her mandates I cheerful obey,
As her ſmiles I would ſtrive to procure;
For the lines that my wiſhes convey,
May her favors in future ſecure.

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* Firſt publiſhed in No. 85, of the Gazette of the United States; and originally addreſſed, by the author, to a circle of his female friends.

On you, my young friends, may ſhe ſmile,
That your verſe may with melody flow;
And may joy all your ſorrows beguile,
Nor an hour be reſerved for woe.

When WINTER ſhall ſternly appear,
And Nature in gloom be array'd;
When the Mariner ſhudders thro' fear,
Leſt his bark ſhould by winds be betray'd;
Then, in ſafety, well ſhelter'd from ſnow,
May you all, putting ſorrow aſide,
In domeſtic tranquility know
All the joys of a ſocial fire-ſide.

When SPRING in young beauty ſhall ſmile,
And charm following charm ſhall unfold;
In rapture beholding the while,
May your portion be pleaſures untold.
May each ſongſter that chirps on the ſpray,
May each floweret that blows in the field,
For you be more cheerful and gay,
For you its choice fragrances yield.

When SUMMER ſhall ſultry advance,
And flocks from their ſports ſhall retire;
May each youth, who declines the light dance,
Your charms, and your virtues admire.
May the grape-vine form Arbors of eaſe,
While the eglantine ſkirts them around;
And then may the freſh balmy breeze
Waft perfumes from each neighboring ground.

When AUTUMN his treaſures ſhall bring,
When each fruit tree ſhall bend with its load;
May your hearts ever gratefully ſing,
The hand that ſuch bleſſings beſtow'd.
Thus ſweetly ſhall time roll away,
Nor ſhall you once wiſh it in haſte;
And the YEAR that commences to-day,
Far happier ſhall be than the paſt.

Then, when WINTERS and SPRINGS ſhall decay,
When SUMMERS and AUTUMNS are o'er,
And PHOEBUS, the Prince of the day,
Shall wake the glad Seaſons no more:
To you, each forgeting her mirth,
May beauty immortal be given;
May you change the faint joys of this earth,
For tranſports uncloying in heaven.

From a Gentleman, to a Lady, who had preſented him with a CAKE HEART.

BY THE SAME.

WITH eager haſte I homeward flew
My precious gift to unfold;
I ſaw, and at the flattering view,
My tranſports thus I told.

Thou beauteous ſemblance of the heart
That warms Lucinda's breaſt,
Come, and each gentle joy impart
As to my ſoul thou'rt preſs'd.

But ſtill, tho chaſte delight full oft
To my fond heart you give,
Yet thou, ſay what I will, no ſoft
Impreſſion canſt receive.

O had Lucinda, lovely fair,
Deign'd but her own to have given,
The gift I'd cheriſh with that care
As if 'twere ſent from heaven.

In my own boſom it ſhould lie,
By no rude paſſion toſs'd;
And, huſh'd to love, it ſhould ſupply
The place of mine that's loſt.

From the American Magazine, for May 1788.

UTRUM HORUM MAVIS, ELIGE.

LET ſage diſcretion the gay world deſpiſe;
Let dull philoſophers o'er lamps grow wiſe,
Like bees their ſummer providently waſte,
And hoard that treaſure which they ne'er ſhall taſte;
Let ſtateſmen court the bubble of applauſe,
And ſtaring cry for ſumptuary laws;
Let peeviſh prelates in devotion kneel,
And curſe that pleaſure which they try to feel;
Life is a bleſſing, uſe it as you can,
And the beſt purpoſe of that bleſſing ſcan.
All human reaſon is no more than this,
To guide our footſteps in the realms of bliſs;
While, as in drinking, ſo in life, the will
Muſt bound our joy, and dictate what to fill.—

Live freely then; for if thy life offend
'Tis ne'er too late to alter and amend:
But ſhould you heſitate the ſeaſon's loſt,
As backward fruits are ſubject to the froſt.
Then, if true ſpirit every hope inflame,
Mark well the leſſon of my proffer'd fame.

Firſt trace the limits of thy deſtin'd ſphere:
Here reſt thy wiſdom, thine ambition here.
'Tis not each clown that triumphs, tho' he dare
Aſpire to charm and captivate the fair;
'Tis not each witling, who the ape diſplays,
That ſtrikes our fancy, or provokes our praiſe:
But would you ſin, be ſinful with a grace—
Inaptitude can even vice debaſe.
Search then your genius, every bent ſurvey,
And where ſhe prompts be ready to obey.
See thro' this crowd where brilliant proſpects riſe
The chace how luring, and how rare the prize!
The paths of pleaſure to no bounds confin'd,
As in their ſhape, are various in their kind.
Fix then thy province, make thy talents good,
And be a fop, a gentleman, or blood.

Happy the *firſt*, who ſtudious to diſpenſe
With all the cumberous pedantry of ſenſe,
Knows no ambition but the pride of dreſs,
And for that toy can every wiſh ſuppreſs:
Whoſe natal bounties, like the fly's, conſiſt
In two ſhort words, to flutter and exiſt.
If to ſuch fame thine emulation turn,
Hear his purſuits, and from example learn.

——'Till ten the morn is ſquander'd in his bed;
One precious hour's devoted to his head;
Another's finiſh'd ere, his dreſs complete
From top to toe be critically neat;
Then he ſtruts forth to greet his kindred beaux,
And urge ſome tardy tradeſman for his clothes;
Or mid the town to ſaunter and to ſtare,
And kill an hour or two he knows not where.
In the noon's buſtle, vacant and ſerene,
He deals in bows, his buſineſs to be ſeen:
Perhaps united to ſome fair he meets,
From ſhop to ſhop purſues her thro' the ſtreets;
For the laſt faſhions ſtimulate her pride,
And on the modes he's zealous to decide.
Next his ſoil'd charms he haſtens to repair,
To give a finer poliſh to his hair,
His every grace with every art entwine,
And form his looks more ſtrikingly divine;
Till the laſt, nobleſt paſtime of the day,
To his bright zenith ſummons him away.
There, in the circle of ſome coterie,
Rous'd by the exhilirating fumes of tea,
View him, triumphant, with unrivall'd fame,
Attract each ogle, and each breaſt inflame;
To every ſenſe a magic thrill impart,
And ſteal thro' all the mazes of the heart.

Next let us view the Gentleman at eaſe,
Too rich to toil, too indolent to pleaſe;
Whoſe days, unharraſs'd by deſire or woe,
In one ſmooth ſtream uninterrupted flow;

Born to no end, for no one purpoſe fit,
A load of vanity, a grain of wit,
Who, far remov'd from every wordly ſtrife,
Lives for himſelf, and ſleeps away his life.

If to the *third* thy happier choice incline,
And thy warm genius as a Blood would ſhine,
Be the firſt caution, in thy bold career,
To ſhun low comrades, and a vulgar ſphere:—
The great unpuniſh'd, from their rank, offend;
But humbler culprits with the laws contend.—
Then if ſome revel, or a midnight joke,
Inſult our ſlumbers, or the watch provoke,
Thy looks can wreſt ſtern juſtice from the ſcale,
Suſpend her frowns, and ſnatch thee from a jail.
Let dauntleſs ſpirit animate thy ſoul,
No fears reſtrain thee, and no threats controul;
Whether, in hunting, at an arm's expence,
You daſh a furious courſer o'er a fence;
Or, at the bottle, be thy matchleſs boaſt,
To ſit the longeſt, and to drink the moſt:
So ſhall thy fame to wonderous heights aſcend;
And every rake ſhall hail thee as a friend.

But, if thy ſoul ſuch baſe ambition ſpurn,
And in thy breaſt a purer ſpirit burn,
Leave ſuch poor laurels to the brows of Youth;
And place thy zeal in wiſdom and in truth.
Then, in thy way, tho mean temptation riſe,
The taſk diſcourage, or the world deſpiſe,
Proceed ——

Until the triumph of thy worth record
That virtue is the ſureſt, beſt reward.
The Fop, whoſe merits on his charms depend,
May gain a miſtreſs, but will loſe a friend;
The Blood will tell thee, ere he quit the ſtage,
That joy of youth's the miſery of age;
And the deluded Idler, with remorſe,
Will own a *bleſſing* what he fear'd a *curſe*;
But he whoſe wiſdom, ſuch deſires withſtood,
Unites his pleaſure with his greateſt good,
Knows not misfortune, tho a fair one frown,
His wealth eſcape him, and his friends diſown;
But, firm in what he is, in what he *may* be, bleſt,
Feels an unvaried ſun-ſhine in his breaſt.

E L L A. A NORWEGIAN TALE.

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP.

Hiſtory ſays that SIVARD, King of Sweden, entered Norway with a numerous army, and committed the greateſt enormities, but was at laſt overthrown, his Army routed, and himſelf ſlain by one of thoſe women whom he had brutally abuſed.

BETWEEN Norwegian hills, wide ſpreads a plain,
By Nature form'd for ſport;
The vet'ran warrior here, and hardy ſwain,
To annual games reſort.

High o'er their heads was hung the hoary brow,
Which caſt an ample ſhade;
From thence theſe words majeſtic ſeem'd to flow—
"Fierce foes your ſports invade!"

They upward gaze—a warrior ſtruck their ſight;
He bore aloft his lance,
All ſheath'd in arms, inſufferably bright,
Where beamy ſplendours dance.

The weſtern ſun beam round his helmet flies,
He more than man appears;
And more than mortal ſeem'd to ſound the voice
That rang upon their ears.

"Ye ſons of Norway! hearken to my tale,
"Your rural games oh ceaſe;
"Sivard is marching through Dulvellon's vale,
"Break off the ſports of peace!

"The bloody Sivard leads his conqu'ring Swedes,
"He riots in our ſhame;
"The man, the matron, and the infant bleeds—
"Norway is but a name!

"The huſband ſees—curſe on the tyrant's luſt—
"He ſees his beauteous bride—
"Her virtue, worth and honour in the duſt—
"Oh where is Norway's pride!

"Rouſe! rouſe Norwegians! ſeize your arms amain,
"Let helms o'erſhade the brow;
"Let's meet theſe Swediſh demons on the plain,
"And lay their triumphs low.

" Oh had you ſeen what theſe poor eyes have ſeen!
'Twas Sivard did the deed—
" Our hoary monarch, and our helpleſs queen,
" I—yes, I ſaw them bleed.

" Their daughter Ella—no, I will not tell!
" Norwegians ne'er enquire—
" Ne'er hear it—what the royal maid befel;
" I ſee your ſouls on fire.

" Oh ſeize your ſwords, your ſpears, your helms and ſhields!
" Oh vindicate your fame!
" Sivard and Sweden glare on Norway's fields;
" Remember Norway's name."

He ſaid, tears flow apace---fierce glow the ſwains,
Rage fills each honeſt breaſt;
In Swediſh blood, to wipe away their ſtains
Was ev'ry thought addreſs'd.

Then red hair'd Rollo, fierce advancing cried
" Whoe'er thou art, come down!
" We live on hills, to ev'ry toil we're tried,
" And war is all our own.

" Let Sivard come, we'll meet the tyrant here.
" But Stranger come thou down."
He came; old Athold gaz'd with look ſevere;---
He gaz'd---but ceas'd to frown.

" Or Athold has forgot his monarch's face,
" Or ſure thou art his ſon!
" Eric, of mighty Norway's royal race!"——
Full quick the tidings run.

With ſhouts they preſs to ſee the beauteous chief;
The aged kiſs his hand!
On either ſide faſt roll'd the marks of grief,
Then Athold ſpoke the band——

" Ye ſons of Norway, to your homes repair,
" There ſeize the ſword and ſhield,
" And ere the morning's purple ſtreaks the air,
" Meet Eric in the field.

" Oh Prince! do you with aged Athold go,
" And take refreſhing ſleep;
" Athold will ſing, and ſooth the riſing woe,
" Or,---break his harp and weep."——

'Twas night---in Athold's hall each took his place;
Of other times he ſung;
Faſt ſtream'd the tears adown the hero's face
And groans reſponſive rung.

Bright came the morn! and bright in batter'd arms
The ruſtic vet'rans came;
And many a youth, untried in rough alarms,
Now hop'd a patriot's name.

They hear'd from far the hum of Sivard's hoſt;
Young Eric ſtruck his ſhield;
Then high in air his heavy ſpear he toſt,
And blaz'd along the field.

Next aged Athold follow'd; Rollo ſtrong;
Black Calmar lifts his mace;
Culullin, Marco, Streno, ruſh along,
And all the rugged race.

Fierce came the Swede, in ſtrength of numbers proud,
She ſcorn'd his feeble foe;
But ſoon the voice of battle roar'd aloud,
And many a Swede lay low.

Strong Rollo ſtruck the towering Olaus dead,
Full fifteen bled beſide.
Old Athold cleft the brave Adolphus' head,
In all his youthful pride.

But Eric! Eric! rang'd the field around,
On Sivard ſtill he cried:
The gaſping Swedes lay heap'd upon the ground---
Sivard! the hills reply'd.

In fury Sivard ſeiz'd his ſhining ſhield,
His mail, his helm and ſpear;
He mounts his car, he thunders o'er the field;
And Norway knows to fear.

Great Rollo falls beneath his dreadful arm,
His ſteeds are ſtain'd with blood;
Young Eric ſmil'd to hear the loud alarm,
And flew to ſtop the flood.

He rag'd, he foam'd,---fierce flew the thirſty ſpear,
Down fell the foremoſt ſteed:
Aſtoniſh'd Sivard felt unuſual fear——
"Tyrant, thou'rt doom'd to bleed!"

Up ſprung the youth---deep griding fell the ſword
Sunk in the Tyrant's brow;
Faſt fly the Swedes, and leave their hated lord,
His tow'ring pride laid low.

Now Norway's ſons their great deliverer hail,
But lo! he bleeds! he falls!
Old Athold ſtrips the helm and beamy mail,
And on his Gods he calls.

He lifts the helm, and down the ſnowy neck
Faſt falls the ſilky hair—
"And could thoſe limbs, the conquering Sivard check
Oh Pow'r of great deſpair!——"

Life ebbs apace---ſhe lifts her languid head,
She ſtrives her hand to wave,
Confeſs'd to all, the beauteous Ella ſaid——
"Thanks, thanks companions brave."

"Freedom rewards you---naught can Ella give
"Low, low, poor Ella lies;
"Sivard is dead! and Ella would not live."
She bleeds, ſhe faints, ſhe dies.

EULOGIUM ON RUM.

BY J. SMITH.

ARISE! ye pimpled, tipling race, ariſe!
From ev'ry town and village tavern, come!
Shew your red noſes, and o'erflowing eyes
And help your poet chant the praiſe of Rum.
The cordial drop, the morning dram, I ſing,
The mid-day toddy, and the evening ſling.

Hail, mighty Rum! and by this general name
I call each ſpecies—whiſky, gin, or brandy:
(The kinds are various—but the effects the ſame;
And ſo I chooſe a name that's ſhort and handy;
For, reader, know, it takes a deal of time,
To make a crooked word lie ſmooth in rhyme.)

Hail, mighty Rum! thy ſong-inſpiring merit
Is known to many a bard in theſe our days:
Apollo's drink, they find, is void of ſpirit—
Mere chicken-broth—inſipid as their lays:
And, pleas'd, they'd give a riv'let—aye a ſea
Of tuneful water, for one quart of thee!

Hail, mighty Rum! how wond'rous is thy pow'r!
Unwarm'd by thee, how would our ſpirits fail,
When dark December comes, with aſpect ſour,
And, ſharp as razor, blows the northern gale!
And yet thour't grateful in that ſultry day,
When raging Sirius darts his fervid ray.

Hail, mighty Rum! to thee the wretched fly:
And find a ſweet oblivion of their woes;
Lock'd in thy arms, as in the grave, they lie—
Forget their kindred—and forgive their foes.
And Lethe's ſtream, (ſo much extoll'd by ſome,
In ancient times) I ſhrewdly gueſs, was Rum.

Hail, mighty Rum! what can thy pow'r withſtand!
E'en lordly Reaſon flies thy dreadful face:
And Health, and Joy, and all the lovely band
Of ſocial Virtues, ſhun thy dwelling place:
(For in whatever breaſt it rears its throne,
Like Turkiſh monarchs, Rum muſt rule alone.)

When our bold fathers croſs'd the Atlantic wave,
And here arriv'd—a weak defenceleſs band—
Pray, what became of all the tribes ſo brave—
The ſavage owners of this happy land?
Were they ſent headlong to the realms below,
"By doom of battle?" friend, * I anſwer no.

Our fathers were too wiſe to think of war;
They knew the woodlands were not quickly paſt;
They might have met with many an ugly ſcar—
Loſt many a foretop—and been beat at laſt.
But Rum, aſſiſted by his ſon, Diſeaſe,
Perform'd the buſineſs with ſurpriſing eaſe.

And would our weſtern brethren be leſs proud, or,
In other words, throw by their gun and drum—
For ducks and ſquirrels, ſave their lead and powder,
And ſend the tawny rogues ſome pipes of rum—
I dare predict, they all would gladly ſuck it;
And ev'ry mother's ſon ſoon *kick the bucket*.

But lo! the ingratitude of Adam's race!
Tho' all theſe clever things to Rum we owe—
Gallons of ink are ſquirted in his face;
And his bruis'd back is bang'd with many a blow;
Some hounds of note have rung his funeral knell,
And ev'ry puppy joins the gen'ral yell.

So have I ſeen (the ſimile is fine—
And wonderfully pat—tho' rather old)
When riſing Phœbus ſhot his rays benign,
A flock of ſheep come ſkipping from the fold;

* This alludes only to Jerſey, Pennſylvania, &c.

Some reſtleſs ſheep cries baa: and all the throng,
Ewes, rams, lambs, wethers, bellowing pour along.

But fear not, Rum, tho' fiercely they aſſail,
And none but I, the bard, thy cauſe defend,
Think not thy foes—tho' num'rous—ſhall prevail,
Thy pow'r diminiſh, or thy being end:
Tho' ſpurn'd from table, and the public eye,
In the ſnug cloſet ſafely ſhalt thou lie.

And oft, when Sol's proud chariot quits the ſky,
And humbler Cynthia mounts her one-horſe chair,
To that ſnug cloſet ſhall thy vot'ry fly;
And, rapt in darkneſs, keep his orgies there;
Lift the full bottle, joyous, to his head,
Then, great as Cæſar, reel ſublime to bed.

Burlington, Dec. 7th, 1789.

THE COUNTRY MEETING.*

BY T. C. JAMES.

OF war's tremendous deeds, the din of arms,
And acts by Fame renown'd, fain would I ſing,
But that ambition ne'er my boſom warms,
Nor would Calliope her ſuccour bring
To bard that ſoars with too advent'rous wing.

---

* Or friends' place of worſhip.

O Shenſtone! ſweeteſt child of fancy fair,
Dart one fond ray, and guide the weakeſt quill,
That ever raſhly claim'd thy guardian care,
To point the high path up the ſlipp'ry hill,
Where thou thy lyre doſt touch with ſtill improving ſkill.

Themes that have ne'er been poliſh'd into rhyme,
Would a faint pencil in this verſe pourtray,
If in the fond attempt to gain on time,
No taunting critic meet me on my way,
And with theſe accents rude my heart diſmay:
'Vain youth, forbear, by deſp'rate folly mov'd,
'Of poetaſters the mean herd to ſwell;
'But mark his ſtrain whom laurell'd Phœbus lov'd,
'What Horace, tuneful bard, has ſung ſo well,
'How Dædalus's ſon, bold artiſt, headlong fell.'

View yonder ancient dome with trees beſet,
From which no lofty ſpire doth proudly riſe,
Nor hence each week, when congregation's met,
Are ſtudied hymns e'er wing'd unto the ſkies,
Nor doth amen from pariſh clerk ariſe.
E'en muſic's lulling charms beſeemeth wrong
To thoſe who did this modeſt temple rear;
For all, who to thoſe lonely confines throng,
Worſhip in guiſe of ſolemn ſilent prayer;
Nor can they think that words their ſinful deeds repair.

No pulpit here doth grace the naked wall,
Nor doth the ſculptor his gay art expreſs:
For thus they teach: 'Religion does not call
'For the vain ornaments of ſplendid dreſs,
'Nor will meek heaven ſuperfluous grandeur bleſs.'

And wrong they hold it, that the flock ſhould pay
For truths which ought to flow without controul,
Free as the ſilver dew, or light of day,
To beam mild virtue on the expanding ſoul,
And ſpread celeſtial ſparks, free gift, from pole to pole.

But ſee, o'er yonder field, the elder train
Of village dames their little infants bring,
Who elſe might loiter on the graſſy plain,
And wet their new clothes in yon bubbling ſpring,
Which would their parents' minds with ſorrow ſting.
The ſportive urchins oft will ſkip away,
To chaſe the partridge from the neighb'ring buſh:
And oft, with balls of well-attemper'd clay,
Will from its covert fright the trembling thruſh, [huſh.
Nor mind the matron's careful voice, which would them

Down the ſlop'd hill the gayer tribe deſcend,
On neighing ſteeds, that champ the ſteeled bit,
Strait to the fane their pompous way they tend;
There 'midſt their peers in goodly order ſit,
Young ſwains for ſtrength renown'd, and maids for wit:
Such ſtrength as at the mill-door oft is ſeen
When Colin lifts the ſack of mighty weight;
Such wit as ſports in gambols o'er the green,
And would the ear of nicer townſman grate:
He'd call it ſhocking ſtuff, and rude, unſeemly prate.

Yet Humour her abode will deign to fix
Amidſt the lively ruſtics of the place,
And with the village hinds will often mix,
Giving to ev'ry feat a feſtive grace,
And ſpreading chearfulneſs o'er ev'ry face.

Let the polite, the poliſh'd, blame their joys,
Whom Nature, unconſtrain'd, can never charm:
This is the life which ennui never cloys,
Nor e'er can fell Ambition work it harm,
Blowing with hideous blaſt its poiſonous alarm.

See yonder youth on prancing bay ſteed ride,
While ſatisfaction on his broad front beams;
And view his gentle charmer by his ſide,
For whom he wiſhes, and of whom he dreams;
Of heavenly form and mind to him ſhe ſeems.
For her each ev'ning anxiouſly he culls,
Of wild flow'rs fair, a noſegay ſcented ſweet:
For her the cheſnut drops its prickly hulls,
And the wood pigeon yields its ſav'ry meat,
With thouſand tempting gifts which verſe cannot repeat.

And now thro' folding doors, full wide diſplay'd,
The aſſembly's grave and pious numbers throng,
While well each noiſy buzzing murmur's ſtay'd,
With the looſe prattling of each infant tongue;
For oft confuſion has from childhood ſprung.
See the wiſe elder's venerable grace,
Mark with what ſlow-pac'd dignity he moves;
See ev'ry little eye hangs on his face,
And over all his features fondly roves,
For he the junior train affectionately loves.

The village teacher ſits with looks profound,
And marks the ent'ring throng, with eye aſkance;
If, as he careful views the dome around,
He ſhould on careleſs pupil's viſage chance,
He ſends him ſtraight a play-forbidding glance.

Of looks like theſe he hath a plenteous ſtore,
To fright his ſtudents from each frolic mood:
And well they watch to ſee his aſpect lour,
Trying each art to avert the baleful wood,
By ſitting wond'rous ſtill, and ſeeming e'en as good.

Silence with Sleep his empire now divides,
While ſome on this, and ſome on that ſide nod;
The ploughman ſtill his ſteers and ploughſhare guides,
And breaks in pleaſing dreams the fancied ſod;
While the ſchool-miſtreſs wields the birchen rod.
Others, more wakeful, plan their future deeds,
While on increaſe of wealth their wiſhes ſtray:
The farmer thus in rapture counts his ſteeds,
And deals to each his part of winter's hay,
Till ſpring renews the graſs, and gives returning May.

Where will not thirſt of treach'rous gold approach,
Since here, e'en here, it holds its wide domain!
From the warm cit who rolls in gilded coach,
To the dull carter, whiſtling o'er the plain,
Does Plutus, god of ſhining lucre, reign.
Happy, thrice happy are th' inſtructed few,
On whom fell Want ne'er lays her harpy claws,
But, far retir'd from 'midſt the toiling crew,
Live in obſervance of wiſe Nature's laws,
And learn from her to trace the great Eternal Cauſe.



WRITTEN AT SEA, IN A HEAVY GALE.

BY CAPT. PHILIP FRENEAU.

HAPPY the man who, ſafe on ſhore,
Now trims, at home, his evening fire;
Unmov'd he hears the tempeſt roar,
That on the tufted groves expire;
Alas! on us they doubly fall,
Our feeble bark muſt bear them all.

Now to their haunts the birds retreat,
The ſquirrel ſeeks his hollow tree,
Wolves in their ſhaded caverns meet,
All, all are bleſt but wretched we—
For, doom'd a ſtranger to repoſe,
No reſt the unſettled ocean knows.

Whilſt o'er the dark abyſs we roam,
Perhaps whate'er the pilots ſay,
We ſaw the ſun's deſcending gloom,
No more to ſee the riſing ray;
But buried low, by far too deep,
On coral beds unpitied ſleep!

But what a ſtrange uncoaſted ſtrand
Is that where death permits no day,
No charts we have to mark that land,
No compaſs to direct the way!
What pilot ſhall explore that realm,
What new Columbus take the helm!

While death and darkneſs both ſurround,
And tempeſts rage with lawleſs power,
Of friendſhip's voice I hear no ſound,
No comfort in this dreadful hour—
What friendſhip can in tempeſts be,
What comforts on this angry ſea!

The barque accuſtom'd to obey,
No more the trembling pilots guide,
Alone ſhe gropes her trackleſs way,
While mountains burſt on every ſide.
Thus ſkill and ſcience both muſt fall,
And ruin is the lot of all.

TO ELLA.†

AH! vainly Ella, do I hear
Thy lute complain, in note ſo clear,
As would ſeduce an angel's ear;
That bids me check the ſong of praiſe,
And give to *other themes*, my lays.

To fierce diſeaſe and grief a prey,
In pain I paſs the lingering day.

• This, and the ſucceeding Poems, ſigned BIRTHA, are extracted from the Gazette of the United States; where they form part of a poetical Correſpondence, carried on under the ſignatures of ELLA and BIRTHA. We have ſelected the following Poems as being moſt correct, and moſt worthy of preſervation; eſpecially as they are now offered to the public with the author's corrections.

No more I raiſe the ſprightly ſtrain,
Or warble the melodious ſong,
That fill'd the breaſt with envied pain,
And could the joys of life prolong.

Now, when the *glowing orb* of day,
Hath ſunk beneath the weſtern wave;
With melancholy heart I ſtray
To hear the ſtream his border lave.

Or like ſome pilgrim preſs the yielding graſs,
And wet my ſandals with the nightly dew,
A ſprig of laurel breaking as I paſs,
To *thee* I ſay the *honoring branch* is due.

My dangerous courſe along the vale I take,
Beneath the hanging rock, that ſeems to ſhake
With ev'ry blaſt, and threatens on my head
Its cruſhing weight to roll;
But my undaunted ſoul,
Enjoys the ſcene, nor feels the chill of terror ſpread.

Now, near a cavern dark, and wild,
With folded arms I ſtand,
Like melancholy's gloomy child;
I heave the ſwelling ſigh;
Upon the paſſing gale;
While from my ever-ſtreaming eye;
Adown my cheeks, ſo wan and pale,
The tears inceſſant drop upon my hand.
There I hear the moping owl,
His diſmal whoopings roll,

Upon the heavy ear of night,
In ſounds that would thy ſoul affright.

But oh! my burſting heart!
So tortur'd by the fang of grief,
In other ſcenes would ſeek relief:
On fancy's rapid wing I'd dart
Where Horror with his ſtaring eye,
And upright hair,
Sits gazing on the fiery ſky,
When ſulphurous lightnings fly,
And ſwell the ſoul to wild deſpair.

Where the vex'd wave with mad'ning roar,
Rolls thundering on the craggy ſhore,
And aims with ev'ry dreadful ſhock,
To burſt apart the flinty rock;
When ſtill like wretched man! in vain
He ſtrives his purpoſe to obtain;
Mad to deſpair, he flies again
And clamours to his parent main.

BIRTHA.

MAY 21, 1791.

TO ELLA.

HARK! while I ſound my trembling ſhell,
And bid the nymph, ſweet Echo tell;
Where on her velvet couch ſhe lies,
Hid from the gairiſh burning ſkies;
How the ſoul-enlivening ſound
Of thy enchanting lyre,
Was borne on Ether's waves around,
From each ſoft-ſpeaking wire.

'Twas when beſide the wizard ſtream,
I ſaw the ſun's laſt golden beam,
With yellow tip the aſpiring heads,
Of time-contending oaks, the king of ſhades!
I ſaw the night flies buzzing round,
I heard the beetle's humming ſound:
My ſoul to ſober thought inclin'd,
Thus ran the current of my mind.

No longer now my cheeks diſcloſe,
The beauty of the budding roſe;
No longer, as in former days,
I joy, the ſprightly laugh to raiſe.
O! then each lovely, ſummer's night,
'Twas my enraptured ſoul's delight,
To tread the lonely ſilent vale,
And "drink the ſpirit of the gale:"

Or when the cloudleſs moon on high,
Beam'd forth her radiance from the ſky:
To wander o'er the airy hill,
Where pattering falls the lucid rill;
And ſee the wild flow'rs ſhining bright,
Crown'd with the *tears of weeping night*.

But O! the wondrous change!
Now, it delights me not to range,
The fields and vallies, bright and gay,
With beauties of the *laughing May*.

When the ſhrill ſpirits of the coming ſtorm,
Their ſhrieks of terror pour along the wind;
And fiercer raging all the grove deform,
The branches tear, and ſhatter down the rind:

When heaven's bright fires deſcending from on high,
Flaſh awful day along the gloomy ſky;
And from their dwellings the hoarſe thunders roar,
And duſky torrents down the vallies pour:
'Tis then my ſoul enjoys the dreadful hour,
And bows, my God! in rev'rence to thy power.
'Twas thus I mus'd; when borne along the air,
Thy heavenly notes came trembling on my ear;
Sweet as the gentleſt ſhowers
Of ſpring, deſcending on the flowers,
When murmuring Zephyr ſinks to reſt,
Soft-ſighing on the lily's breaſt.

Ah! wouldſt thou with thy arm ſuſtain
My wearied form, and ſoothe my pain?
And wouldſt thou all the lingering Eve,
With thy ſoft ſounds my ſoul relieve?
And haſt thou learn'd the healing charm,
The power to bid the tyrant Sickneſs fly?
O! hither come, extend thy potent arm,
And bid the *beam of Hope* ſtand ſparkling in my eye!

Ah! now, ev'n now, this very hour,
I confeſs thy magic power!
Charm'd with thy notes divine,
No more my troubled ſoul,
O'er ſcenes of horror loves to brood,
No more my freezing blood,
In lazy tides doth roll,
Bright in my eye the tears of rapture ſhine,
Thro' all my nerves I feel a tremor run,
Now cold as Zembla's ſnow, now fervid as the ſun.

O! may thy generous ſympathiſing heart,
Ne'er feel the anguiſh of affliction's dart;
May ſtreams of earthly treaſure on thee flow,
That thou, the pure celeſtial joy may'ſt know,
To bid the beggar ſmile, and cheer his *houſe of woe.*

BIRTHA.

JUNE 4, 1791.

TO ELLA.

AGAIN thy ſweetly warbled ſtrain,
Thou leader of the choral train;
Again thy ſweeping harp I hear,
That long has charmed my raviſhed ear.

New vigour to my ſoul thy words impart,
With ſofter pleaſures touch thy wounded heart:
The moral lore that flows along thy line,
Might well befit a PLINY to rehearſe;
The bold deſcriptive beauties of thy Verſe,
Would bright on TITIAN'S glowing canvas ſhine.

When cloſed the blazing eye of day,
And on my downy couch I lay,
Deep muſing on thy moral lore;
The God of Sleep around me threw
His mantle dipt in ſlumbrous dew;
And thus aroſe my fervent pray'r—

O! thou from whom creation ſprung!
O! ſend from thy bright realms above,
Some ſaint to cheer me with thy love,
And bid me raiſe the rapturous ſong—

For I have heard thy ſpirits who on high
Poſſeſs the plains of yon cerulean ſky;
Have oft, in pity to the mortal race,
Deſcending cloſed them in their pure embrace;
And whiſpering ſoothing muſic to their breaſt,
Charm'd all the tempeſts of the ſoul to reſt—
Scarce had the words eſcaped my moving tongue,
Yet on my lips the trembling accents hung;
When lo! a form deſcending from on high,
On ſilver plumes thro' yonder orient ſky:
Wide flows in circling locks her golden hair,
And plays with every eddying of the air.
Her robes of filmy texture white as ſnow,
Around her form in graceful foldings flow.
Her bright blue eyes beam forth a gentle light,
And fix and charm at once the gazer's ſight.
When near ſhe moved I ſaw bewitching grace,
And heavenly beauty lighten up her face.
Now by my ſide upon the earth ſhe ſtood,
Her quickened glance warm'd all my chilly blood.
High waving in the air a ſky-blue wand,
She bade me follow to yon lofty land;
The path ſhe led, with joyous heart I flew,
'Till near the high and verdant hill I drew;
Then turning round ſhe took my trembling hand,
And waved again her bright cerulean wand:
Soft as the ſound of ſome angelic lute,
Sweet as the breath of Orpheus' mellow flute.
Her words in rapt'rous warblings pour'd along,
And thrill'd my trembling ſoul with heavenly ſong.
Behold! ſhe ſaid, that lovely country round,
With nature's richeſt gifts and beauty crown'd;

There pureſt joy flows thro the circling year,
The happy people know no pain, nor fear;
Their queen I am, from realms of light I came,
Fair virtue's offspring, *blue-eyed Hope* my name."
She ceaſed; then roſe before my raviſh'd ſight,
Enchanting ſcenes in nature's beauty bright;
Here ſpreads a wide and ever verdant plain,
And waves the yellow life-ſupporting grain:
There grandly riſe the proud aſpiring hills,
Between whoſe rocky chinks ſlide down the rills.
Here in majeſtic beauty towering high,
Shoot verdant groves toward the cloudleſs ſky;
The feathered warblers hop from ſpray to ſpray,
And hold their tuneful ſtrife till cloſing day;
Then pours the plaintive Nightingale her notes,
And all night long her melting muſic floats—
Along the walks of thoſe e'er blooming bowers,
Forever ſpring new crops of fragrant flowers.
The priſtine colors of the ſun are ſeen
With countleſs changes waving o'er the green—
Rich ſculptur'd figures form'd of blazing gold,
Attract the eye, and firm the ſenſes hold—
Here *Dove-like Innocence*, engaged in play,
With frolic lambs prolongs the happy day;
There *Charity* throws forth her copious ſtore,
Till the glad ſuppliants ceaſe to aſk for more:
Here, with celeſtial glory in her eye,
Mild Faith with firmneſs gazes on the ſky,
And *Adoration* pours her ſong of praiſe,
While tears of rapture wander down her face.
There o'er white curling lakes the nodding trees,
Wave ſlowly to the gentle paſſing breeze;

And wildly-grand around deep rocky caves
Return the Echo of the daſhing waves.
Here chryſtal mountains ſhooting to the ſky,
With the bright ſun in ſplendor ſeem to vie;
Where riſe the rugged rocks an awful height!
The ſheeting torrent holds my wandering ſight:
From ſteep to ſteep down daſh with thundering roar
The mad'ning waves, and foam along the ſhore.
"Lo ſaid the maid there burſting from the ground,
A bubbling fountain caſts its waters round;
And ſee behind, where opens yonder bower,
The virtuous ſouls enjoy the rapturous hour:
There many a harp, and many a breathing flute
Is heard; reſponding ſounds the ſilver lute;
Whilſt raviſh'd with the melody of ſound
The vocal chorus pour their ſongs around.
Thus all the bleſt their happy days employ,
And each contributes to the other's joy;
Their grateful incenſe riſes up to heaven,
And for their praiſe a double joy is given:
Know thou, ſhe ſaid, whoe'er purſues the path
That leads to *Virtue* and unwavering *Faith*,
Shall hail me Queen! and where they dwell ſhall riſe
A ſcene like this, enchanting to their eyes;
The ſpheres ſhall warble muſic in their ear,
And all creation harmony appear."
Now ceaſed her voice, ſhe clap'd her ſilver wings,
And riſing to the ſky thro Ether ſings.

BIRTHA.

JULY 2, 1791.

THE *Lord of light* has journey'd down the ſky,
And bath'd his courſers in the foaming wave;
The twinkling ſtar of Even too, haſtes to lave
Her ſilver form, and vaniſh from my eye.
Now duſky twilight flings her ſombre ſhade,
O'er the bright beauties of the ſilent vale;
The aſpin trembles not, the verdant blade
No longer nodding anſwers to the gale.
Come ſweet Reflection! hither penſive maid!
Direct thy wandering ſteps, and on this ſtone,
Worn by no traveller's feet, with moſs o'ergrown,
Repoſe with me in ſolitude's deep ſhade.
Then ſhall I know the height of human bliſs,
And taſte the joy of *other worlds* in this.

BIRTHA.

MAY 25th, 1791.

END OF SELECTED POETRY.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN FEBRUARY 1791.

BY MR. RICHARD ALSOP.

DARK is the hour and lone, o'er icy plains
The wandering meteors gleam a deadly light;
Wild howls the blaſt amid deſcending rains,
And forms funereal flit along the night.

Retir'd from ſcenes where Pleaſure's airy wand
Gilds the light moments with deluſive joy,
Where Mirth exulting leads her feſtive band,
Far other ſcenes my penſive ſoul employ.

The clouds of death that gloom the baleful year,
The days of joy, alas, ſo lately fled!
While Friendſhip bids its ſympathetic tear
Stream in remembrance of the much-lov'd dead.

My friend, but now, of every bliſs poſſeſt
That love connubial can on man beſtow,
When mutual wiſhes warm the mutual breaſt;
Behold the prey of life-conſuming woe.

Of late, how fair the beauteous proſpect ſhow'd,
How lovely glittering in the morning's eye;
But long ere noon, like April's painted cloud,
Or hues that tinge the ſummer's evening ſky,

The fairy hopes that raptur'd Fancy drew,
The dream of future bliſs that ſhone ſo bright,
On Fate's ſwift pinions vaniſh'd from the view,
And ſunk in ſhadows of eternal night.—

What notes of woe in mournful cadence ſwell
Along the Weſtern breeze from climes afar,
Mix'd with the dying groan, the ſavage yell,
And all the horrid diſſonance of war!

And lo! mid gliding ſpectres dimly ſeen,
Pale as the miſts that Autumn's car ſurround,
A form ſuperior lifts his penſive mien,
While on his boſom glares the ſhadowy wound.

"Behold," he cries, "the band who lately bled,
"Mid weſtern wilds in glorious conflict ſlain;
"While recreant troops in pale confuſion fled,
"Ignobly left unburied on the plain."—

Far opes the view, ſublime in ſavage pride
A wild unbounded frowns on Fancy's eye;
Tall riſe the trees, and o'er ſavannahs wide
The rank graſs trembles to the breeze on high.

With torrent ſweep, amid a night of woods
Where ſcarce the ſun a livid glimmering lends,
A blood-ſtain'd river rolls his foaming floods,
And o'er the plains in wild meanders bends.

Lo! this the ſcene where War, with bloody hand,
Wav'd his red ſtandard o'er the carnag'd ground;
Where wild-eyed Horror led the tawny band,
And fell the brave with dear-bought laurels crown'd.

Here, grim with gore, beneath the inclement ſky,
Smote by the parching ray and driving rain,
The mangled forms of breathleſs warriors lie,
All pale extended on the lonely plain.

In ſlaughter'd heaps, around promiſcuous caſt,
Mid ſavage chiefs Columbia's ſons are ſpread,
While, breath'd from polar ſnows, the northern blaſt
Shakes its cold pinions o'er the unburied dead.

For them no more ſhall morning gild the ſky,
No more ſhall May unveil her radiant charms,
No more ſhall Joy illume the ſparkling eye,
Or Glory's voice excite the ſoul to arms.

Near yon grey rock by withering leaves conceal'd,
Amyntor lies, benevolent and brave;
Whoſe duteous hand a father's age upheld,
And ſmooth'd his dreary paſſage to the grave.

Not far, a corſe diſtinguiſh'd o'er the reſt,
Of noble ſtature and heroic mien;
Deep opes the wound that gor'd his manly breaſt,
And his pale features wear a ſmile ſerene.

Too well alas! that much-lov'd form I know,
Thoſe features pale with gory duſt o'erſpread,
O'er whom has Friendſhip mourn'd in bittereſt woe,
For whom Affection's tendereſt tears are ſhed.

Still, ſtill in Fancy's view recurs the day
When war's black demons pour'd their hideous yell,
When left expos'd to ſavage rage a prey,
Thy gallant band beſide their leader fell.

Oppreſt with toil, while countleſs foes ſurround,
Thy arm, thy voice, the fainting troop inſpir'd;
And e'en when ſinking with the deadly wound,
Thy lateſt breath their martial ardor fir'd.

Lamented Hero, far from weeping friends!
No funeral honours to thy corſe were paid,
And no memorial o'er thy grave extends
To mark the lonely ſpot where low thou'rt laid.

Yet what avails to pleaſe the ſenſeleſs clay,
"The trophied tomb," the monumental buſt,
Or recks the ſpirit mid the realms of day,
The empty rites attendant on its duſt.

A fairer wreath ſhall friendſhip's hand beſtow,
A fairer tribute ſhall thy ſhade receive,
Than all the idle pageantry of woe,
Than all its pompous monuments can give.

Long, long ſhall Memory's ardent eye recall
Thy worth, thy milder virtues to her view;
Thy Country long lament her hero's fall,
And o'er thee Fame her brighteſt laurels ſtrew.

O'er the lone ſpot where reſts thy mouldering form,
Shall opening ſpring her mildeſt breezes wave;
And Flora's hand with every fragrant charm
Deck the ſoft turf that forms thy verdant grove.

There the Wild-Roſe in earlieſt pride ſhall bloom,
There the Magnolia's gorgeous flowers unfold,
The purple Violet ſhed its ſweet perfume,
And beauteous Meadia wave her plumes of gold.

Reſt much-lov'd Chief with thy Jer——a bleſt,
Amid yon realms of light, yon ſeats of joy,
Where huſh'd is ſorrow in perpetual reſt,
And pleaſure ſmiles unconſcious of alloy.

From that calm ſhore with pitying eye ſurvey
The varying ſchemes of man, the buſy ſtrife,
The vain purſuits that fill his "little day,"
And toſs with ceaſeleſs ſtorms the ſea of life.

While ſeraphs, bending from their thrones of gold,
With ſongs of triumph hymn thy ſoul to peace;
And to thy raptur'd eye, with ſmiles, unfold
The happy manſions of eternal bliſs.

VERSIFICATION

Of a Passage from the Fifth Book of Ossian's Temora.

BY THE SAME.

THE hoſts like two black ridges ſtood,
On either ſide wild Lubar's ſtream;
Here Foldath frown'd a darken'd cloud,
There Fillan ſhone a brightening beam.

Their long ſpears glittering in the wave,
Each hero pour'd his voice afar;
Gaul ſtruck the ſhield, the ſignal gave,
At once both armies plung'd in war.

Steel pour'd its flashing gleam on steel;
The fields two rushing torrents glow,
That whitening foam, in mingled swell,
O'er the dark rock's projecting brow.

He comes, with fame immortal crown'd,
His faulchion lays the heroes low;
Death rides the shadowy blasts around;
Thy paths O Fillan warriors strew!

Between two rocks in fissures rent,
Brave Rothmar stood, the warrior's pride;
Two aged oaks, that winds had bent,
Their branches spread on either side.

Silent he shades his friends in flight,
While his dark eyes on Fillan roll;
Fingal beheld the approaching fight,
And all the father fill'd his soul.

As falls the stone of Loda, hurl'd
From trembling Drumanard's high cliff,
When angry spirits rock the world;
So Rothmar fell, blue-shielded chief.

Young Culmin's friendly steps are near,
His eye the bursting tear o'erflows;
Wrathful he cuts the empty air,
Ere yet with Fillan's mix his blows.

He first with Rothmar bent the bow,
Along his own blue-winding streams;
And mark'd the dwelling of the roe,
As shone the fern with morning beams.

" Why Youth would'ſt thou provoke the might
Of that bright beam, that waſting fire?
Unequal were your ſires in fight;
Retire, Culalluins's ſon retire!"

Lone in her hall, his mother caſts
Her eyes o'er Strutha's winding ſtreams;
Wrapp'd in a whirlwind's eddying blaſts,
Her ſon's thin ſpectre faintly gleams.

His dogs ſtand howling on the plain,
Red his ſuſpended ſhield with gore;
" And is my fair-hair'd hero ſlain?
Pale does he lie on Ullin's ſhore?"

As pierc'd in ſecret lies a hind,
Panting her wonted ſtreams beſide;
The hunter views her feet of wind;
Culalluin's ſon thus Fillan eyed.

In a ſmall ſtream his hair is roll'd,
His blood ſlow wanders o'er his ſhield;
Still graſps his hand, with dying hold,
The ſword that fail'd in danger's field.

" Thou'rt fallen ere thy fame was known,"
Said Fillan, muſing o'er the ſlain;
" Elate, in hopes of thy renown,
Thy father ſent thee to the plain.

Perhaps, his ſtreams grey bending o'er,
His dim eyes ſeek thee on the heath;
In vain,—for ah! returns no more,
His ſon extended pale in death."

Wide o'er the heath, in terror loſt,
The flight of Erin Fillan pour'd;
But, man on man, falls Morven's hoſt,
Before the rage of Foldath's ſword.

Undaunted, Dermid meets his courſe;
The ſons of Cona wake the fight;
But cleft his ſhield, by Foldath's force,
And far is ſpread his people's flight.

The exulting foe with haughty boaſt,—
"Go Malthos, go to Erin's lord;
And bid him guard blue ocean's coaſt,
Leſt Morven's king eſcape my ſword.

For cold muſt Fingal lie in gore,
Near ſome low fen his tomb ſhall riſe
Without a ſong, while hovering o'er,
Half hid in miſt, his ſpirit flies."

In darkening doubt ſtood Malthos bold,
He knew the boaſter's heart of pride;
Around his gloomy eyes he roll'd,
And plung'd in war with ſullen ſtride.

In Clono's narrow vale, two trees
Dark-bending o'er the rolling flood,
Shook their broad branches to the breeze;
There Duthno's ſon in ſilence ſtood.

The blood is ſtreaming from his thigh;
A rock ſuſtains his aſhen ſpear;
His boſſy ſhield lies broken nigh;
"Why Dermid, why that burſting tear?"

" I hear the battle roar afar,
Alone my people on the plain;
No ſhield is mine to ſtem the war,
And weak and ſlow my ſteps of pain.

Shall Foldath then prevail in fight?
Ere that in death ſhall Dermid lie;
Again ſtern chief I'll prove thy might,
Again thy fierceſt rage defy."

He ſeiz'd his ſpear the ſtrife to join,
When Morni's ſon before him ſtood;
" Stay Dermid ſtay, no ſhield is thine,
Thy trembling ſteps are mark'd with blood."

" Chief of Strumon give thy ſhield,
Oft has it ſtemm'd the battle's force;
This arm may yet ſuſtain the field,
May yet repel yon boaſter's courſe.

Behold that ſtone, with moſs o'erſpread,
Where ſpires the waving graſs ſo high;
There low a kindred chief is laid—
And there in night let Dermid lie."

Slowly he roſe the hill's tall brow,
And view'd the troubled field of death;
The gleaming ranks of fight below,
Disjoin'd, and broken o'er the heath.

As fires at diſtance, ſeem by night
Now loſt in ſmoke, in darkneſs drown'd,
Now rear on high their ſtreams of light,
As ceaſe or blow the winds around;

So met the battle from afar
Broad-ſhielded Dermid's eager eye.
Amidſt the varying ſcene of war
The chief of Morna towers on high;

Like ſome black ſhip, in lofty pride,
Dark rider of the billowy plain;
Wide ſporting o'er the echoing tide,
When winter rules the ſtormy main.

Dermid with rage beheld his courſe,
He ruſh'd to meet the gloomy foe;
But fails the wounded hero's force,
And tears of pride his eyes o'erflow.

He ſounded thrice his boſſy ſhield,
And thrice on Foldath call'd aloud;
Foldath with joy the chief beheld,
And lifted high his ſpear of blood.

As ſome vaſt rock whoſe rugged ſide
Is mark'd with ſtreams of many a ſtorm;
So look'd, with wandering blood bedyed
The gloomy chief of Morna's form.

Each hoſt, appall'd, in terror flies,
From the contending fierce of Kings.
At once their gleaming points ariſe,
With ſpeed of lightning Fillan ſprings.

The haughty foe, with trembling, view'd,
That dazzling beam of early fame;
That ſwift, as iſſuing from a cloud,
To ſave the wounded hero came.

In ſounding ſtrife as on the gale
Two broad-wing'd eagles fierce contend;
So, on Moilena's far-ſpread vale,
The chiefs in gloomy battle bend.

Low on his ſhield is Foldath laid,
Pierc'd by the youthful hero's ſpear;
Nor o'er the fallen Fillan ſtaid,
But onward roll'd the ſtorm of war.

Malthos beheld the warrior low,
Low laid on Lubar's winding ſhore;
His boſom melts in generous woe,
And hatred fills his ſoul no more.

He ſeem'd a rock, down whoſe grey ſides
The deſart waters trickling ſtray;
When ſlow the ſailing miſt divides,
And gives its blaſted trees to day.

Thus to the dying chief he ſaid,—
"Say ſhall thy moſſy ſtone aſcend,
Where Ullin's dark-green hills are ſpread,
Or Morna's woody vales extend?

There, where the ſun looks forth ſerene,
On blue Dalrutho's bordering glades;
Fair Dardulena's ſteps are ſeen,
Thy daughter, pride of Erin's maids."

"Remembereſt thou," the chief reply'd,
"The maid, becauſe no ſon is mine,
To roll the battle's deathful tide,
And in revenge in arms to ſhine?

I am reveng'd, for not in vain
Has ſhone the lightning of my ſpear.
Amidſt the tombs of thoſe I've ſlain
My narrow houſe, O Malthos! rear.

Oft ſhall I leave my airy fold,
To hail the ſpot where low they lie;
When, ſpread around me, I behold,
The rank graſs of their graves on high."

His ſpirit ruſh'd on eddying winds,
And came to Dardulena's dream;
As, wearied with the chace of hinds,
She ſlept by blue Dulrutho's ſtream.

Her bow unſtrung is near her placed,
The breezes fold her raven hair;
Each charm of youthful beauty graced
The love of chiefs, the blue-eyed fair.

From the dark ſkirts of Morna's wood,
Her father's ghoſt, pale bending, gleam'd;
At times his bloody form he ſhew'd,
Then hid in ſhrouding vapors ſeem'd.

She roſe in tears, her ſoul divin'd
The chief in death was lowly laid;
To her a beam of light he ſhin'd.
When folded in his darkeſt ſhade.

HABAKKUK, CHAP. III.

BY THE SAME.

THE Lord of Hoſts from Teman came,
From Paran's mount the Almighty God,—
The heavens his glory wide proclaim,
And bent the earth beneath his nod.

As light his awful brightneſs ſhow'd,—
There was the hiding of his power;
On burning coals Jehovah trode,
Dire mov'd the peſtilence before.

He ſtood, and meaſur'd earth and air,
He look'd, apart the nations fled,
The eternal mountains ſcatter'd were,
And hills perpetual bow'd the head.

I ſaw when Midian's curtains ſhook,
I ſaw pale Cuſhan's tents in woe;
Say, did the ſtreams thy wrath provoke?
Againſt them did thine anger glow?

Did e'er the deep his God diſpleaſe,
That on thy horſes thou did'ſt ride?
Thy path was thro' the troubled ſeas,
In heaps roll'd back the aſtoniſh'd tide.

The mountains ſaw, they trembling ſhook,
The o'erflowing waters paſſed by,
The mighty deep in horror ſpoke,
And lifted up his hands on high.

The rolling ſtars their courſes ſtay'd,
The ſun and moon ſtood ſtill in fear;
Before thine arrows blaze they fled,
Before the lightning of thy ſpear.

With rivers did'ſt thou cleave the earth,
And naked made thy dreadful bow;
Thou march'd in indignation forth,
And laid in duſt the heathen low:

Thou wenteſt forth on Iſrael's ſide,
To ſave from death thy choſen race;
Thy ſword has ſmote the heathen's pride,
And everlaſting are thy ways.

Altho' the fig-tree ſhall not ſhoot,
Nor grape the withering vine ſhall yield,
The olive ſhall withhold her fruit,
And blaſted be the herbag'd field;

Tho' in the fold the flock ſhall die,
And in the ſtall no herd ſhall be,
Yet on the Lord will I rely,
Yet, O my God! will joy in thee.

RUNIC POETRY.

TWILIGHT OF THE GODS;
OR
DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

FROM THE EDDA, A SYSTEM OF ANCIENT SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY.

BY THE SAME.

A TIME ſhall come, a barbarous time,
Dark ſhadowed o'er with every crime,
When ties of kin ſhall ceaſe to bind,
In love's ſoft bands, the human mind:
When ſons their fathers' blood ſhall pour,
And brother bluſh with brother's gore:
When, loſt to every tender care,
Not one his deareſt friend ſhall ſpare;
And man, oppreſs'd with bittereſt woes,
Wiſh the ſad ſcene of life to cloſe.

Winter, clad in wild array,
Then ſhall hold his direſt ſway;
The ſun withdraw his golden light,
And veil the world in darkeſt night;
The winds with wildeſt rage contend;
The ſnow in ceaſeleſs ſtorms deſcend;
The earth in icy fetters bound;
And deſolation glare around.

Uncheriſh'd by one genial ray,
Three ſuch winters paſs away.
Portents dire ſhall then ſucceed;
The Monſters from their chains be freed:
Dreadful, in his fiery car,
Giant Rymer * ruſh to war;
The Serpent † roll his hideous train
Deep beneath the billowy main,
Whoſe lifted waters, wildly ſwell'd,
Wide o'er the earth ſhall be impell'd;
In thouſands men reſign their breath,
And throng the gloomy courts of death;
His prey the ſcreaming eagle ſeek,
And tear the dead with gory beak;
The Earth in dread convulſions heave;
Its wonted courſe the river leave;
The tottering mountain headlong borne,
From its deep baſe reſiſtleſs torn;
Rent from their roots, whole foreſts fall;
And one vaſt ruin ſpread o'er all.
Floating on the whelming tides,
Fate's black Ship ‡ in triumph rides;

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* Rymer—One of thoſe Giants who, according to the Edda, are in continual enmity with the Gods, and ſhall, in co-operation with the Evil Genii, eventually overpower them.

† The Great Serpent—or Serpent of Midgard, is ſaid to have been caſt by the Gods into the ocean; where he ſoon became of ſuch an enormous ſize as to encircle the earth.—Midgard—the Reſidence, or Fortreſs of the Deities.—

‡ The Ship of the Gods, or of Fate, in which the Hoſt of the Evil Genii, &c. arrives.

Perfidious Loke § directs her course,
Leader of the giant force.
Fenris || bursts his iron chain;
Nought his fury can restrain;
His nostrils sparkling flames expire;
His eye-balls flash terrific fire;
Urged by rage, by vengeance driven,
He rends the beauteous sun from heaven:
The Serpent floods of venom pours
O'er the wide sea and circling shores;
Rocks rush on rocks, together hurl'd;
Destruction triumphs o'er the world;
From the torn concave of the sky,
The affrighted stars confus'dly fly;
The vaults of heaven in sunder rend;
The Evil Genii swift ascend;
Pour'd from the south, in terrors dire,
Before them moves the Prince of Fire,
Surtur * the Black, in flames array'd—
Shines like the sun his waving blade,
The sign of death; with him their might
The Serpent, Fenris, Loke, unite;

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§ Loke,—the Evil Being: in the highest degree malicious and deceitful.

|| Fenris,—or the Wolf,—of all the others a monster most dreaded by the Gods; who by stratagem confined him with a magic chain; which he breaks at the dissolution of nature.

* Surtur,—the destroying Principle; supposed to reside in the South, in the flaming Gulf of Muspelsheim; leader of the Evil Genii, who are to destroy the Universe by Fire.

Succeeds a death-determined hoſt,
The hideous Giants of the Froſt.
His crooked trumpet Heimdall†† takes,
With potent breath the blaſt awakes;
Far heard thro heaven's remoteſt bound,
Pours the ſhrill clangor of the ſound;
Loud crows the Cock, the bird divine,
Whoſe creſts in golden glory ſhine;
Hoarſe from beneath, with diſmal cries,
The Herald black of death replies;
Trembles the ſacred Aſh ‡‡ with dread,
And groaning ſhakes its lofty head;
All nature's fill'd with wild affright;
The Gods, convened, prepare for fight.
A mid-day ſun is Odin §§ bold,
Far beaming in his arms of gold;
Againſt the Wolf ||| he bends his courſe,
And Frey * encounters Surturſ's force.
The enormous ſerpent Thor† aſſails;
The God's reſiſtleſs might prevails;

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†† Heimdall,—the Centinel of Heaven.

‡‡ The Sacred Aſh of Ydraſil, under which the Council of the Deities is held.

§§ Odin, the firſt and moſt powerful of all the Gods.

||| Fenris.

* Frey,—a Deity repreſented as clothed in white; and ſuppoſed to preſide over the productions of the earth.

† Thor,—the firſt of the ſons of Odin, and ſtrongeſt of the Gods; who preſides over the thunder; and whoſe office it is to protect the injured and oppreſſed.

But ſhort his joy, he ſinks in death,
From the Monſter's venom'd breath.
By each others falchions ſlain,
Loke and Heimdall preſs the plain.
The ſnow-white God §§ reſigns his life,
By Surtur ſlain in furious ſtrife.
Ruſhing from the dark abodes,
Death denouncing to the Gods,
Hideous howls the Dog of night;
He meets with Tyr ||| in mortal fight;
Long the conteſt fierce they wage,
And victims fall of mutual rage.
Goddeſs, * weep! thy cares are vain—
Odin falls, by Fenris ſlain.
Swift to vengeance Vidar †† flies;
By his hand the monſter dies:
Wild Deſtruction, hovering o'er,
Waves her banner dipt in gore;
O'erpower'd the heavenly legions fall,
And Death's dark billows cloſe on all.
The gloomy Prince, ‡ with conqueſt crown'd,
Dreadful ſcatters flames around;
In one wide conflagration driven,
The raging fires aſcend to heaven;

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§§ "The ſnow-white God,"—Frey.
||| Tyr,—a Deity anſwering to the Roman Mars.
* The Goddeſs Friga, or Freya,—the Mother of Odin.
†† Vidar, a Son of Odin.
‡ "The gloomy Prince:"—Surtur.—

Sinks the world to ruin's power,
And time itſelf exiſts no more.

Burſting from exiſtence' grave,
O'er the boſom of the wave,
Lo! a new-born World unroll'd,
Far more beauteous than the old,
Smiles adorn'd with lovelieſt green;
Spring unfading decks the ſcene;
The eagles, ſoaring mid the breeze,
Their fiſhy prey on mountains ſeize;
The earth her fruits ſpontaneous yields;
Rich harveſts glad the uncultured fields;
Unknown to grief, to torturing pain,
There eternal pleaſures reign.
Then, from ſeats of orient light,
In divineſt glories bright,
Comes forth the great, the all-powerful One,*
Incommunicate, alone,—
Who was ere Time began his race,
Or being fill'd the vaſt of ſpace;
And, unchangable, ſupreme,
Thro endleſs ages is the ſame.
There a Palace glows, more bright
Than the ſun's meridian light,

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* This Being is entirely diſtinct from Odin, and the other Gods of the Scandinavian Mythology; who had their birth ſoon after the creation of the World, and who periſh with it.

Where the virtuous ſhall reſide;
And, as pleaſure rolls its tide
Undebaſed by pain's alloy,
Know an eternity of joy.

EXTRACT FROM THE

CONQUEST OF SCANDINAVIA;

BEING THE INTRODUCTION OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

BY THE SAME.

ODIN *having defeated the Scandinavians in ſeveral great battles,* WOLDOMIR, *the druidical ſovereign of Scandinavia, reduced to the utmoſt diſtreſs, obtains the aſſiſtance of* GRYMER, *Prince of the Saraceni,—a Scythian Tribe,—the hereditary foe of* ODIN; *and having aſſembled his forces on an extenſive plain, near the banks of a river, prepares to attack the Enemy, who are encamped on the oppoſite ſhore.—The preſent Book commences with the Night preceding the engagement.*

NOW Night, in clouds involv'd, her mantle drew,
And deepeſt darkneſs veil'd the etherial blue;
Dire heard afar, with wild and hollow roar,
Hoarſe groan'd the woods along the rocky ſhore;
Loaded with vapours dank and drizzling rains,
The chill North-eaſt ſhrill whiſtled o'er the plains;
Pale ſhone the phantom fires, whoſe boding light
In tenfold horror veſts the ſtorms of night;

And, wildly yelling thro the dreary ſhade,
Shriek'd the ſad ſpectres of the unburied dead;
Involv'd in anxious cares, and gloomy thought,
When Mondak's* Son the tent of Ulfo ſought.
Ulfo the old, renown'd for magic lore,
From Volga's flood to cold Kamſchatka's ſhore;
Amid the gloom of Scythian foreſts bred,
Where Altai lifts on high his wintry head;
Among a ſavage race, rapacious, rude,
Wild as the ſtorms that toſs the Caſpian flood,
As thunder dreadful, burſting from the cloud,
When Night o'er Altai hangs her ſable ſhroud.
Olaf his ſire, in fields of death renown'd,
As chief in war, the ſtern barbarians own'd,
Sprung from that race accurſt, whoſe demon ſway
The hoary Giants of the Froſt obey,
The ſame ſtern ſoul which mark'd his ſires of yore,
The ſame fell hate to Woden's laws he bore,
The ſame inſpir'd the ſon, whoſe rebel pride
The God derided, and his power defied.
In nature vers'd, to him each plant was known
That blooms mid Scythia's ſnows, or Afric's torrid zone;
Each ſecret power that earth's dark boſom hides,
That rules in ocean, or in air preſides.
To him had Grymer ſent, o'er realms afar,
With coſtly gifts, to win him to the war,
When firſt imperial Woldomir implor'd,
In Scandinavia's aid, the hero's ſword;

---

* Grymer.

Nor leſs impell'd by envious hate, he came,
Of Odin's glory and of Woden's name.

Intent to ſolve the dark decrees of fate,
In deep enquiry fix'd, the Wizard ſate;
When, Grymer entering, from his ſeat he preſt,
With eager haſte, and thus the Chief addreſt.
" Say, at this hour, when o'er the dreary plains,
In all her horrors, Night funereal reigns;
While ſhrieks of terror on the blaſt ariſe,
And the black tempeſt howls along the ſkies;
At this untimely hour, what potent cauſe
Forth from his tent the Prince of Scythia draws?"

" O Sire of magic!" thus the Prince replied,—
" My Shield in battle, and my counſels' guide,
Full well to thee is known what weight of care
Hangs on the vaſt uncertainty of war;
What anxious fears a leader's peace annoy,
Poſſeſs his ſoul, and every thought employ.
The chief who hopes in glory's walks to ſhine,
And round his brows the palms of conqueſt twine,
When war's dark tempeſt ſpreads its horrors round,
Not in the bowers of thoughtleſs Eaſe is found;
Not on the lap of Sloth reclines his head,
By proud Preſumption's flattering glare miſled;—
Which oft the vainly confident betrays,
And lights to ruin with its phantom blaze;—
But, when the hour of battle hovers near,
Neglects no caution, tho' he knows no fear.
By cares like theſe impell'd, I hither come,
Of reſt neglectful, mid the dreary gloom;

While, wide around, the camp in ſilence lies,
And ſlumber ſeals the wearied ſoldier's eyes:
For lo! to morrow wakes the rage of fight,
When morning opes the golden gates of light;
To morrow gives my eager arm to dare
This ſcourge of Scandia's realms, this peſt of war;
Gives me, perchance, that firſt of joys to know,
The joy of vengeance on a hated foe.
For that fell hate, which ſteel'd our ſires of yore,
Which dyed ſo oft in blood Jaxartes' ſhore,
That hate my breaſt with all its rage inſpires,
Sublim'd, by rival love, to fiercer fires.
Yes! ſtill revenge has ſet that day aſide,
When, ſcorn'd my paſſion, and my ſuit denied,
Hermanric's daughter gave her heaven of charms,
Deteſted thought! to Odin's happy arms.
But tho' my ſoul delights where Danger rears
His awful creſt, amid the ſtrife of ſpears,
And glows with tranſport in the fierce alarms,
The ſhock of battles, and the din of arms;
Tho', in compariſon, the foe are loſt
Mid the vaſt numbers of our warlike hoſt;
Yet not, in vain ſecurity, reclin'd,
The events of battle fill my anxious mind.
Perchance the Gods, too partial to the foe,
Our ſtrength may wither, and our hopes o'erthrow;
For Odin long has prov'd their guardian care,
By Woden ſhielded in the ſtorms of war;
And ſtill the favoring God his aid affords,
And bears him harmleſs mid deſcending ſwords.
How oft has Scandia mourn'd her heroes' doom,
Swept, by that arm, in thouſands, to the tomb!

Before his might her hoſts have ſhrunk away,
Like mountain ſnows before the vernal ray.
Then let the all-conquering force of ſpells be tried,
And range the Powers of magic on our ſide;
Bid panic terror hover o'er their fight,
Chill the pale foe, and turn their ſteps to flight;
So may thy friend a double triumph prove,
And, with a nation's wrongs, avenge his ſlighted love."

The monarch ceas'd,—the words the wizard took,
While ſarcaſm ſmil'd contemptuous in his look.
"Dread'ſt thou that feeble race? Can Grymer's ſoul
Thus bend to phantom terror's vile controul?
Do thoughts like thoſe which little minds debaſe,
Become the leader of a warlike race?
Thy mighty Woden, and his Gods, at moſt,
A narrow ſway, and power precarious boaſt.
In time's firſt day-ſpring, when as yet the earth
Knew not its place, nor ocean roll'd to birth;
Alone one torpid, vaſt abyſs, was ſeen,
Uncloth'd with form, undeck'd with cheerful green;
Ere man the breath of firſt exiſtence drew;
Thoſe ſons of Bore the mighty Ymir ſlew,
By fraud his race confin'd, uſurp'd the ſway
O'er the blue manſions of unclouded day.
Yet ſtill in fear their ill-got rule they hold,
Still dread the day, when vengeance uncontroll'd
Shall burſt its chains, and, in deſtruction hurl'd,
A fiery deluge wrap the ſinking world.
Then go, and Valhall's feeble Gods deſpiſe,
For Powers more mighty in thy aid ſhall riſe;—

Thoſe Powers who o'er the gloom of night preſide,
Live in the ſtorm, and on "the whirlwind ride;"—
Shall whelm in duſt the foes preſumptuous boaſt,
And roll dark ruin o'er their proſtrate hoſt."

The Wizard ceas'd—with brightening hopes inſpir'd,
The Scythian monarch to his tent retir'd.

Forth from his camp the dire Enchanter ſtray'd,
Mid the weird horrors of the midnight ſhade,
Till a lone dell his wandering footſteps found,
Fenc'd with rough cliffs, with mournful cypreſs crown'd,
There ſtay'd his courſe: with ſtern, terrific look,
Thrice wav'd on high, his magic wand he ſhook;
And thrice he rais'd the wild funereal yell
That calls the ſpirits from the abyſs of hell.
When, ſhrilly anſwering to the yell afar,
Borne on the winds, three female forms appear;
Dire as the hag who, mid the dreams of night,
Purſues the fever'd hectic's trembling flight.
With geſtures ſtrange, approach the haggard band,
And nigh the wizard take their ſilent ſtand.
Near, in a rock, adown whoſe rugged ſide
The lonely waters of the deſart glide,
O'ergrown with brambles, op'd an ample cave,
Drear as the gloomy manſions of the grave.
Within, the ſcreech-owl made her mournful home,
And birds obſcene that hover round the tomb;
Dark, from the moſs-grown top, together clung,
Ill-omen'd bats, in torpid cluſters, hung;
And o'er the bottom, with dank leaves beſtrow'd,
Crept the black adder, and the bloated toad.

Thither the magic throng repair'd, to form
Their ſpells obſcure, and weave the unhallow'd charm.
Muttering dire words, thrice ſtrode the wizard round;
Thrice, with his potent wand, he ſmote the ground;
Deep groans enſued; on wings of circling flame,
Slow-riſing from beneath, a Cauldron came;
Blue gleam'd the fires amid the ſhades of night,
And o'er the cavern ſhot a livid light.

Now op'd a horrid ſcene: all black with blood,
The infernal band, prepar'd for ſlaughter, ſtood.
Two beauteous babes, by griffons borne away,
While lock'd in ſleep the hapleſs mothers lay,
Whoſe ſmiles the frozen breaſt to love might warm,
And e'en the unſparing wolf to pity charm,
The hags unveil'd; and ſportive as they play'd,
Deep in their hearts embrued the murderous blade;
Their dying pangs with ſmile malignant view'd,
And life's laſt ebbings in the ſanguine flood.
Now, mix'd with various herbs of magic power,
In the dark cauldron glows the purple gore:
The Night-ſhade dire, whoſe baleful branches wave,
In glooms of horror, o'er the murderer's grave;
The Manchineel, alluring to the eye,
Where, veil'd in beauty, deadlieſt poiſons lie;
The far-fam'd Indian Herb, of power to move
The foes of nature to unite in love,
The ſerpent race to infant mildneſs charm,
And the fierce tiger of his rage diſarm,—
Known to the tribes that range the trackleſs wood
Where mad Antonio heaves the headlong flood;—

The * Monſter plant that blaſts Tartaria's heath;
And Upas fatal as the ſtroke of death:
Boil'd the black maſs, the aſſociate fiends advance,
And round the Cauldron form the magic dance.
Three times around, in myſtic maze they trod,
With hideous geſture, and terrific nod;
While Runic rhymes, and words that freeze the ſoul,
From their blue lips, in tones of horror, roll.
The wizard rais'd his voice, the cavern round,
Wild-ſhuddering, trembled at the fearful ſound;
In mute attention ſtood the haggard throng,
As thus he woke the incantatory ſong.

From the dreary realms below,
From the dark domains of fear,
From the ghaſtly ſeats of woe,
Hear! tremendous Hela, hear!

I.

Dreadful Power! whoſe awful form
Blackens in the midnight ſtorm;
Glares athwart the lurid ſkies,
While the ſheeted lightening flies;
When the thunder awful roars;
When the earthquake rocks the ſhores;

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* BAROMETZ, Tartarian Lamb:——A plant found in Tartary and the northern parts of China: It is covered with a very beautiful kind of furze or wool, of a bright yellow, and in its form has ſome reſemblance to a LAMB, appearing to ſtand upon four legs, from ſo many roots to which it is attached. It is ſaid to be of a nature ſo deſtructive to every other ſpecies of vegetables, that none will live within its vicinity.

Mounted on the wings of air,
Thou rul'ſt the elemental war.
When Famine brings her ſickly train;
When Battle ſtrews the carnag'd plain;
When Peſtilence her venom'd wand
Waves o'er the deſolated land;
Ruſh the ocean's whelming tides
O'er the foundering veſſel's ſides;
Then aſcends thy voice on high;
Then is heard thy funeral cry;
Then, in horror, doſt thou riſe
On the expiring wretch's eyes.

From the dreary realms below,
From the dark domains of fear,
From the ghaſtly ſeats of woe,
Hear! tremendous Hela, hear!

II.

Goddeſs! whoſe terrific ſway
Naſtrande's realms of guilt obey;
Where, amid impervious gloom,
Sullen frowns the ſerpent Dome;
Roll'd beneath the envenom'd tide,
Where the ſons of ſorrow 'bide;
Thee, the mighty Demon hoſt;
Thee, the Giants of the Froſt;
Thee, the Genii tribes adore;
Fenris owns thy ſovereign power:
And the imperial Prince of Fire,
Surtur, trembles at thine ire.

Thine, the victor's pride to mar;
Thine, to turn the ſcale of war;
Chiefs and princes at thy call,
From their ſpheres of glory fall;
Empires are in ruin hurl'd;
Deſolation blaſts the world.

From the dreary realms below
From the dark domains of fear,
From the ghaſtly ſeats of woe,
Hear! tremendous Hela, hear!

III.

Queen of terror, queen of death!
Thee, we ſummon from beneath.
From the deep infernal ſhade;
From the manſion of the dead;
Nieflehm's black, funereal dome;
Hither riſe, and hither come!
By the potent Runic rhyme,
Awful, myſtic, and ſublime;
By the ſtreams that roar below;
By the ſable fount of woe;
By the burning gulph of pain,
Muſpell's home, and Surtur's reign;
By the Day when, o'er the world,
Wild confuſion ſhall be hurl'd,
Rymer mount his fiery car,
Giants, Genii, ruſh to war,
To vengeance move the Prince of Fire,
And heaven, and earth, in flames expire!

From the dreary realms below,
From the dark domains of fear,
From the ghaſtly ſeats of woe,
Hear! tremendous Hela! hear.

He ceas'd—the flames withdrew their magic light,
And, cloth'd in deeper horrors, frown'd the night.
At once, an awful ſtillneſs paus'd around,
Huſh'd were the winds, and mute the tempeſt's ſound,
One deep, portentous, calm o'er nature ſpread,
Nor e'en the aſpin's reſtleſs foliage play'd;—
Such the dire calm that glooms Carribean ſhores
Ere, rous'd to rage, the fell Tornado roars:—
Not long, for lo! from central earth releas'd,
Shrill through the cavern ſigh'd an hollow blaſt;
Wild wails of woe, with ſhrieks of terror join'd,
In deathful murmurs groan along the wind;
Peal following peal, hoarſe burſts the thunder round;
Redoubling echoes ſwell the dreadful ſound;
Flaſh the blue lightnings in continual blaze;
One ſheet of fire the kindling gloom diſplays;
And o'er the vault, with pale, ſulphureous ray,
Pour all the horrors of infernal day.
Now heav'd the vale around, the cavern'd rock,
The earth, deep trembling, to its center ſhook,
Wide yawn'd the rending floor, and gave to ſight
A chaſm tremendous as the gates of night.
Slow from the gulph, mid lightnings faintly ſeen,
Roſe the dread form of Death's terrific Queen;
Of wolfiſh aſpect, and with eyes of flame,
Black Jarnvid's Witch, her fell attendant, came;

Than whom, no monſter roams the dark abodes,
More fear'd by friends, more hated by the Gods.

More frightful, more deform'd, than Fancy's power
Pourtrays the demon of the midnight hour,
In hideous majeſty, of various hue,
Part ſallow pale, and part a livid blue,
A form gigantic, awful Hela frown'd;
Her towering head with ſable ſerpents crown'd;
Around her waiſt, in many a volume roll'd,
A crimſon adder wreath'd his poiſonous fold;
And o'er her face, beyond deſcription dread,
A ſulphury miſt its ſhrouding mantle ſpread.
Her voice, the groan of war, the ſhriek of woe
When ſinks the city whelm'd in gulphs below,
In tones of thunder, o'er the cavern broke,
And nature ſhudder'd as the Demon ſpoke.

"Preſumptuous mortal! that, with myſtic ſtrain,
Doſt ſummon Hela from the realms of pain,
What cauſe thus prompts thee raſhly to invade
The deep repoſe of death's eternal ſhade?
What, from the abodes of never-ending night,
Calls me, reluctant, to the climes of light?"

"Empreſs ſupreme! whoſe wide-extended ſway
All nature owns, and earth and hell obey;
The ſolemn call no trivial wiſh inſpires;
No common cauſe thy potent aid requires;
The dooms of empires on the iſſue wait,
And doubtful tremble in the ſcale of fate.
The glow of morn, on yon extended heath,
Will light the nations to the ſtrife of death.

There Saracinia's ſons their force unite
With Scandia's monarch, Woldomir, in fight;
By ſtrength combin'd, proud Odin to o'erwhelm,
The fierce invader of the Scandian realm;
By Woden favor'd with peculiar grace;
Friend of the gods, and odious to thy race.
Then, in the impending fight, thy ſuccour lend,
And o'er our hoſt thy arm of ſtrength extend;
The hoſtile bands, protected by thy foes,
With dangers circle, and with ruin cloſe;
With wild diſmay their ſhrinking ranks pervade;
Whelm their pale numbers in the eternal ſhade;
And wing, with certain aim, the miſſive dart,
Or point the faulchion, to the leader's heart."

Thus Ulfo ſpoke—and Hela thus return'd.
" Know, while in primal night creation mourn'd,
The eternal cauſe, the great, all-ruling mind,
The various term of human life aſſign'd;
Irrevocably firm, the fix'd intent
No power can vary, and no chance prevent.
Mark'd, by the fates, for years of bloody ſtrife,
Rolls the long flood of Odin's varied life;
Nor is it ours the ſtern decree to thwart
By open violence, or by covert art.
Yet ſtill the power is left us to annoy,
Whom rigid heaven denies us to deſtroy;
And, tho of life ſecure, the hoſtile chief,
The wretched victim of ſevereſt grief,
Shall mourn his arms diſgrac'd, on yonder plain,
His laurels blaſted, and his heroes ſlain."

She ceaſed;—in thunder vaniſhing from view,
The fiends, the cauldron, and the hags withdrew.
Back to the camp the Inchanter ſped his way,
Ere, o'er the eaſt, aroſe the firſt faint glimpſe of day.

ODE TO CONSCIENCE.

BY THEODORE DWIGHT, ESQUIRE.

HAIL Conſcience, faithful inmate of the breaſt!
Thy ſmiles can charm to ſweeteſt reſt,
Thy frowns can wake the keeneſt woe,
Without thy aid even heaven would grow
A cheerleſs void of deep diſtreſs,
And angels want the power to bleſs.

When great Jehovah's voice creation form'd,
When worlds unnumber'd ſprang to inſtant birth;
When morning ſtars to ecſtacy were warm'd,
And man ſtood ruler of the boundleſs earth,
Thou in the realms of light and love,
Did'ſt dwell emboſſom'd with the Etherial Dove.
"Where Guilt ſhall dare extend her reign,
"And Satan ſtretch his dark domain,
"There let the tides of horror roll,
"And torture rend the ſinking ſoul."
The GODHEAD ſpoke,—Creation round,
Deep trembled to its utmoſt bound.

Hail mighty Conſcience! hail!
When the black deed of guilt is done,
Thou mak'ſt the quivering wretch turn pale,
And ſtartle at the ſun.
When Murder fearleſs of thy power,
Lifts up the fateful knife,
And in the dark and midnight hour,
Deſtroys the guiltleſs life;
High ſwells thy awful voice:
Awaking at the fearful ſound,
The fiends of vengeance gather round;
The villain ſtarts at every noiſe,
His ſoul, to judgment ſummon'd, ſhakes,
His frame convuls'd with horror, quakes;
'Till urg'd to fate by all-reſiſtleſs fear,
He owns his crime, and dies the victim of deſpair.

When the quick tide of life ſwells high,
And Pleaſure hourly wantons nigh,
The Sceptic braves thy ſtern command,
Nor dreads thy executing hand.
But when the powers of life decay,
And ſickening nature waſtes away,
When Age brings on a lengthening train
Of weakneſs, dire diſeaſe, and pain,
When Death uplifts its horrid form,
And Juſtice wakes the avenging ſtorm;
Torn with diſtracting doubts and fears,
Thy terrors thunder in his ears;
Pale ſpectres haunt the ſhades of night,
Deep bluſhes meet the morning light,—

Above he ſees the tempeſt lower,
And floods of wrath around him pour,—
Wide yawns beneath the world of woe,
Where waves of burning vengeance flow.

Impell'd by conſcious guilt he ſtrives to fly,
Far from the light of God's all-ſearching eye,
And plunging headlong in the midnight ſhade,
Calls rocks and hills to ſhield his guilty head;
'Till robb'd of Hope,—life's lateſt ſtay,—Deſpair
Breathes the faint wiſhes of unutter'd prayer:
In dread ſuſpence, his laſt ſad refuge fled,
His ſchemes all fruſtrate, his deluſions dead,
Heaven ſhut from view, annihilation vain,
He ſhrinks from life, and flies to endleſs pain.

Not ſuch thy lot, O man* divine!
Peace on the bed of death was thine.
Calm with a retroſpective view,
Thy mind look'd paſt exiſtence thro;
In bright, and regular array,
And blazing on the face of day,
The deeds of virtue ſtood;
Conſcience beheld them as they ſhone,
Approv'd and hail'd her darling ſon,
And God pronounc'd them good.
And when the meſſenger of death,
Receiv'd thy faint expiring breath,
Soft ſlumbering on the bed of peace,
Thy voice bade every ſorrow ceaſe,

---

* Mr. ADDISON.

While to the world's aſtoniſh'd eye,
Thou ſhew'd'ſt with what repoſe a virtuous man can die.

Hail Conſcience! hail the good man's friend!
Thy ſmiles thro' life his ſteps attend;
And on his dread departing day,
Impart a ſweet, and gladſome ray,
To cheer his ſoul, to ſooth his dying breath,
To light his path-way thro' the vale of death,
And ope his proſpect to awaiting ſkies,
Where Faith looks forward with prophetic eyes,
And ſees unmov'd the moon in blood expire,
The ſun in darkneſs, and the earth on fire,
Stars, planets, ſyſtems, into ruin hurl'd,
And the laſt trumpet rend a guilty world.

COLOLOO,——AN INDIAN TALE,

Thrown into Engliſh Verſe.

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP.

COLWALL! the Women crie;
Colwall! the dales reſound,
Colwall, the hills reply,
And hollow caves rebound.

Wild ſhrieks thro thickets ring,
Faſt flies the dark-brown night:
"Come ye Warriors bring
The Captive ta'en in fight.

Draw tight the cutting bands!
Bring matches blazing blue!
Now! now! the victim ſtands
To mighty Colwall due."

With ſcorn the Captive ſmil'd,
With ſcorn he ey'd the throng,
Then thus his pain beguil'd,
With high exulting ſong.

SONG.

And are theſe all the means ye know
To give a warrior pain?
Oh give your fires a fiercer glow;
Remember Colwall ſlain.

My father gloried in his ſon.
My warriors came from fight,
None ſtaid behind; the ſcalps we won
Declar'd our matchleſs might.

Who has not heard Cololoo's fame?
My nation well ye know,——
And dreadful is the Tiger's name,
And fear'd by every foe.

Pain does not lie ſo near the ſkin,
More burning pine-knots bring!
Cololoo's all at peace within,—
And Logan's fame he'll ſing.

RECITAL.

Then whilſt from every limb the red ſtreams guſh,
And round him glows the fire;
Whilſt thorns and nails transfix the quivering fleſh,
The death ſong riſes higher.——

SONG.

Aged Logan led the fight,
Logan's fame is ever new,——
Logan ſeiz'd a treacherous White,
His murder'd Children ruſh to view:

" Curſes blaſt thee! pale-fac'd Savage,
Ruin ſeize thy ruthleſs kind,
Train'd to rapine, ſkill'd to ravage,
Gain, the God that graſps thy mind.

Now ye red men take your fill,
Give the ſcalping knife its due,
The red right arm is bare to kill,—
This my children, this to you."

Reeking from the white man's brain,
Lo! he lifts the ſcalp on high;
" Logan does not wiſh thee pain,
Fly to death's dark caverns, fly!

See they come! they come to meet us!
Raiſe the yell that makes them quake,
Say,—ſhall puny white men beat us?
Men that every blaſt can ſhake?

Men that fear the ruſhing rain,
Men that fear the clouded ſky,
Men that ſhrink and howl at pain,
Nor know to triumph when they die.

Now ye Tiger tribe be brave,
Think that Logan ſees the fight;
Scalps on ſcalps adorn my cave,
Glad'ning to my children's ſight.

Sulph'rous ſmokes obſcure the view,
War! the hills and dales reply.
Now ye red men, now be true!
Ye know to fight! ye dare to die!"

Hand to hand the Warriors ruſh,
Shouts and yells in echos die;
Tom'hawks cleave, and bay'nets puſh,—
They fly! they fly! the white men fly!

One brave band alone remains,
One alone of all that band,
Every ſhot and blow ſuſtains,
Red like ours his heavy hand.

See they ſink,—he's left alone,—
Still our Warriors ſtain the fields;
See! he falls, but fighting on
Sits, and ſtill his ſword he wields.

Logan ſeiz'd the brave man's arm,
Longing, look'd upon his face;
Logan will not do thee harm,
Tho' thou art of faithleſs race.

Logan's ſons had been like thee,—
White men ſhot them from the buſh;
The brave ſhall not be harm'd by me,—
He's dead,—he's flown,—and all is huſh.——

None thy beauteous corſe ſhall wound;
None thy hairy ſcalp ſhall tear;
Thou ſhalt ſleep with warriors round,
Thou the dead-mens, feaſt ſhall ſhare.

Seize the ſcalps, and count the ſlain;
White-men, weep your brothers' woes!
Eaſe our dying chiefs from pain:—
White-men learn to fear your foes!

So, Logan triumph'd o'er the foe;
Logan's fame was fairly won:
So, Logan laid the white-men low,—
——But ſet is Logan's ſun.——

Why bring ye not the heated ſtone
To ſear and ſeam my manly breaſt?
Why ſure the torture is not done!
Such pain Cololoo bears in jeſt.

RECITAL.

Round his head Idiego hurl'd
His hatchet keen and good;
Whizzing, fierce the weapon whirl'd,
And quiver'd in the wood.

Reldor then with ſullen ſtride,
His knife was in his hand,
Advanc'd, and thus aloud he cried,—
And cut the twiſted band.

Reldor takes thee for his ſon,
Colwall in battle ſlain,
In many a fight his fame he won,
Nor ſhrunk from death or pain.——

Silent now the warrior train
Bear the blood-ſtain'd chief,—
No more they weep for Colwall ſlain,—
No more is known of grief.——

ODE TO TIME.*

FULL oft the Painter's pencil, oft the Bard,
On canvas, or on Fancy's airy ſcene,
Hath ſhewn thee laughable, with griſly beard
Stiff-ſtarting from a peaked chin;
A few white hairs thin-ſcatter'd round thy head,
Thine eyes turn'd grey with age;
Thy noſe quite ſhrivell'd, like a pointed hook,
Thy viſage bearing all a wrinkled wizard look:
Bent down and crooked was thy form,
And tottering on thy weak, lank legs,
Like ſome ſlim weed amid the ſhaking ſtorm;
Thy blood, poor miſerable dregs
Of life, crept thro' each wind-puff'd vein,
Which ſeem'd as tho' 'twould burſt with ev'ry ſtrain:
Thy long and dangling arms a ſcythe ſuſtain,
To top off men as they cut down their grain:
Moſt laughable indeed! thus to deform
A God in power firſt, as firſt in form!

But look ye painters! hear ye bards this truth!
His face ſhall ever bloom unfading youth.

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* This Poem was originally publiſhed, in an imperfect ſtate, in No. 20 of the 3d volume of the Gazette of the United States, for July 6th, 1791, with its preſent ſignature. The great alterations which it has ſince undergone, and the many important additions now made to it, form a ſufficient excuſe for the conduct of the Editors in placing it among the Original Poems.

Bright golden locks adorn his head,
Majeſtick beauty ſeems his form;
Where'er he ſteps, his awful tread
Sounds like the thunder of the ſtorm.

Imperial Rome! once miſtreſs of the world!
Who rear'd her palaces, her towers on high,
Bade her tall obeliſks aſſail the ſky!
In ruin lies, by his ſtrong arm of power hurl'd.
Some broken arch, or nodding tower,
Falls prone to earth each paſſing hour;
And oft the wary traveller hears the ſound
Of ſome lofty column broke,
By TIME's rudely ſhattering ſtroke,
When down it comes loud-craſhing on the ground,
And hills and vales, the horrid roars rebound.

Behold yon figure ſtarting on the ſight!
His awful brow around,
With palm and laurel bound;
His forceful eye with genius bright,
Seems now in Fancy's view to roll,
And ſpeak the bloody Cæſar's warlike ſoul!
But Cæſar! thou art gone!
And TIME ſhall bid thy ſtatue follow ſoon.

The ſpacious Forum where great Tully's voice,
A clear and ſwelling torrent pour'd along,
'Till the tumultuous faction check'd their murmuring noiſe,
And mute—with dumb attention hark—as to the ſong
Of Orpheus, did fierce Cerberus of old,
When he with muſic's tongue his tender ſtory told;
Touch'd by TIME's deſtructive, potent wand,
Lies in ruins mouldering on the land.

From Rome the Muſe now turns her eagle-eye,
To where the ſun burns in the weſtern ſky,
Where Niagara loud and ſtrong,
His deep majeſtic torrent rolls along:
From many a noble ſtream and lake ſupplied
The ruſhing tide,
With rapid force, moſt awful roars;
While echo ſwells the ſolemn ſound upon his ſolitary ſhores.
But lo! the boiling flood check'd by a rocky mound,
It madly foams, and whirling round,
In one ſtupendous ſheet,
From the dizzy awful height,
Fierce ruſhing, headlong thunders to the ground.
The trembling groves, and caves around,
For many a league the dreadful ſhout reſound—
And while the bellowing flood midſt craggy rocks below
Boils into foam, above the heaven-depicted bow
In rapture holds the wondering traveller's eye,
And all his ſenſes thrill with heavenly extacy.
But hold my Muſe! repreſs thy airy flight,
Nor give thy quick'ned ſoul to ſweet delight;
For e'en thoſe haughty rocks, that rear on high
Their ſhaggy heads, and rend the vaulted ſky
With their loud-roaring ſounds ſublime,
Shall bow beneath the ſhattering hand of TIME.

Yet waft away! oh! diſſipate thy fears,
For now thro' the deep gloom of future years,
A beauteous ſcene beneath the weſtern ſkies,
Reſplendent burſts upon my raviſh'd eyes.
Where thro' uncultur'd wilds Ohio rolls,
And hears the rav'nous wolf's terrific howls;

Or ſees upon his ſhores at midnight hour,
The cruel ſavage exerciſe his power;
Sees him with a demoniack's joy elate,
Commit the hapleſs victim to his fate,
And while with grinning rage, the blazing wood
He quenches in the Priſoner's hiſſing blood,
Hears the ſhrill ſhrieks that pierce the diſtant air,
And freeze the heart of pity with deſpair:
There TIME's command ſhall bid thoſe horrors ceaſe,
And wild Ohio ſmile with ſcenes of peace.
Where beaſts of prey prowl o'er the deſert ground,
Some future youths ſhall liſten to the ſound
Of wiſdom, flowing from the Sage's tongue,
In tones attractive as the voice of ſong.
Then ſhall fair temples, villas, cities riſe,
To beam new ſplendor on the natives' eyes;
The heaven-taught Painter, Sculptor, and the Bard
Shall there in future ages ſeek reward;
The voice of muſic warble thro' the air,
And all the glorious arts of peace appear.

But now again, the Muſe prophetic, ſighs,
While ſcenes of future deſolation riſe.
She ſees her City, fair Columbia's pride,
A heap of ruins ſpreading far and wide:
She ſees her ſtreets once beauteous to behold,
Par tition'd off, the ſhepherd flock to fold;
The crumbling bricks, and ſeparated ſtone,
By pale-green moſs, and ſcattering fern o'ergrown.
The wiley fox from broken arches peeps,
Thro' the deſerted dome the weaſle creeps,
The owl ſits whooping on the temple door,
While hops the ſqualid toad along the floor;

The hiſſings of the deadly ſnake ſhe hears,
The warning rattle, trembles in her ears.
Begone deluſive fancy! may thy wand
No more deform the beauty of our land!
Be unprophetic all thy gloomy views,
The airy offspring of the weeping Muſe—
But all too true alas! thy words may prove,
When TIME's deſtructive power ſhall o'er their beauties [move
Ere thrice ten times the God of day,
Has drove his flaming, annual Car,
Adown the roſy weſt;
My ſlender frame of clay,
With TIME and fierce diſeaſe at war
May moulder into duſt:
Theſe grief-ſtrung nerves of mine may ceaſe to move
In ſad vibrations to the voice of Love;
With many a hapleſs Bard whoſe tender breaſt
Now knows no more the goading thruſt
Of pride, or penury his nerves of feeling tear.
But hold! ah hold thy lifted hand!
Nor lowly bow,
Beneath thy awful blow
The Father of Columbia's favor'd land:
Oh ſpare! the glorious Patriot ſpare!
Nor give the ſtroke of fate,
Until his equal ſhall appear
To fill with equal dignity the lofty chair of ſtate.

BIRTHA.

Philadelphia, July 1791.

AN ODE,

ADDRESSED TO MISS ****.

BY THE LATE REV. JOSEPH HOWE, OF BOSTON.

NEVER did parting Youth feel more
Than I, fair Maid, when from the ſhore
Thy veſſel ſail'd away;
And can not then my prayers prevail,
Nor love, nor vows, nor tears, avail,
Nor aught procure thy ſtay?

Was it for this that I ſo long
Liſten'd, to Fortune's ſyren ſong
Liſten'd with rapturous joy?
Did ſhe, for this, inſpire my heart,
With hopes that we ſhould never part,
And thus theſe hopes deſtroy?

Amid the much-admiring crowd,
While thus I ſigh'd my griefs aloud,
I ſcarce refrain'd to ſpeak;
Shame held my tongue, while from my eye
The pearly drops, full plenteouſly,
Stole trickling down my cheek.

Thus, near fair Tibur's ſilver flood,
The Roman Bard, gay Horace, ſtood,
And ſaw Galatea ſail;
And thrice he warn'd her, o'er, and o'er,
And told the fates Europa bore,
In hopes he might avail.

In hopes he might avail to move
The fixed purpoſe of his love,
From ſuch a dangerous choice.
But all in vain, like me, he tried,
Galatea ſtill did firm abide,
Deaf to his moving voice.

"Then go, if naught," the Bard rejoin'd,—
"Can move the purpoſe of thy mind,
"Go, and may bleſſings follow thee;
"Let every gentle gale attend,
"Let every wave thy voyage befriend,
"But think, ah think! of me."

Nor leſs to heaven did I prefer,
For thy dear ſake, my pious prayer.
O winds, O waves, agree!
Winds gently blow, waves ſoftly flow,
Ship move with care, for thou doſt bear
The better part of me.

And think, and think, I alſo ſaid—
On all the vows which we have made,
On all thoſe charming ſcenes,
Which once, with glee, we paſs'd away,
Pleaſed in each other, night and day,
Nor envied kings and queens.

MESSAGE OF MORDECAI TO ESTHER.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

BOOK II,——THE CONCLUSION.

BY TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D.

THOU know'ſt, O Eſther! from thy infant years,
To rear thy form, to nurſe thy opening mind,
To teach thee every virtue, every truth,
To form thee finiſh'd, lovely, great, and wiſe,
Was all my care ſupreme. Friendleſs, alone,
An orphan ſcarcely budded, well thou know'ſt
I found thee; as a darling flower (the roſe,
That blooms in Sharon, or at Hermon's foot
The lilly of the vale) from midſt the wild,
With every care remov'd thee to my field,
And ſaw thee riſe, and bloom, and ſend abroad
A fragrance, richer than the Arabian gale.
Why all adorn'd with beauty's living bloom,
In form as ſome young Virtue of the ſkies,
Of tincture died in health's immortal ſtream,
Of eye reſplendent, as the morning ſun
Looks thro' the cloud's fair opening, and of grace,
Where heaven was pleas'd to move in mortal guiſe;
Why form'd with ſoul, ſuperior to thy kind,
With thoughts expanding thro' the world's wide round,
And pinion'd to the ſkies; with hardy mind,
Patient and daring, as the hero ſtands
Upon the deadly and fierce flaming breach,
Serene while Death walks onward; yet more ſoft

Than the pleas'd infant ſmiles the ſavage dumb;
Why all accompliſh'd, and why angel all,
I ponder'd long, and now from Heaven I learn.
This mighty hour the Eye Omniſcient mark'd,
While fair, beneath his forming hand, uproſe
Thy varied excellence. For this Heaven gave
Thy virtue, gift ſupreme, that virtue crown'd
With wiſdom's power; that wiſdoms cloth'd divine
With beauty's angel form; that form around
Diffus'd the light of Heaven; and all adorn'd
With grace and ſweetneſs, dignity and love.
On that proud day, when, from an hundred realms
Summon'd, came many a lord, and chief, and king,
Magnificent, to grace the monarch's feaſt,
And all the pomp of Perſia round him ſpread;
When Vaſhti's inſolence, beyond all thought,
Her preſence to the illuſtrious train refus'd;
When, taught by Memucan he wiſely bade
The haughty fair one wear the crown no more;
Even then a field I ſaw, by Heaven outſpread,
To give thy virtue ſcope, and rich reward.
Pondering, I brought thee to the eunuchs' Prince;
Amaz'd, amid all Perſia's beauteous maids,
Thee, thee alone he gaz'd. Convinc'd, I knew
The crown reſerv'd for thee. With no ſurpriſe,
I ſaw thee lifted to the world's great throne:
'Twas thus the Skies decreed. But, O bleſs'd fair!
Not for thyſelf the Heavens thy beauty gave,
Thy grace, thy wiſdom; nor, for thee alone,
Did Mordecai uprear thy precious bloom.
Heaven's gifts are virtue's aids; for virtue us'd,
Are us'd aright; or elſe are given in vain.

On thy great power to bleſs, all Iſrael builds
A ſolemn claim. A voice, as thunder loud,
Awful, majeſtic, from thy nation ſounds,
And bids thee riſe to ſave. Their cauſe thou know'ſt
The cauſe of heaven. In them religion lives;
From them Meſſiah ſprings, by whoſe bleſs'd hand
All nations good, and life, and glory gain.
The world's great happineſs on them ſuſpends.
Creation's end, and Providence' great ſcope.
Go then, thy nation ſave. Should every ill,
Even death, betide; yet what is life, or death,
When Iſrael calls, when God demands our life.
And know, O fair! if thou thy voice withhold,
Yet to the ruling Heavens, whoſe piercing eye
All mortal things ſurveys, ten thouſand paths,
From danger's deepeſt caves, lead up to day:
Paths, tho' by man unſeen, yet ſtrait, and plain,
To God's all-piercing view. Thro Death's dark vale,
Such paths ſhall Iſrael guide to life and peace.
Then from the ſkies indignant, while thy race
To peace and joy aſcend, thy faireſt day
Of duty, glory, loſt, thy ſoul ſhall feel
The piercing anguiſh of a wounded heart,
And waſte with keen remorſe, and ſad deſpair.

Thus wrote the feeling Prince. Awhile, in deep
And ſolemn contemplation ſat the fair,
Pondering the forceful meſſage. Rouz'd at length
From off the ſofa, all that ſoftly ſweet,
Angelic ſmile her face forſook; her eye,
Kindling with ſacred fire, ſhot forth a ray
Of ſunbright glory; high her boſom roſe;

Her pulſe beat high, and loftily ſhe walk'd
The ſpacious room. Surpriz'd, her virgins ſtood,
While thus her faithful Hatach ſhe addreſs'd.
Go tell illuſtrious Mordecai, my ſoul
Is warm'd to this great deed. His daughter's heart
Shuns not for Iſrael, or for Heaven, to die.
Undone by me, no duty ſhall demand
Another's boſom; loſt by me, no hour
Of real glory ſhall another crown
With fame, and life divine. Let Iſrael's race,
Thro' Shuſhan's walls, with prayers, and tears, and faſts,
Implore the Skies; and tho no bright'ning hope
Preſents the king complacent; yet, to morrow,
My feet ſhall tempt the court of gloomy danger,
And if my life's exacted, let me die.

END OF BOOK II.

ESTHER AND MORDECAI.

BOOK III.——(*The Beginning.*)

FROM midſt a ſhining cloud, whoſe borders fair
A golden light upturn'd, look'd forth the ſun.
As clear, as bright, uproſe the Perſian Queen,
In all the pride of beauty. Rob'd in pomp
Of Aſian ſplendor, forth ſhe ſlowly mov'd,
Attended by a royal train, that gave
New glory to the Fair. Strait to the throne

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* L. 3. Up roſe the ſun and up roſe Emily. CHAUCER.

Of ſovereign majeſty ſhe bent her way.
Before her open'd wide the ivory gates,
On golden hinges turning; where, in purple
And gems, and gold, attir'd, with pomp ſupreme,
With port auguſt, and aſpect ſternly dread,
She ſaw the Monarch thron'd. Full on his eye
She dawn'd in all her beauty, rob'd in white
With ſilver intertwin'd, and flowers of gold.
Around her diadem, mid rows of pearls,
Twinkled unnumber'd ſtars. Two cupids fair
Beſide her walk'd in blooming innocence;
And two her train ſupported. From their hands,
Flowers fell, and fragrance, that the palace wide
Breath'd living odours. Soft and ſweet the air,
The lovely Queen aſſum'd; her large, black eyes,
Mildly refulgent, ſhone, two morning ſtars;
While o'er her cheek, with lambent beauty, play'd
Colours, which neither flowers, nor gems, nor clouds,
Nor rainbows ever ſhed. Full on the King
She caſt a ſweet, and ſoul-explaining ſmile
Of ſoft complacence; ſuch as angels ſhow,
To greet their fellows, when, from errand high
Return'd, they meet the ſovereign euge bleſs'd
The Monarch gaz'd; and, tho' his heart was fix'd
In all the ſternneſs of Aſiatic ſtate;
Yet in the beams of beauty, ſoul inſpir'd,
His ſoftening boſom melted. Fairer far
He view'd her, than when brought to bleſs his arms
With virgin innocence. As in calm ſkies,
'Twixt two fair planets, walks in pride divine
The aſcending Moon, o'er all the the immenſe of heaven

Reigning ſole queen, and with enchantment ſweet
Softening the world to ſilence. With mild eye,
She looks her empire round, and ſees the ſtars
With joy before her hide their little lamps,
And plains, and groves, and mountains in the beam,
Shadowy, aſcend and brighten. Fair ſhe ſmiles,
And triumphs in her beauty; while the bard
Eyes the bright queen, and wakes a thouſand dreams,
And thinks her empreſs of the realms above.
So roſe in all her bloom the wondrous Fair,
And ſo the Monarch gaz'd. Spontaneous mov'd
His arm unbidden, and to greet the Queen,
Reach'd forth the golden ſceptre. As the Fair,
Advancing, touch'd its ſtarry point, he cried,
O Queen, what wiſhes in thy boſom riſe?
What prayer begins thy voice? Even to the half
Of Perſia's vaſt domain, that prayer is giv'n.——

END OF VOL. I.



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Aſhley Gilbert, Catſkill.
Mr. Aſa Gillet, Litchfield.
Mr. Judſon Gitteau, do.
Mr. Chauncey Gleaſon, Simſbury.
Chauncey Goodrich, Eſquire, Hartford, 3.
Elihu C. Goodrich, Eſquire, Claverack.
Mr. Thomas C. Green, Bookſeller, New-London, 6.

H.

Hon. Nathan Hale, Eſquire, Canaan.
Samuel Haight, Catſkill.
Jared Harriſon, Watertown.
Reuben Hart, Stockbridge.
Rev. Reuben Hitchcock, Sunbury, (Georgia.)
Mr. Roger Hitchcock, Litchfield.
Mr. Elnathan Holly, do.
Ph. L. Hoffman, Manor of Livingſton, 2.
Thomas H. Hooker, Catſkill.
Samuel M. Hopkins, Eſquire, Goſhen.
Benjamin Horner, jun. Philadelphia.
Hez. L. Hoſmer, Eſquire, Hudſon, 2.
Titus Hotchkiſs, Watertown.

J.

Iſaac Jackſon, Philadelphia, 2.
William Jackſon, Wethersfield.
Ammiel Jenkins, Hudſon.
William Johnſon, Eſquire, New-York.

K.

Ephraim Kirby, Eſquire, Litchfield.
William Kellogg, Cornwall.

L.

Benjamin Lane, Manor of Livingſton.
Mr. Lyman Law, New-London.
David Lawrence, Hudſon.
Mr. Samuel Lawrence, Hartford.
George R. Lawton, Philadelphia.
S. Lawton, do.
Oliver Lazier, Catſkill.
Doctor Michael Leib, Philadelphia, 12.
Mr. Eliſha Lewis, Hartford.
John Livingſton, Manor.
Abner Lord, Lyme.
John H. Lothrop, Eſquire, Hartford.

M.

David Manwarring, jun. New-London.
Mr. Eliſha Maſon, Litchfield.
Nicholas S. Maſters, Eſquire, New-Milford.
Mr. Samuel M'Neil, Litchfield.
Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, do.
Simeon Mitchell, Waſhington.
John Montgomery, Harpersfie d.
Benjamin Moore D. D. New-York.
William Moore, do.
Benjamin J. Moore, do.
Anthony S. Morris, Philadelphia, 2.
James Morris, do.
Perez Morton, Eſquire, Boſton, 2.
Jon. Ogden Moſely, Eſquire, East Haddam, 6.
M. Muller, Boſton, 2.
Thomas Mumford, Eſquire, New-York.

O.

Andrew Onderdonk, New-York.

P.

David Parmele, Eſquire, Haddam.
Chriſtopher Paterſon, New-London.
Miſs Lucy W. Payne, Philadelphia.
Miſs Sarah Pemberton, do.

Mr. David Pierpont, Litchfield.
John Pinkerton, Jun. Philadelphia.
Timothy Pitkin, Jun. Esq Farmington.
M. Samuel W. Pomeroy, Boston.
Cath. Powell, do.

R.

Sampson Rea, Philadelphia.
Tapping Reeve, Esquire, Litchfield, 3.
James Rivington, New-York.
Mr. Moses Rogers, do.
Stephen P. [illegible]ols, Kent.
Mr. John Royse, Hartford.

S.

Major Moses Seymour, Litchfield.
Capt. Samuel Seymour, do.
Mr. Dudley Saltonstall, do.
Doctor Daniel Sheldon, do.
Mr. Samuel Sheldon, do.
Reuben Smith, Esquire, do.
Miss Mary S. Smith, do.
Mr. James Stone, do.
Mr. Samuel Shethar, do.
Mr. Ledyard Seymour, Hartford.
Mr. Jonathan Scott, Watertown.
Aaron Smith, Esquire, Watertown.
John C. Smith, Esquire, Sharon.
Mr. Thomas B. Saltonstall, New-london.
Capt Levi Stone, Kenderhook.
James S. Smith, Red-Hook.
Elnathan Smith, Jun. Esquire, Berlin.
William Pitt Smith, M. D. New-York.
Elijah Steele, Jun. Cornwall.
Elisha Stevens, Waterbury.
Mr. Ashbel Stoddard, Printer, Hudson, 6.
Doctor Joseph Strong, Middletown.
Zephaniah Swift, Esquire, Windham.

T.

Miss Sally Talman, Philadelphia.
Peter Bodine Ten Broeck, Claverack.
John C. Ten Broeck, Hudson.

Nathaniel Terry, Eſquire, Enfield.
Peter Thompſon, jun. Philadelphia.
John Titus, New-York.
Mrs. Dolly P. Todd, Philadelphia.
Doctor Eli Todd, Farmington.
John Townſend, New-York.
Hon. Uriah Tracy, Litchfield.
John Trumbull, Eſquire, Hartford.
Mr. Tudor, Boſton.

U.

Townſend Underhill, New-York.
Union Library Society, Wethersfield.

V.

Hezekiah Van Ordon, Catſkill.

W.

George Warren, Windſlow.
Mr. Elijah Waterman, New-Haven.
General Samuel B. Webb, Claverack.
Mr. Joſeph Webb, Wethersfield.
Doctor James Wells, Berlin.
William W. Wetmore, Catſkill.
Levi Wheaton, Hudſon.
Roger Whittleſey, Eſquire, Southington.
William W. Wilkins, Eſquire, Philadelphia,
Rev. Joſhua Williams, Harwinton.
John Williams, Eſquire, Wethersfield,
Ezekiel Williams, Eſquire, do.
Mr. Ezekiel Williams, Jun. Hartford.
Mr. Solomon Williams, Lebanon.
Frederick Wolcott, Eſquire, Litchfield.
Mr. William W. Woolſey, New-York, 2.
Lieut. Samuel Woodruff, Litchfield.
Meſſrs. Charles R. and George Webſter, Albany, 12.

Litchfield, June 1793.

ERRATA.

In the Selected Poetry.

Page 4th, *line* 5th, for *avails*, read "avail."
25th, 3d, of the poem, dele the laſt *ſ* in 'Patmos's.'
28th, 17th, for *cheerful*, read "cheering."
55th, 7th, from the bottom, for *and*, read "an."
62nd, 1ſt, for *Or*, read "On."
8th, for *and child*, read "and *the* child."
64th, laſt, for *plains*, read "plain"
71ſt, 4th, for *Muſes*, read "Nurſes."
122nd, 21ſt, read "I heard as *I* paſs'd, &c."
123d, 9th, for *ſquench'd*, read "quench'd."
124th, 18th, for *and*, read "an."
147th, 11th, for *venus*, read "venous."
202nd, 25th, for *There*, read "Theſe."
207th, 22nd, for *boody*, read "booby."
230th, 2nd, for *She*, read "He."
246th, 4th, for *cloſed*, read "claſp'd."

In the Original Poetry.

Page 267th, *line* 5th, for *expire*, read "exſpire."
275th, 9th, for *words*, read "word."
292nd, 16th, for *top*, read "lop."

The Reader is requeſted to correct the foregoing Errors, before reading the Poems.

